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THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
&
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME II

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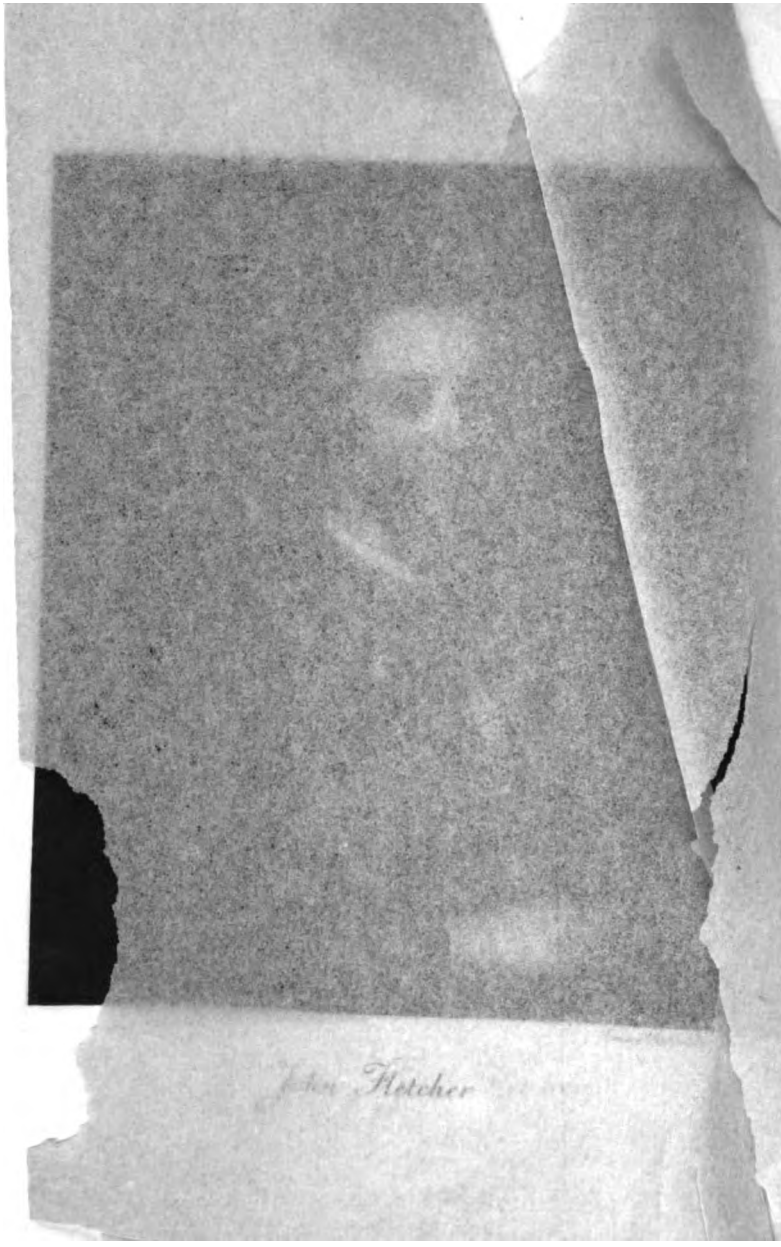

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THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME II

THE ELDER BROTHER
THE SPANISH CURATE
WIT WITHOUT MONEY
BEGGARS' BUSH
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
& A. H. BULLEN
1905

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THE ELDER BROTHER

EDITED BY W. W. GREG

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Stationers' Register, 29 [?21–4] March, 1636–7. "Master Waterson John Benson. Entred for their Copie vnder the hands of Master Thomas Herbert (Deputy to Sir Henry Herbert) and Master Downes warden a Comedy called the Elder Brother written by John ffletcher vj^d." [Arber's Transcript, IV. 376.]

This is apparently the only entry relating to the play. If any formal transfer to Moseley took place, which may be questioned, it must have been after 1640.

(Q1.) *The Elder Brother A Comedie. Acted at the Blacke Friers, by his Maiesties Servants. Printed according to the true Copie. Written by Iohn Fletcher Gent. London, Imprinted by F. K. for J. W. and J. B.* 1637. 4to.

(Q2.) *The Elder Brother* . . . . 1637. 4to.

The title-page agrees word for word with Q1. Q2 is, however, distinguished (i) in the title-page by having the words 'Elder Brother' in large lower-case fount instead of capitals; (ii) in the running-title by having the italic capital E of the ornamental, not the plain fount.

(Q3.) *The Elder Brother: A Comedie. Acted at the private house in Blacke Fryers, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants. Printed according to the true copie. Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. Gent. The second Edition, Corrected and Amended. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in S^t. Paules Church yard.* 1651. 4to.

(Q4.) *The Elder Brother, A Comedy. Acted at the Black Friers by His Majesties Servants. Printed according to the true Copy. Written by John Fletcher Gent. London: Printed in the Year,* 1661. 4to.

(Q5.) *The Elder Brother: A Comedy. As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, By His Majesties Servants. Written by Francis Beaumont, & John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by T. N. for D. N. and T. C. and are to be sold by George Marriott, at the Sign of the Temple near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleetstreet.* M.DC.LXXVIII. 4to.

(F.) *The Elder Brother, A Comedy.* In the folio of 1679, p. 107.

(MS.) There is also a manuscript of the play in the British Museum. (Egerton, 1994.)

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THE ELDER BROTHER

AUTHORSHIP AND DATE.—Dyce considered *The Elder Brother* an unassisted work of Fletcher's, but further investigation has made it pretty certain that Massinger had a hand in it also. The play is first mentioned as being performed at Hampton Court on Jan. 5, 1636–7. (See Cunningham's *Revels' Accounts*, p. xxv.) Fletcher's portion must of course have been written before Aug. 25, 1625. Mr. Fleay places it after Jonson's *Neptune's Triumph* (1625, Jan.—not June, as he says) on the strength of the line, "Then, like blue Neptune courting of an island," IV. iii. 53 (misquoted by Mr. Fleay, who also gives a wrong reference). This, however, is often one of those ingenious and sometimes plausible conjectures in the form of authoritative assertions in which that learned scholar indulges, and which, as a recent writer remarks, are "alike the wonder and despair of other critics." Without seeking to date Fletcher's portion any nearer, we may take it that he left the play unfinished at his death, and that it was completed by Massinger at some date probably not much before 1637. Mr. Fleay identifies *The Elder Brother* with a play called *The Orator*, or *The Noble Choice*, licensed on Jan. 10, 1634–5, and entered on the Stationers' Register Sept. 9, 1653, which was among the lost Warburton MSS. In support of this he writes (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 229), "One 1635 title [the second title, by the way, appears first in 1653] is plainly alluded to in i. 1., where Angelina says her 'choice' shall be 'a noble husband' [she never says anything of the kind]; while the other, *The Orator*, is so appropriate to Charles [!], whom Love teaches to speak, that I can hardly be mistaken in my identification, which is almost forced on me by the absence of any other play fulfilling the required conditions." This reasoning proceeds, however, on the somewhat unwarrantable assumption that no play can have perished. If Mr. Fleay's identification is correct, Massinger certainly chose one at least of the most inappropriate titles possible for his play. Moreover, it is surely somewhat unnecessary to suppose that the play should have been entered on the Stationers' Register in 1653 under a title known to have been current as early as 1635, when it had already been entered and published under another in 1637, while the identity of *The Noble Choice* with *The Orator*, and the fact that this title was extant earlier than *The Elder Brother*, rules out Mr. Fleay's suggestion that the former was a 'reformation' of the latter. As to the portions written by Fletcher and Massinger respectively, they may be separated with some confidence. Mr. Boyle and Mr. Fleay agree in assigning Acts I. and V. to Massinger and the rest to Fletcher, the former adducing a metrical analysis which shows a striking contrast between the two parts (cf. I. 478). Tabular analysis of this kind is always to be used with caution, but in the present case I think there is a distinct difference in style which justifies our accepting the proposed division. It may be mentioned that Acts I. and V. are distinctly inferior to the rest of the piece; whatever there is of poetic or dramatic value in this really excellent play is Fletcher's, with the exception, perhaps, of a few lines in V. i.

NOTE ON TESTS.—Mr. Boyle has also collected an elaborate list of parallel phrases from Massinger's works. Massinger is undoubtedly prone to repeat phrases, and the list might be of use in deciding his share in collaboration were it not that the compiler has included shoals of passages bearing but the shadowest resemblance to one another, while passing over numbers of clear

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and distinctive parallels. Thus a number of parallels will be found given in the notes between the present play and Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, which are unnoticed by Mr. Boyle. The only distinct repetition of phrases which he records is the expression 'change my copy,' which occurs in V. i. 32, and also in Massinger's *Renegado*, III. iv. and V. ii. It is, however, a common phrase found in most of the writers of the time. In many cases his parallels are of the most far-fetched description. Thus Silvia's remark, "In that word, a noble Husband, all content of woman is wholly comprehended," is paralleled with the line from *The Custom of the Country*, II. iii. 10, "In that [Zenocia's loss] alone all miseries are spoken"!

Another test was proposed by Dr. A. H. Thorndike in his monograph on the *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere* (p. 24). It consists in the relative frequency of the forms *'em* and *them*. In Fletcher, undoubtedly, the abbreviated form is by far the more frequent, but, as Dr. Thorndike himself discovered before the publication of his book, his results as regards Massinger are rendered worthless by his having used Gifford's edition, which is completely normalized in this respect. In *The Elder Brother*, however, there is a distinct difference between the two portions. The proportion of *'em's* to *them's* is as follows:—Massinger's portion, 5 to 12 (I., 3 to 9; V., 2 to 3); Fletcher's portion, 25 to 9 (II., 9 to 1; III., 6 to 4; IV., 10 to 4). In Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, however, I find only three *them's* to thirty *em's*.

There is, however, another test which promises to prove of greater value. It was first applied at the suggestion of Mr. R. B. McKerrow. This consists in the relative frequency of the forms *you* and *ye*; and the results are striking, though the application is somewhat complicated. Dyce and Gifford's texts are useless, both being normalized. It is necessary further to distinguish *you*, *ye*, and *y'* (i.e. *ye* combined with another word, as *y' are*, *t'e*, or itself reduced to *'e*). Furthermore, *you* is the more emphatic form and also the more respectful, though this is not always strictly observed. There are thus a certain number of cases in which *ye* could not be used, while there are no cases in which *you* could not, though it is rare in combination. Consequently an increase in the number of *ye's* represents a stronger tendency towards the form than is apparent from the actual percentage. The use of unelided *ye* is particularly important. In the present play the figures appear as follows:

	TOTALS.			PERCENTAGE.		
	you	*ye*	*y'*	*you*	*ye*	*y'*
Massinger	129	3	12	89·5	2·1	8·4
		(15)			(10·5)	
Fletcher	189	45	26	72·7	17·3	10
		(71)			(27·3)	

In the *Maid of Honour* the figures are sufficiently striking:

you	*ye*	*y'*
384	0	1

Mr. McKerrow further tells me that in the *Spanish Curate*, *ye* occurs 274 times, of which only 4 are in Massinger's part. It is only fair to add that in

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closely though there are a certain number of readings in which they differ, that which I have called Q1 exhibiting almost invariably the better text. That Q2 is printed from Q1 and not from the original MS. is proved by one reading and by one only. Within a few lines of the end of the play, namely, in V. ii. 72, occurs the word *young*. In Q1 the space-lead before this word has not been properly adjusted, the consequence being that there is a mark rather above the line. This has been mistaken for an apostrophe by the careless compositor of Q2, who has printed *'young*. From Q1 also, but from a carefully corrected and altered copy, was printed Q3. Q4, however, was printed from Q2 and merely introduced further misprints. Q5 was printed from Q4, but the whole was arranged as prose instead of verse as in the earlier editions. Quartos 1, 2, and 4 agree page for page, though in the case of the last the division of the lines has frequently been altered in order to suit typographical requirements. The folio text is a careful reprint of Q5. Then we have the MS. which differs in a large number of passages from Q1.

It should be observed that Q2, though dated 1637, was probably not printed till many years later. It contains the same ornaments etc. as Q4 and may have appeared at any date previous to 1661. I rather suspect that it was issued surreptitiously to rival Moseley's edition, Q3.

Q3, as I have said, was printed from a copy of Q1 which had undergone revision. The variants presented by this text may be divided into three classes: (i) corrections of the text of Q1, some of which at least are almost certainly conjectional; (ii) alterations where there is no reason to suppose the earlier text corrupt, and many of which make no difference whatever in the sense; and (iii) interpolations and omissions. It is therefore probable that the alterations in Q3 are taken from some independent MS. Moreover, in these alterations Q3 sometimes agrees with the Egerton MS. and sometimes not. Thus Q3 has interpolations not in the MS., and the MS. has interpolations not in Q3, and so too with omissions. There must therefore have been three MSS. all presenting variations; namely, that from which Q1 was printed, that used for the alterations in Q3, and the Egerton MS. The first of these was most likely a transcript of the original MS. corrected for the press by Massinger. The other two most likely represent playhouse copies, and that used for the alterations in Q3 was most likely the later of the two, since the changes, though less numerous, are more extensive individually. Possibly the Egerton MS. represents the original acting version of the play before it was transcribed and revised for press; the MS. used for Q3, the form the text had assumed on the stage before the closing of the theatres. Whatever it represents, however, the Egerton MS. is certainly a transcript and not a working copy, since it contains no corrections, and the scribe has not only made most egregious blunders occasionally, but has at times been unable to read his original, and has either written a series of unmeaning letters or else merely put dots. The stage directions, moreover, do not resemble those usually found in prompt copies.

It has not been thought necessary to collate the texts of editors previous to Dyce. His text, however, has been carefully collated throughout. It was constructed with admirable care from a collation of the first four quartos and the folio, but no one text was made the basis, the readings of quartos 1, 2, or 3 being adopted as pleased the editor's fancy. The uses of *you* and *ye*, etc., were moreover largely though not consistently modernized, and stage and scene directions altered and introduced to an indefensible extent.

The present text has been carefully based on that of Q1. Only where there was reason to suppose this corrupt has recourse been had to the readings of Q2 (rarely), Q3, or the MS. Wherever the text of Q1 has been departed from, it is recorded in the notes, and the same applies to Dyce's text, except in the matter of slight modernizations similar to those mentioned above.

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Where Q3 and the MS. agree in differing from Q1 their reading has been recorded; where only one differs, as also in the case of the other quartos and the folio, readings have only been recorded when they appeared of intrinsic interest. A complete collation of all the quartos, folios, and MS. was made and now lies before me in tabular form. Where variants are given in the notes, the MS. and Dyce, if unmentioned, may be taken as agreeing with Q1 and the text adopted, except, in the case of the MS., for obvious scribal errors. 'Qq' indicates the agreement of the five quarto texts, 'Q1, etc.' or 'old eds.' of the quartos and folio, 'Q4, etc.' of quartos 4 and 5 and folio (but not Dyce), 'Q 1–3,' of quartos 1, 2, and 3.

As to the arrangement of the verse I have followed Q1 except in a very few cases where some other arrangement was clearly right. I am inclined to think that there are some passages, though of no great extent, which are not intended as verse at all, but it appeared safer to abide by the original authority. I may mention that the MS. varies greatly in the division of the lines (some passages even being written as prose), but it is far too erratic in its arrangement to be of any service.

For the text of quartos 3 and 5 and of the folio I have used copies in my own possession, for the other three quartos the copies in the British Museum. For the readings of the MS. I have mostly relied on a collation by Mr. Frank Sidgwick, though I have also freely consulted it myself on all doubtful points. In the notes, I should here state, ample use has been made of the admirable work of Dyce, and where the matter admitted of no question his results have been incorporated without specific acknowledgment, after being, however, checked by reference to other and, if possible, later authorities. In matters of opinion I have referred specifically to him and to other commentators as mentioned in his notes. Dyce was unaware of the MS.

THE ARGUMENT.—Lewis, a French lord, proposes to unite his daughter Angelina in marriage with one of the sons of Monsieur Brisac, a gentleman possessed of a fair estate in the neighbourhood. Having broached his plan to her, and finding her amenable, he visits Brisac, whose sons are about to return, the elder from his studies at the university of Louvain, the younger from the court. They arrive: Charles, the elder, is wholly engrossed in his books and refuses all suggestions of marriage; the younger, Eustace, accompanied by his two friends, Egremont and Cowsy, brings the latest fashions of dress and manners, and at once falls in with the proposal of the alliance with Lewis. The difficulty is that he is not the heir; this, however, Brisac proposes to solve by inducing Charles for the sake of a mere maintenance to pass over his interest in the property to his younger brother. His assurances are accepted and the deeds drawn on either side. Charles, however, has brought with him as his servant a sub-sizar, who attended on him at the university, by name Andrew, whom Brisac has for his own ends married to an orphan in his charge, Lilly, and settled on a farm on the estate. Andrew is devoted to his young master, and hearing the plot to deprive him of his heritage informs Miramont, Brisac's elder brother, who, though himself a plain country squire, has always loved Charles for his learning. Finding his brother infatuated in his resolve, Miramont announces his intention of making Charles his heir, he being childless, and openly insults Lewis for his share in the scheme when he comes to arrange matters with Brisac. The day arranged for the signing of the deed and for the marriage arrives, and Lewis with Angelina accompanied by her waiting woman arrive at Brisac's house. As they enter the hall Charles, who has been disturbed at his study by the noise of preparation, happens to see them, and is struck into a wonder of admiration by Angelina's beauty. Shortly afterwards Brisac comes to him to obtain his signature to the deed passing the property to Eustace, but he begs to be allowed to come to the hall

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and see the bride, and there sign and wish his brother joy. Brisac readily assents, and the two join the rest of the company. No sooner, however, is Charles confronted with Angelina than her beauty wakes in him the springs of manhood; he refuses to renounce his birthright, utters an eloquent justification of his actions, addresses Angelina in some lyrical stanzas, declares his love, and finally wins from her an answering confession. Eustace, whose fantastic court affectation had won little favour from his intended bride, is nonplussed. Charles, encouraged by Miramont, carries all before him; Brisac turns him out of his house, Lewis repudiates his daughter, and both are received with open arms by Miramont. Then Brisac turns upon Eustace and his friends for the poor show they have made, and turns them likewise out of doors. There follows a charming scene in which Charles further reveals his love to Angelina, which, however, is interrupted by the intrusion of Eustace and his dependents, who seek to recover Angelina. Charles, however, by a ruse gains possession of Eustace's sword and then defies the mock valiant courtiers who cringe before him, and are at last driven to accept dishonourable terms for their safety. In the meanwhile Brisac has arranged a tryst with Lilly, Andrew's wife, and Andrew, having overheard this, lays a trap for him, concealing himself and Miramont behind a curtain. Andrew has the satisfaction of seeing his wife prove herself honest and fool her would-be seducer to the top of his bent; he then takes a convenient opportunity of intervening and producing Miramont as witness. The treatment, however, to which Eustace has been subjected at the hands of his brother serves to rouse in him some latent sparks of manhood, and, having cut adrift his dishonourable associates after possessing himself of the sword of one of them, he seeks out Charles and demands satisfaction for what has passed, together with restitution of his betrothed. Charles of course refuses, and a fight ensues, which is interrupted by Miramont. The brothers are brought to agree again by the news brought by Andrew that Brisac has been arrested at Lewis' suit on the charge of abducting Angelina, and that the latter has also been carried off by a band of Lewis' men. The uncle together with the two brothers start off at once in pursuit, followed by faithful Andrew, and overtake the party on the way to Paris. A parley ensues, in which Miramont makes Lewis understand reason, Brisac is forced to come to terms, and all ends happily.

SOURCE.—A striking resemblance between *The Elder Brother* and Calderon's comedy, *De una causa dos efectos*, was pointed out by Weber, whose remark has been quoted by subsequent critics without verification. Weber considered the resemblance fortuitous, but it is too close for that to be probable. On the other hand, in spite of the resemblances which occur throughout the plays, the working out of the plots are too dissimilar to allow us to suppose that either author was indebted to the other.[1] We are therefore driven to suppose some common and hitherto undiscovered source. The following comparison of the characters will suffice to show that the plays can hardly be entirely independent. In the Spanish play Federico, duke of Mantua, has two sons, Carlos and Fadrique, corresponding to Brisac with his sons Charles and Eustace in the English. Enrique, servant to Carlos, Marcelo, and Fabio, corresponds to the three servants in the English. Pernice, a jester, occupies a somewhat similar position to Eustace's friends. Fletcher adds Miramont, brother to Brisac, and Lilly, wife to Andrew. Again, Filiberto, duke of Milan, and Diana, infanta of Milan, correspond to Lewis and Angelina, while the four ladies-in-waiting of the Spanish are simplified to the single waiting-woman Silvia in

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the English. That Carlos and Charles are one and the same will hardly be questioned after reading the opening lines of Calderon's play:

Federico. ¿ Qué hace Cárlos?
Enrique. Todo el dia
Encerrado con Platon
Y Aristóteles (que son
Luz de la filosofía)
Se ha estado, sin permitir
Que entre á verle, sino solo
Su maestro, nuevo Apolo
De nuestra edad.
Federico. Diventir
No quiero el noble ejercicio
De sus estudios; que aunqué
Es mi hijo, y en él fué
Mas curiosidad que oficio
El saber, tanto he estimado
El deseo, la aficion,
El gusto y la inclinacion,
Con que á las letras se ha dado,
Que no lo quiero estorbar
Un punto, por conocer
Que tiene mas que saber
Quien tiene mas que mandar.

Emil Koeppel in his *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont's und Fletcher's* (Münchner Beiträge, XI.) suggested a parallel to Charles' awaking manhood at sight of Angelina, in Boccaccio's tale of Cymon and Iphigenia. Such criticism, however, is wholly fantastic, while he merely alludes in passing to Weber's really important discovery.

HISTORY.—*The Elder Brother* was first printed, as we have seen, in 1637 as having been acted at Blackfriars by the King's company, while the earliest recorded representation was that at Hampton Court on Jan. 5, 1636–7. It was reprinted by Moseley during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the play was revived, and on Sept. 6, 1661, Pepys, being in an ill-humour over domestic matters, "went to the theatre and saw *Elder Brother* ill-acted." To this revival belongs the reprint of 1661, though it keeps on its title-page the name of the old Blackfriars house, which was never re-opened.[1] The play was again revived in 1678 at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as we learn from the quarto of that year. Langbaine reports that the play "has been acted with good applause." It was revived in modern times at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in the early sixties (see *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, XI. p. 412). It was on *The Elder Brother* and *The Custom of the Country* that Colley Cibber founded his play, *Love makes a Man*.

[1] "Blackfriars Theatre . . . at the Restoration" appears in the index to Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*. The reference is, however, a blunder of the index compiler.

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PROLOGUE

BUT that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the writer, or the comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Y' are all most welcome to no vulgar play;
And so far we are confident. And, if he
That made it still lives in your memory,
You will expect what we present to-night
Should be judged worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear Fletcher in it, his true strain,
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good opinions, but, now dead, commends
This orphan to the care of noble friends;
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be received for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

PROLOGUE. Not in MS.
4 *Y' are*] So old eds. for 'ye are.' Dyce, *You 're*, and so throughout.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEWIS, a lord.

MIRAMONT, } country gentlemen.

BRISAC, his younger brother, and a justice of the peace, } country gentlemen.

CHARLES, a scholar, } sons to BRISAC.

EUSTACE, a courtier, } sons to BRISAC.

EGREMONT, } courtiers, friends to EUSTACE.

COWSY, } courtiers, friends to EUSTACE.

ANDREW, servant to CHARLES.

RALPH, the cook, } servants to BRISAC.

GILBERT, the butler, } servants to BRISAC.

Priest.

Notary.

Servants, Officers.

ANGELINA, daughter to LEWIS.

SYLVIA, her woman.

LILLY, wife to ANDREW.

Ladies.

SCENE.—*The neighbourhood of Paris.*

LECTORI

Wouldst thou all wit, all comic art survey,
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] *The Speakers of the Play.* Qq. *Persons represented in the Play.* F. (Not given in MS.)

Lewis] So Qq, F., (and MS.) throughout. Dyce, *Louis.*

Ralph, Gilbert] So Dyce. *Cook, Butler* in old eds., both here and as speakers in the play. Their names are taken from the text itself.

Angelina] So Dyce. *Angellina* old eds. throughout.

SCENE. Not in old eds. or MS. Dyce, *France.*

LECTORI. This couplet is not in MS.

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THE ELDER BROTHER

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Open country.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELINA, *and* SYLVIA.

Lew. Nay, I must walk you farther.
Ang. I am tired, sir,
And ne'er shall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your health;
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are
My only daughter and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge
You ever find me an indulgent father,
And open-handed.
Ang. Nor can you tax me, sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you.
Lew. No, my Angelina,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.
All that I aim at is to win thee from
The practice of an idle foolish state,
Used by great women, who think any labour,
Though in the service of themselves, a blemish

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To their fair fortunes.
Ang. Make me understand, sir,
What 'tis you point at.
Lew. At the custom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth.
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast; then you sleep again;
Then rise, and, being trimm'd up by others' hands,
Y' are led to dinner; and, that ended, either
To cards or to your couch, as if you were
Born without motion; after this, to supper,
And then to bed; and so your life runs round
Without variety or action, daughter.
Syl. Here 's a learn'd lecture!
Lew. From this idleness
Diseases, both in body and in mind,
Grow strong upon you, where a stirring nature,
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.
I'd have thee rise with the sun, walk, dance, or hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples; do this moderately,
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,
Fall into the green-sickness.
Syl. With your pardon,
Were you but pleased to minister it, I could
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,
And her delight too, far transcending those
Your lordship but now mention'd.
Lew. What is it, Sylvia?
Syl. What is 't! a noble husband; in that word,
A noble husband, all content of woman
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,
As you say, with the sun, and so pipe to her,

24 *couch*] *coach* Q3, Dyce. An ingenious emend., but wholly unnecessary.
30 *where*] i. e. whereas.

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As she will dance, ne'er doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, until both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your plants and simples,
As I take it, were superfluous, a loving,
And but add to it, a gamesome, bedfellow,
Being the sure physician.
Lew. Well said, wench!
Ang. And who gave you commission to deliver
Your verdict, minion?
Syl. I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, dear madam.—I but speak
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't!
Let her lose no time, sir; fathers that deny
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them,
In some kind edge their appetites to taste of
The fruit that is forbidden.
Lew. 'Tis well urged,
And I approve it.—No more blushing, girl;
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us
A gentleman of blood, Monsieur Brisac,
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,
The happy father of two hopeful sons
Of different breeding, th' elder a mere scholar,
The younger a quaint courtier.
Ang. Sir, I know them
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that opposed antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,
The other side preferring Eustace as
A man complete in courtship.

60 *kind*] So MS. and Dyce, following Theobald. *kindes* Q1, etc.
63 *prevented*] i. e. anticipated.
66 *state*] Once for all this word merely means 'estate,' as Dyce is careful to inform the reader on each of the frequent occasions when it is used. In Q5 and F, where the whole is given as prose, the word is often printed *estate*, though not in the present passage.
76 *courtship*] i. e. courtesy, courtly behaviour.

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Lew. And which way,
If of these two you were to choose a husband,
Doth your affection sway you?
Ang. To be plain, sir,
Since you will teach me boldness, as they are
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier
Be never so exact, let him be blest with
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means
To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste
Such favour from the king's; or, grant he purchase
Precedency in the country, to be sworn
A servant extraordinary to the queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; if
He want a present fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*;
Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer; nor
Discharge a tailor's bill; nor in full plenty,
(Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,)
Maintain a family.
Lew. Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of
The scholar?
Ang. Troth, if he be nothing else,
As of the courtier: all his songs, and sonnets,
His anagrams, acrostics, epigrams,
His deep and philosophical discourse
Of nature's hidden secrets, makes not up
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow
The stars of the celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head, nor Charles' Wain for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown

82 i. e. all qualities that may render him acceptable in the eyes of a girl.
84 *bottoms*] i. e. basis, footing. *bottom*, Dyce. The authority (Qq, F., MS.) for the plural form is overwhelming, though it is not usual. It may be due to the use of 'foundations' in a similar sense. Mr. Boyle sees in the plural a peculiarity of Massinger's style.
99 *censure*] i. e. judgment, opinion.
104 *makes*] *make* Dyce, quite unnecessarily.

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From Juno's wardrobe ; nor would I lie-in
(For I despair not once to be a mother)
Under heaven's spangled canopy, or banquet
My guests and gossips with imagined nectar—
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,
Though I could be well pleased to have my husband
A courtier and a scholar, young and valiant,
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance.
Lew. And what 's that ?
Ang. A full estate ; and, that said, I've said all ;
And, get me such one, with these additions,
Farewell virginity ! and welcome wedlock !
Lew. But where is such one to be met with, daughter ?
A black swan is more common ; you may wear
Grey tresses ere we find him.
Ang. I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies ; I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell
Too long upon the choice.
Syl. Only, my lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for, without these,
The others yield no relish. But, these perfect,
You must bear with small faults, madam.
Lew. Merry wench !
And it becomes you well. I'll to Brisac,
And try what may be done. I' th' mean time, home,
And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of a bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, sir ; let her taste them. [*Exeunt.*

113 *Orleans*] The Orleans wine was at one time held in great esteem, but it later fell into disrepute, and the name became proverbial for an indifferent wine. (See A. Henderson, *History of Wines*, p. 146–7.) It is in this latter sense that it seems to be used in the present passage. In Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* Orleans is mentioned as 'the best wine in France.' (Ed. Bullen, i. p. 320.)

122 *black swan*] Before the discovery of Australia, the type of rarity. Theobald quotes :

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno."—Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 165.

124 *punctual*] i. e. punctilious.

133 s. d.] Dyce adds : 'on one side, A. and S.; on the other, L.'

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SCENE II.

Hall in the house of BRISAC.

Enter ANDREW, RALPH, *and* GILBERT.

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts: I'll straight be with you.
Ralph. Why, hath he more books?
And. More than ten marts send over.
Gilb. And can he tell their names?
And. Their names! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noster;* but that's nothing;
H' as read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand times.
But here 's the wonder, though their weight would sink
A Spanish carrack, without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.
Gilb. Surely he has a strong brain.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for 's diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris. Yet fear not,
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen, though his learn'd stomach
Cannot b' appeased, he'll seldom trouble you;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks, butler,
And your flagons, and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast, thy baked.
Ralph. How liveth he?
And. Not as other men do;

ii. s. d. *Hall*] *A room* Dyce, but it is evident that Charles and Eustace enter directly from the courtyard (ll. 88 and 93), and the scene intended is no doubt the same as in III. iii.

8 *carrack*] i. e. a large ship of burden, a galleon.

14 *Quite dry*] *Dry*, Q3. MS.

20 *stomach*] *pallat* MS., a reading perhaps preferable on account of the 'learn'd stomach' in l. 18.

black-jacks] i. e. large vessels for liquor.

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Few princes fare like him: he breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*,
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old Erra Pater.
Gilb. This is admirable.
And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here 's my old master,
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter BRISAC *and* LEWIS.

Bri. What, Andrew! welcome! where 's my Charles? speak, Andrew;
Where didst thou leave thy master?
And. Contemplating
The number of the sands in the highway;
And from that purposes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge.
Lew. This is strange.
And. Yet he hath sent his duty, sir, before him
In this fair manuscript. [*Gives letter.*
Bri. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and andirons!
And. I much pity you;
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.
Would 'e have it said, so great and deep a scholar
As Master Charles is should ask blessing
In any Christian language? Were it Greek

28 *Erra Pater*] A fabulous astronomer whose name often figured on the titles of almanacs, etc. See *Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 330. Hence an Erra Pater came to mean an almanac.

37 *Nor out of 's pace to knowledge*] i. e. and will not out, etc. The meaning is, 'he will not break his pace in pursuing knowledge.' (For the omission of the verb of motion after verbs of desire or intent see Franz, *Shak.-Gram.*, § 468, and cf. l. 92.) Mason, whom Dyce follows, is not quite correct in explaining the meaning to be 'will not be put out of his progress.'

40 *andirons*] i. e. characters shaped like fire-dogs. This transferred sense is not noted in *New Eng. Dict.*

I much pity you] This particular inversion for the sake of the metre is, I fancy, a peculiarity of Massinger's. Cf. 'I much thank you' in the *Maid of Honour*, I. i. 42 *'e*] *you* F., MS., Dyce.

43 *ask blessing*] *ask a blessing.* Fleay (conj.).

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I could interpret for you, but, indeed,
I'm gone no farther.
Bri. And in Greek you can
Lie with your smug wife Lilly?
And. [*aside.*] If I keep her
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall, sir,
Howe'er she is your laundress), she shall put you
To th' charge of no more soap than usual
For th' washing of your sheets.
Bri. Take in the knave,
And let him eat.
And. And drink too, sir?
Bri. And drink too, sir.
And see your master's chamber ready for him.
Gilb. Come, Doctor Andrew, without disputation,
Thou shalt commence i' th' cellar.
And. I had rather
Commence on a cold baked meat.
Ralph. Thou shalt ha't, boy.
[*Exeunt* ANDREW, RALPH, and GILBERT.
Bri. Good Monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our ancient families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my ages and cares, to live
And see what you have purposed put in act,
Of which your visit at this present is
A hopeful omen, I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education
To shape them to that course each was addicted,

46–7 The author, not Brisac, no doubt had in his mind the passage in Juvenal's *Satires:*

"Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Graece" (vi. 190).

I can see no reason to suppose with Seward and Dyce that there is any allusion here to Lilly the grammarian (the equivocation occurs later, and is laboriously explained, see II. iv. 63), particularly as Lilly's grammar was Latin, not Greek.

52 *sir f*] This speech of Andrew's seems to be best treated as a question, though nowhere printed as such.

54–5 *disputation . . . commence*] University terms for the public defence

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And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what 's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection.
Lew. Monsieur Brisac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,
Being blest but with one daughter, I shall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though with my utmost vigilance and study
I labour to bestow her to her worth.
Let others speak her form, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silence.
Bri. You may, my lord, securely,
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her praises.
Should I say more, you well might censure me
What yet I never was, a flatterer.—
What trampling 's that without of horses?

Enter GILBERT.

Gilb. Sir, my young masters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.
[*Exit* GILBERT.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. [*to* Servant *within.*] Bid my subsizar carry my hackney to
The buttery, and give him his bever; it is a civil

70 *allowance*] i. e. praise (a late instance of this sense).
75 *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.
83 *censure*] i. e. judge.
85 Line omitted in MS., which, however, adds the s. d. *Trampling* in margin.
87 *Exit* G.] Supplied by Dyce. He no doubt leaves the stage, but when it is impossible to say. Very possibly not till the young gallants go to requisition his services at l. 114.
89 *bever*] The original meaning was simply 'drink' or 'a drinking,' but it was usually applied to a light meal or 'nuncheon' between dinner and supper. Charles appears to use it in its more original university application, the term being applied in the colleges and inns of courts to an afternoon or evening 'compotation.'

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And sober beast, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his university tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. [*to* Servant *within.*] Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd
And clothed; they have outstripp'd the wind in speed.
Lew. Ay, marry, sir, there 's metal in this young fellow.
What a sheep's look his elder brother has.
Char. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneels.*
Bri. Rise, Charles, thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court,
Since 'tis the country's garb, I bend my knee,
And do expect what follows. [*Kneels.*
Bri. Courtly begg'd.
My blessing; take it.
Eust. [*to* LEWIS.] Your lordship's vow'd adorer.—
[*Aside.*] What a thing this brother is! yet I'll vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug. [*Bows to* CHARLES.] How clownishly
The book-worm does return it!
Char. I'm glad y'are well.
[*Plucks out a book and reads.*
Eust. Pray you, be happy in the knowledge of
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs: they are gallants
That have seen both tropics.
Bri. I embrace their loves.
Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.
Cow. And will report your bounty in the court.
Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on 't first.
Eustace, give entertainment to your friends;
What 's in my house is theirs.

97 Char. *Your blessing, sir*] Not in MS.
99 *country's*] So MS. and Dyce (following Theobald); old eds., *courtiers.*

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Eust. Which we'll make use of.
Let 's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,
And then, hang cold discourse, for we'll speak fire-works!
[*Exeunt* EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.
Lew. What, at his book already?
Bri. Fie, fie, Charles,
No hour of interruption?
Char. Plato differs
From Socrates in this.
Bri. Come, lay them by;
Let them agree at leisure.
Char. Man's life, sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.
Bri. In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Yourself for action: to thrive in this age,
Is held the palm of learning. You must study
To know what part of my land 's good for th' plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen
When they 're o'er-grown with labour.
Char. I may do this
From what I've read, sir. For what concerns tillage,
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgics? and to cure your herds,

114 s. d.] So Dyce. *Exeunt.* Q1, etc. *Exit cum sociis* MS.
117 *them*] *it* MS.
119 *and then the . . . unto*] *and the . . . to* MS.
121 *our*] *your* Dyce. The MS. and eds. agree in supporting the reading *our*, which Dyce was the first to alter. The meaning evidently is that it was necessary to Brisac's scheme for managing the family affairs that Charles should give up his study.
129 *o'er-grown*] *oreworne* MS. Dyce, who restored the reading of the old eds., altered to *o'er-done* or *o'er-gone* by previous editors, quotes the line in *Hamlet* (V. ii. 345), which in Q4–6 reads:
'The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit.'
The other editions read *o'er-crows*, which is probably correct, but the fact of its being altered to *o'er-grows* is evidence in favour of the use of this word in the sense of 'overcome.' It has therefore been retained in the present passage in spite of the specious emend. offered by the MS.

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His Bucolics is a master-piece. But when
He does describe the commonwealth of bees,
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with decorum in the hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Only inflicted on the slothful drone,
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey.
Bri. And grow rich
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!
Georgics and Bucolics and bees! Art mad?
Char. No, sir; the knowledge of these guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of books,
(And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,)
What pleasures they enjoy that do embrace
A well-shaped wealthy bride? Answer me that.
Char. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story. There I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,
The ancient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,
Their beauties and deformities; and when
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had lived, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness, at the present loving
The whole sex for their goodness and example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia,
The first bathed in her husband's blood, the latter,

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Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,
Horror invades my faculties, and, comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty with the few
That did die innocents, I detest and loathe 'em,
As ignorance or atheism.
Bri. You resolve, then,
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me?
Char. What debt, good sir?
Bri. A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire;
Which I expect from you.
Char. The children, sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,
Shall be my living issue.
Bri. Very well;
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from Adam to this time
To be my grandchild.
Char. And such a one, I hope, sir,
As shall not shame the family.
Bri. Nor will you
Take care of my estate?
Char. But in my wishes;
For know, sir, that the wings on which my soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purged and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
T' enjoy myself; that place that does contain

171, etc. Heywood makes use of the same conceit in his *Dialogues and Dramas* (also published in 1637, though probably dating from much earlier), where Peneus says to his daughter Daphne:

> 'You owe me sweet grandchildren, pretty babes,
> Even for your birth you do: it is a debt
> That I would see discharg'd: I to my parents
> Paid it in thee; it is a bond stands firme,
> 'Till canceld in thy sweet posteritie.'
>
> *Apollo and Daphne*, l. 6, etc.

180 *quiddits*] Contraction of *quiddity* (Low L. *quiditas*), a term of scholastic philosophy, which came to be used in the sense of a subtlety or nicety.

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My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their councils;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I, then,
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
T' augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
T' increase in knowledge.—Lights there, for my study!
[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me, and, if I found not comfort
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude
My name were at a period.
Lewis. He 's indeed, sir,
The surer base to build on.

Re-enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, *and* ANDREW.

Bri. Eustace!
Eust. Sir?
Bri. Your ear in private.
And. [*aside.*] I suspect my master
Has found harsh welcome; he 's gone supperless
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,
(It may be borrowing of his books or so,)
I shall be satisfied.
Eust. My duty shall, sir,
Take any form you please; and, in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.
Lew. It is well answer'd.
Eust. Nor shall you, my lord,
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause

196 *councils*] *councels* Q1, 3. *counsels* Q2, 4, etc., and Dyce. *counsells* MS. The forms 'councel' (i. e. council) and 'counsel' are clearly distinguished in the earlier quartos (particularly Q1, 3). Cf. l. 229, also II. ii. 19, III. v. 236, and IV. i. 46 (note). In this case Charles apparently means that he criticizes the king's advisors.

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To mourn your choice of me. The name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:
And, but that modesty forbids that I
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,
I could say, my choice manners have been such
As render me loved and remarkable
To th' princes of the blood.
Cow. Nay, to the king.
Egre. Nay, to the king and council.
And. [*aside.*] These are court-admirers,
And ever echo him that bears the bag.
Though I be dull-eyed, I see through this juggling.
Eust. Then for my hopes——
Cow. Nay, certainties.
Eust. They stand
As fair as any man's. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By th' graces and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me.
Bri. He speaks well,
And I believe him.
Lew. I could wish I did so.
Pray you, a word, sir. He 's a proper gentleman,
And promises nothing but what is possible;
So far I will go with you. Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soon struck up.
Bri. What 's that, my lord?
Lew. The heir.
And. [*aside.*] Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference. You see,
Charles has given o'er the world; I'll undertake,

224 Line omitted in MS.
225 *trumpet*] So Q4, etc., MS., Dyce. *trump* Q1–3.
238 *I could . . . so*] Dyce marked these words as spoken aside; wrongly, I think. Lewis means, 'I am not prepared, like you, to believe every word he says, but I will go with you so far as to acknowledge that it is not impossible.' Moreover, the MS. reads, 'I could wish I did, sir. Pray you, a word.'

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And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new books; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's,
Who, being issueless, t' advance our name,
I doubt not will add his. Your resolution?
Lew. I'll first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings.
On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be;
Make you no scruple; get the writings ready;
She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold
A second conference. Farewell, noble Eustace,
And you, brave gallants.
Eust. Full increase of honour
Wait ever on your lordship! [*Exit* LEWIS.
And. [*aside.*] The gout, rather,
And a perpetual megrim!
Bri. You see, Eustace,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to. Be you worthy of it.
I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her,
And prosper in 't.
Eust. She 's mine, sir, fear it not.
In all my travels I ne'er met a virgin
That could resist my courtship.
Egre. If this take now,
We 're made for ever, and will revel it.
[*Exeunt all except* ANDREW.
And. In tough Welsh parsly, which, in our vulgar tongue,
Is strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,
And I a looker-on! If we have studied

249 *dry-fat*] *shelfe* Q3. A 'dry-fat' is a large cask or case made to hold dry goods, as a fat or vat is to hold liquid.
266 Egre. *If this take . . . revel it*] Eust. *If this take . . . revel it* Q1. Eust. *If take . . . revel it* Q2. Bri. *If this take . . . revel it* Q3. Eust. *If it take . . . revel it* Q4, 5. [No name] *If it take . . . revel it* F. Egre. *If this take we are made for ever.* Cowsy. *And will rebell it* MS. Theobald

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Our majors and our minors, antecedents
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,
W'ave made a fair hand on 't! I'm glad I've found
Out all their plots and their conspiracies.
This shall t' old Monsieur Miramont, one that, though
He cannot read a proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my master Charles
For being a scholar. I hear he 's coming hither;
I shall meet him; and, if he be that old
Rough testy blade he always used to be,
He'll ring 'em such a peal as shall go near
To shake their bell-room, peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is fire and flax: and so, have at him! [*Exit.*

273 *W'ave made a fair hand on 't!*] A phrase which also occurs in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, IV. v. (near the end).

276–7 Dyce divided after *proclamation*, but there is no reason to depart from the arrangement of the old eds. Dyce's arrangement necessitates pronouncing the termination *-tion* as dissyllabic, which is much the less usual pronunciation in the play.

281 *He'll ring 'em*] So MS., Dyce (following Seward). *Ile ring him* Q1, etc. To ring a person a peal is of course to give them a sound rating.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

In the house of BRISAC.

Enter MIRAMONT *and* BRISAC.

Mir. Nay, brother, brother—
Bri. Pray, sir, be not moved;
I meddle with no business but mine own,
And in mine own 'tis reason I should govern.
Mir. But how to govern then, and understand, sir,
And be as wise as y' are hasty, though you be
My brother and from one blood sprung, I must tell ye
Heartily and home too.
Bri. What, sir?
Mir. What I grieve to find;
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that 's two.
Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.
Mir. No, they 're entail'd to ye.
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest son, sir, and your very image,
(But he 's so like you, that he fares the worse for 't,)
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty harvests!
Bri. You go too fast.
Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.

II. i. 4 *how*] *know* Q3, MS., Dyce. The editors have made sad havoc of this passage. Dyce, adopting the reading of Q3 in this line, put a period after *hasty* in l. 5, which in its turn constrained him to put a dash at the

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Because h'as made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur Jingle-boy,
His younger brother——
Bri. You forget yourself.
Mir. Because h'as been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In praise of learning, sir?
Mir. Never enough.
Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is?
Mir. It is not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And palter out your time i' th' penal statutes;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a protestant constable and a jesuit cobbler;
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry,
When your worship 's pleased to correctify a lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,
(Which is deep learning,) when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before ye,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.

25 *Jingle-boy*] *Gingle-boy* old eds. and Dyce; but there appears to be no reason to retain the obsolete spelling. Dyce followed Theobald in explaining the word to mean a dandy whose spurs jingled, but this is unsupported by authority. The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes from Day's *Blind Beggar* (ed. Bullen, p. 111) for the sense of coin, 'yellow gingle boys,' and from Brome's *Covent Garden* (ed. 1873, ii. p. 16) for the sense of a man whose pockets jingle with [illegible] 'jinglespur' was used in the sense Dyce understood.

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These are your quodlibets, but no learning, brother.
Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother.
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.
Mir. Faith, no;
But I believe, I have a learned faith, sir,
And that 's it, makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on 't,
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils:
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thyself for joy th'adst such a gentleman
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things
To me!
Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother?
Mir. I tell thee, no; that 's not material; the sound 's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,
Understand any other power than his tailor?
Or knows what motion is, more than an horse race?
What the moon means, but to light him home from taverns?
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in?
And must this piece of ignorance be popt up,
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, 'sweet lady'?
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
Drunk your Verdea wine, and rid at Naples,
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,

49 *parlously*] i. e. perilously, amazingly.
68 *knows*] *know* Dyce, but such irregularities are very common.
74 *Verdea wine*] One of the most reputed of the Tuscan wines. It was made at Arcetri, and was slightly greenish in colour, whence its name. See Henderson's *Hist. of Wines*, p. 238.
75 *Venice treacle*] This is evidently a drug of some sort, as is also the 'treacle' of the *Sea Voyage*, V. ii. 16. Weber says that it was 'composed of above sixty ingredients', but he was probably thinking of 'treacle water'

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To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes,
Must this thing therefore——
Bri. Yes, sir, this thing must.
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his study:
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is,
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing.
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.
Mir. He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,
Gilt over to please foolish girls and puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother.
Mir. So I had need,
And have an elder wit; thou 'dst shame us all else.
Go to! I say, Charles shall inherit.
Bri. I say, no;
Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
Can he manage six thousand crowns a year
Out of the metaphysics? or can all
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?
(I know they can drink 'em;) or your excellent humanists
Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage?
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?
And can geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff now?
I wonder you will magnify this madman;
You that are old and should understand.
Mir. Should, say'st thou?
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office;
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of offences;

76 *ashes*] See note on I. i. 35.
99 *Jacob's staff*] An instrument [illegible] also known as a 'cross-

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Thou unreprievable dunce, that thy formal band-strings,
Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for,
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll pose thy worship
In thine own library, an almanac
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
And full moons to cut cattle: dost thou taint me,
That have run over story, poetry,
Humanity?
Bri. As a cold nipping shadow
Does o'er the ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.
Mir. Thou shalt not do.
Bri. I will.
Mir. Thou art an ass, then,
A dull old tedious ass; th' art ten times worse,
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshed,
The Englishman, that writes of snows and sheriffs.

Enter LEWIS.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure; here 's one I must talk with.
Lew. Good day, sir.
Bri. Fair to you, sir.
Lew. May I speak wi' ye?
Bri. With all my heart; I was waiting on your goodness.
Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur Miramont.
Mir. Oh, sweet sir!

107 *pomander*] A composition of perfumes for which various recipes are extant; here, as often, applied to the silver or gold case made to contain the scent.

109 *almanac* is apparently in apposition to *library*, and the meaning seems to be, 'I can prove your ignorance even in the one subject of your study, namely, the seasons of husbandry.'

112 *taint*] *taunt* Dyce, but there is no sufficient reason for altering the text. *Tainted* is used in *Philaster*, I. i. 213, in the sense of mentally unsound, and here I take the meaning to be, 'do you impute insanity to me?' 'do you question my reason?'

120 *snows*] *shows* Q5, F., Dyce; an ingenious conjecture, but utterly uncalled for. Frosts, portents, mayors, and murders were the chief events with which the chroniclers, or rather their continuators, filled their pages.

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[*Aside.*] Keep your good-morrow to cool your worship's pottage.
A couple of the world's fools met together
To raise up dirt and dunghills!
Lew. Are they drawn?
Bri. They shall be ready, sir, within these two hours,
And Charles set his hand.
Lew. 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state
Was got by your own industry, unless
He seal to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity.
Bri. He shall be ready,
And do it willingly.
Mir. [*aside.*] He shall be hang'd first.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes.
Lew. She loves him well, sir:
Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding sprightly fellow. Y' are resolved, then,
That all shall pass from Charles?
Bri. All, all; he's nothing:
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too.
Lew. Will your brother
Pass over his land, too, to your son Eustace?
You know he has no heir.
Mir. He will be flay'd first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin.
Bri. Let him alone;
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn, sir.
And how does your daughter?
Lew. Ready for the hour,
And like a blushing rose that stays the pulling.
Bri. To-morrow, then, 's the day.
Lew. Why, then, to-morrow
I'll bring the girl: get you the writings ready.

125, etc. The old copies mark no asides in this scene, but I have followed Dyce's arrangement here and in l. 134, except that in the present speech he did not begin the aside till l. 126. It seems, however, better to suppose that Mir. just acknowledges the salute, and then grumbles to himself. Lewis would surely have evinced some sign of surprise had l. 125 been said to his face.

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Mir. But, hark you, monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience
To help to rob an heir, an elder brother,
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,
And had his land; would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion, to consider nobly
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!
You'll say, he 's none of yours, he 's his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know things?
Why was he not, like his father, a dumb justice,
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shaped like a man,
A reverend idol in a piece of arras?
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge?
Lew. I do not,
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me, sir;
This man must answer.
Bri. I have done 't already,
And given sufficient reason to secure me.
And so, good morrow, brother, to your patience.
Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur Miramont.
[*Exeunt* BRISAC *and* LEWIS.
Mir. Good night-caps,
Keep your brains warm, or maggots will breed in 'em!
Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy thee books yet;
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University Louvain for thy sake
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,

156 *he's*] *he is* Dyce, for the sake of the metre; but the stress must be on *his*, not *son*.

162 *idol*] i. e. image, figure.

arras] So Q5, F., MS., Dyce. *auras* Q1-4.

169 *night-caps*] i. e. fools, coxcombs (apparently). The term is commonly used as a cant equivalent for 'roaring-boys' or roisterers. See Webster, *Dut. of Malfi*, II. i., and *Devil's Law Case*, II. i.

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They shall not share a solz of mine between them;
Nay, more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a year,
In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

In the same house.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. How do I look now to my elder brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit.
Cow. All courtly, courtly.
Eust. I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my tailor has travell'd,
And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.
The cover of an old book would not shew thus.
Fie, fie, what things these academics are,
These book-worms, how they look!
Egre. Th' are mere images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'em.
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of heaven,
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like a juggler,
And make a noise, when they are drunk, which we call thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest,
Such small-beer brains! But ask 'em any thing
Out of the element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.
Do they know what a court is, or a council,
Or how th' affairs of Christendom are managed?
Do they know any thing but a tired hackney?

176 *solz*] i. e. a *sou*, a half-penny; cf. 'Not a souse, by Jupiter!' Vanbrugh, *Relapse* (ed. Ward, I. p. 34).

ii. SCENE. Dyce placed this scene 'Before the same house' for no apparent reason.

8 *gentle*] i. e. delicate, courtly. The line is omitted in Q3.

11 *houses*] i. e. the twelve astrological 'houses.'

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And they cry 'Absurd!' as the horse understood 'em.
They had made a fair youth of your elder brother,
A pretty piece of flesh!
Eust. I thank 'em for it:
Long may he study to give me his state!
Saw you my mistress?
Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young woman;
But be sure you keep her from learning.
Eust. Songs she may have,
And read a little unbaked poetry,
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;
Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.
I will not have a scholar in mine house,
Above a gentle reader; they corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems.
I'll have my house call'd 'Ignorance,' to fright
Prating philosophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will do well. Love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich—they invite men to admire 'em;
That speak the lisp of court—oh, 'tis great learning!
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that have seen far countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Eust. To-morrow, I think. We must have a masque, boys,
And of our own making.
Egre. 'Tis not half an hour's work;
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing 's done.
But let 's be handsome: shall 's be gods or nymphs?

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Some wandering knights, that light here on a sudden.
Eust. Let's go, let's go. I must go visit, gentlemen,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-morrow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Again in the same house.

Enter RALPH, ANDREW, *and* GILBERT.

Ralph. And how does thy master?
And. Is at 's book. Peace, coxcomb!
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!
Gilb. Does he not study conjuring too?
And. Have you
Lost any plate, butler?
Gilb. No, but I know
I shall to-morrow at dinner.
And. Then to-morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for 't. We meddle
With no spirits o' th' buttery; they taste too small for us.
Keep me a pie in folio, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him.
Shall 's have good cheer to-morrow?
Ralph. Exc'llent good cheer, Andrew.
And. The spite on 't is, that much about that time

iii. SCENE. Dyce heads this scene 'The servants' hall,' etc., but if we are to locate it at all it is probably in the same hall as I. ii.

1 *thy*] So MS., Dyce. *my* Q1, etc. Were it not for the authority of the MS. I should see no objection to restoring the reading of all the old eds.

Is] *He 's* Q5, F., Dyce (silently). For the omission of the pronominal subject see Franz, *Shak.-Gram.*, § 172 (e).

3 *Gilb.*] All the authorities (and Dyce) give this speech to the Cook (i. e. Ralph), but I cannot resist Dyce's suggestion that it properly belongs to the Butler.

10 *Exc'llent*] So Q5. Ex'*Lent* Q1, 3. Ex. *Lent* Q2, 4. *Excellent* F., MS., Dyce. 'Ex-Lent,' i. e. out of Lent, therefore copious or good: *conj.* F. Sidgwick. Cf. Ralph's paronomasia in l. 56 of this scene—'immortality' for 'immorality.'

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I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the males and females of red herrings,
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only—
A question found out by Copernicus,
The learned motion-maker.
Ralph. Ay, marry, butler,
Here are rare things. A man that look'd upon him
Would swear he understood no more than we do.
Gilb. Certain, a learned Andrew.
And. I've so much on 't,
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear they'll run me mad. Here 's a new instrument,
A mathematical glyster, to purge the moon with,
When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;
And here 's another, to remove the stars,
When they grow too thick in the firmament.
Ralph. Oh, heavens! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a sallad, and know no farther?
And. They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above
Your element of fire, cook. I could tell you
Of Archimedes' glass to fire your coals with,
And of the philosophers' turf, that ne'er goes out;
And, Gilbert butler, I could ravish thee
With two rare inventions.
Gilb. What are they, Andrew?
And. The one, to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;
The sect of the Epicureans invented that.
The other, for thy trenchers, that 's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noise heard, which is the wonder, Gilbert;
And this was out of Plato's 'New Ideas.'

16 *motion-maker*] i. e. a puppet-show man; quizzically alluding to Copernicus' discovery. In spite of Dyce I believe Weber to be right in

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Gilb. Why, what a learned master dost thou serve, Andrew!
And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, Gilbert.
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,
He deals and treats with in so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.
Ralph. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes,
As other Christians do, of hearty matters?
And come into the kitchen, and there cut his breakfast?
Gilb. And then retire to the buttery, and there eat it,
And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,
That must be now the heir, will do all these,
Ay, and be drunk too: these are mortal things.
And. My master studies immortality.
Ralph. Now thou talk'st of immortality,
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master
Did you no small pleasure when he procured her,
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love her now,
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your learning
And your strange instruments to that, my Andrew?
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his mathematical engine?
And. Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st me;
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch for him. [*A bell rings.*
My master rings; I must go make him a fire,
And conjure o'er his books.
Ralph. Adieu, good Andrew;
And send thee manly patience with thy learning!
[*Exeunt.*

54 *mortal*] i. e. great. The word often possessed the merely intensive or augmentative found in modern colloquial use.
55–7 Two lines in old eds., divided after *talk'st.*
59 *farm*] So Q2, etc., MS., Dyce. *fame* Q1.
65 s. d. Not in old eds.
68 s. d. Dyce adds, '*on one side*, Ralph *and* Gilbert; *on the other*, Andrew.'

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SCENE IV.

CHARLES' *study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES.

Char. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study;
'Tis meat and sleep: what need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers;
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers;
The silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours:
Why should we care for anything but knowledge?
Or look upon the world, but to contemn it?

Enter ANDREW.

And. Would you have anything?
Char. Andrew, I find
There is a sty grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull,
Which will go near to blind the constellation.
And. Put a gold ring in 's nose, and that will cure him.
Char. Ariadne's crown 's awry too; two main stars,
That held it fast, are slipp'd out.
And. Send it presently
To Galileo, the Italian star-wright;
He'll set it right again with little labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty scholar.
And. I hope I shall be:
Have I swept your books so often to know nothing?
Char. I hear thou art married.
And. It hath pleased your father
To match me to a maid of his own choosing—

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I doubt her constellation 's loose too, and wants nailing—
And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off, sir.
Char. Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew.
These women are *errata* in all authors:
They 're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,
Smooth, white, and clear, but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head as there is
On those shelves, Andrew.
And. I think I have not, sir.
Char. No, if thou hadst,
Thou 'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom:
They 're cataplasms made o' th' deadly sins.
I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother;
Or, if I did, I did regard them but
As shadows that pass by of under creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own wife:
I would not have your brother go beyond ye.
Th' are the prettiest natural philosophers to play with!
Char. No, no; th' are optics to delude men's eyes with.
Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Andrew?
And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes as daintily.
Char. Reach me the books down I read yesterday,
And make a little fire, and get a manchet;
Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd you,

30 *to see to*] i. e. to look upon.
34–7 So divided by Dyce. The old eds. divide . . . *not, sir* | . . . *woman* | . . . *sins* | .
36 *ne'er have warm'd*] So Q3, Dyce. *nere have marryed* Q1. *nere marryed* Q2, 4, etc. *never have married* MS. The reading adopted at least gives sense, but I am very doubtful whether it is really what the author intended. Massinger has 'the late poore snakes our neighbours, Warm'd in our bosomes' (*Maid of Honour*, I. i.); also 'This serpent, Frozen to numnesse, was no sooner warm'd In the bosome of my pitty,' etc. (V. ii.).
39 *I did regard*] *I not regarded* Q3.
44 *optics*] i. e. optic glasses.
48 *manchet*] i. e. a roll of fine wheat bread.

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And set the great sphere by; then take the fox-tail,
And purge the books from dust; last, take your Lilly,
And get your part ready.
And. Shall I go home, sir?
My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part lies, sir.
Char. I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunderhead!
Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's syntaxis?
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me;
I am to find a secret.
And. So am I too;
Which if I do find, I shall make some smart for 't.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

51 *Lilly*] i. e. Lilly's grammar. The *Short Introduction to Grammar*, the most popular of the author's works, went through a variety of editions between 1557 and 1709.
52 *get your part*] *get you your part*, Fleay (conj.).
58 s. d.] old eds. *Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

In the house of LEWIS.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELINA, SYLVIA, *and* Notary.

Lew. This is the day, my daughter Angelina,
The happy day, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent; I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.
Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then follows handsome children, handsome fortunes.
The most part of his father's state, my wench,
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;
And, when y' are married, he 's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.—
What, are the writings drawn on our side, sir?
Not. They are; and here I have so fetter'd him,
That, if the elder brother set his hand to,
Not all the power of law shall e'er release him.
Lew. These notaries are notable confident knaves,
And able to do more mischief than an army.—
Are all your clauses sure?
Not. Sure as proportion;
They may turn rivers sooner than these writings.

III. i. 2 *The happy day, that*] So Q3, MS., Dyce. *The happy, that* Q1, 2, 4, etc.
10 *follows*] *follow* Dyce; an unwarrantable alteration. See Franz, *Shak.-Gram.*, § 512.
12 *jointure*] The MS. has the interesting form *Joynter*.

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Why did you not put all the lands in, sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd.
Not. If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found, all the land.
Lew. These are small devils,
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the mere scent of dissension.—
'Tis well, 'tis well.—Are you contented, girl?
For your will must be known.
Ang. A husband 's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, sir;
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.
The gentleman I have seen, and well observed him,
Yet find not that graced excellence you promise;
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as in others;
He 's young, and may be good; yet he may make it;
And I may help, and help to thank him also.
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.
Lew. Why, then, let 's go, and I shall love your modesty.—

24 So Q3, MS., Dyce. Q1, 2, 4, prefix *Not.* again; while Q5, F., prefix *Lew.* here, and in the next line alter *Lew.* to *Not.*, and omit *Not.*, making nonsense of the whole passage. The notary's argument is, 'You should have had all the lands put in, since if the other side had noticed it you could have passed it off as a blunder of the scribe's, if not it would have secured the whole to you.'

39 *as in others*] So MS. *as to others* Qq, F., also Dyce, who followed Weber in placing the semi-colon after *admiration* instead of at the end of the line as in old eds., taking the phrase, in conjunction with the next line, to mean 'as to his other qualities.' The reading of the MS., however, together with the punctuation of the old eds., is irresistible; the sense being, 'they do not move to admiration as in the case of others.'

40 *he may make*] So Q3, MS. *he must make* Q1, 2, 4, etc., Dyce. The sense is, 'He is still young and may turn out well; even yet he may make good the promise in him' (or, if we adopt the inferior reading of Q1, etc., 'but he still has to make good,' etc.).

41 *and help to*] *and. help'd too.* Dyce (following Weber and eds. 1778).

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To horse, and bring the coach out.—Angelina,
To-morrow you will look more womanly.
Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

In the house of BRISAC.

Enter BRISAC, ANDREW, RALPH, GILBERT, *and* LILLY.

Bri. Wait on your master; he shall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, sir?
Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb:
He shall have annual means to buy him books
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more?
Trouble him with land! 'tis flat against his nature.
I love him, too, and honour those gifts in him.
And. Shall Master Eustace have all?
Bri. All, all; he knows how
To use it; he 's a man bred in the world,
T' other i' th' heavens.—My masters, pray, be wary
And serviceable; and, cook, see all your sauces
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may
Commend you; look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,
And what new kickshaws and delicate made things—
Is th' music come?
Gilb. Yes, sir, th' are here at breakfast.
Bri. There will be a masque too. You must see this room clean,
And, butler, your door open to all good fellows:
But have an eye to your plate, for there be Furies.—
My Lilly, welcome! You are for the linen;
Sort it, and see it ready for the table;

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And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut asunder by the gallants too;
There be such knacks abroad.—Hark hither, Lilly:
[*Aside to her.*
To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup wi' ye;
Your husband shall be safe; I'll send ye meat too;
Before, I cannot well slip from my company.
And. [*aside.*] Will ye so, will you so, sir? I'll make one to eat it;
I may chance make you stagger too.
Bri. No answer, Lilly?
Lil. One word about the linen.—I'll be ready,
And rest your worship's still.
And. [*aside.*] And I'll rest wi' ye;
You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are ye so nimble?
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.
Bri. Wait on your master, for I know he wants ye;
And keep him in his study, that the noise
Do not molest him.—I will not fail, my Lilly.—
Come in, sweet-hearts; all to their several duties.
[*Exeunt all except* ANDREW.
And. Are you kissing-ripe, sir? Double but my farm,
And kiss her till thy heart ache. These smock-vermin,
How eagerly they leap at old men's kisses!
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure;
And if 't were not for th' scurvy name of cuckold,
He should lie with her: I know she'll labour at length
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now—
But that 's all one; I'll fit him. I must up
Unto my master; he'll be mad with study. [*Exit.*

35 *sweet-hearts*] There can be no doubt that the old eds. intended this term to apply to the servants generally, and there is no reason to alter the text, although the MS. reads *sweet-heart* (continuing the aside to Lilly).

37 *smock-vermin*] i. e. loose women. The term is used in a wider sense (perhaps as 'wenches') by Massinger (*Maid of Honour*, III. i.).

40 *And if*] *He can do her no harm, and if* MS.

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SCENE III.

A hall in the same.

Enter CHARLES *with a book in his hand.*

Char. What noise is in this house! (my head is broken):
In every corner, as if the earth were shaken
With some strange colic, there are stirs and motions.
What planet rules this house? Who 's there?

Enter ANDREW.

And. 'Tis I, sir, 'tis faithful Andrew.
Char. Come near,
And lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?
And. The cooks
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,
And breaking marrow-bones.
Char. Can they set them again?
And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings; and they grow stronger,
For th' use of any man.
Char. What squeaking 's that?
Sure, there's a massacre.
And. Of pigs and geese, sir,
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry, sir,
And that makes up the medley.
Char. Do they thus

iii. Dyce adds, 'with a gallery, into which Charles's study opens.' But there is nothing to show that the 'balcony' was used. Marginal direction *Noise* in MS.

1 *What noise*] *What a noise* Q2, 4, etc., Dyce.
is in this house] *is this* Q3.

2 So MS. *Within a Parenthesis, in* Qq, F., Dyce. This astounding piece of nonsense retained by Dyce is obviously a marginal note referring to the preceding half line, as Theobald saw. This is put beyond all doubt by the MS., which not only omits the words, but marks the close of a parenthesis after *broken*, though the scribe has forgotten to begin it before *my*. The omission of the interpolation has necessitated some re-division of the lines.

3 *colic*] So MS., Dyce. *Collect* Qq, F.

5 *'tis faithful*] So MS. *faithful* Qq, F, Dyce.

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At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a cook.
And. Th' are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a tabor.
Char. What loads are these?
[Servants, *etc.*, *pass over the stage.*
And. Meat, meat, sir, for the kitchen;
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in—
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating—
And there's fat venison, sir.
Char. What 's that?
And. Why, deer;
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.
Char. I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.
And. There 's a fishmonger's boy with caviare, sir,
Anchovies, and potargo, to make ye drink.
Char. Sure, these are modern, very modern meats,
For I understand 'em not.
And. No more does any man
From *cacca merda*, or a substance worse,
Till they be greased with oil, and rubb'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors; they are rare sallads.
Char. And why is all this? prithee, tell me, Andrew;
Are there any princes to dine here to-day?
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.
I've read of entertainment for the gods
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your brother 's married this day; he 's married;
Your younger brother, Eustace.
Char. What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither;
There 's not a dog that knows the house but comes too.
Char. Married! to whom?

17 s. d. Not in old eds.

25 *potargo*] The more correct form is *botargo*. It was a sort of sausage of pickled mullet-roe, used as a provocative to thirst.

28 *cacca merda*] i. e. ordure. Both words in Italian signify the same.

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And. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest.
Char. Are there modest women?
How do they look?
And. Oh, you 'd bless yourself to see them!—
[CHARLES *throws down his book.*
[*Aside.*] He parts with 's book: he ne'er did so before yet.
Char. What does my father for 'em?
And. Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir.
Char. Must I have nothing?
And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.
Char. I am his elder brother.
And. True, you were so;
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, sir.
Char. 'Tis well:
He'll not inherit my understanding too?
And. I think not; he'll scarce find tenants to let it out to.
Char. Hark, hark!
And. The coach that brings the fair lady.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELINA, Ladies, Notary, *etc.*

Now you may see her.
Char. Sure, this should be modest;
But I do not truly know what women make of it:
Andrew, she has a face looks like a story;
The story of the heavens looks very like her.
And. She has a wide face, then.
Char. She has a cherubin's,

42 *Young, sweet, and modest*] Om. MS.
43 s. d.] Not in old eds. See iv. 11, 'He flung away his book.'
48 *elder*] So Q3, MS., Dyce. *eldest* Q1, 2, 4, etc.
51–2 So divided by Dyce. Old eds. divide after *it*.
56 cf. *Philaster* III. ii. 118, 'reads the story of a woman's face.' 'Story'

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Cover'd and veil'd with wings of modest blushes.
Eustace, be happy, whiles poor Charles is patient!
Get me my book again, and come in with me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, *and* MIRAMONT.

Bri. Welcome, sweet daughter; welcome, noble brother;
And you are welcome, sir, with all your writings;
Ladies, most welcome.—What, my angry brother!
You must be welcome too; the feast is flat else.
Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal,
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials:
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll stay and dine though?
Mir. All your meat smells musty;
Your table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. I'll answer you, here 's good meat.
Mir. But your sauce is scurvy;
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.
Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle.
Mir. Thou art not worth my anger; th' art a boy,
A lump o' thy father's lightness, made of nothing
But antic clothes and cringes; look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a football full of fumes
And rotten smoke. Lady, I pity you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,
And ought to have a handsome man yoked t' ye,

58 *wings of*] So MS. Not in old eds. or Dyce. This admirable reading is one of the most precious corrections supplied by the Egerton MS. The allusion of course is to the wings veiling the heads and feet of the seraphim (not cherubim), Isaiah vi. 2. Dyce, to complete the line, borrowed the word *Eustace* from the beginning of the next.

65 *I am not come for*] *I come not for* Q3, MS.

72 *answer*] *assure* Q3, MS., Dyce. The reading adopted by Dyce is supported by the MS., but *answer* (= warrant) is much more idiomatic.

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An understanding too: this is a gincrack,
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say, he have a thing shaped like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.
Eust. These are but harsh words, uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harsher play wi' your elder brother.
Eust. I would be loath to give you—
Mir. Do not venter;
I'll make your wedding-clothes sit closer t'e, then.—
I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew.
Lew. Pray, take a piece of rosemary.
Mir. I'll wear it;
But for the lady's sake, and none of yours:
May be, I'll see your table too.
Bri. Pray do, sir. [*Exit* MIR.
Ang. A mad old gentleman.
Bri. Yes, faith, sweet daughter;
He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge Eustace anything?
Ang. [*aside.*] I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as, they say, this Charles is,
That makes his book his mistress. Sure, there 's something
Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him
Not a mere sot.
Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, brother?
All things are ready, and the priest is here.
When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,

82 *gincrack*] *gimcrack* MS., Dyce. The form here retained was long current. The meaning is a 'fop,' and the present is about the latest instance of the word being applied to a man, though it was in use of women to the end of the eighteenth century.

88 *you*—] So MS. (and 'modern editors' before Dyce). *you.* old eds. and Dyce, who explains, 'i. e. *harsher play which* I would be loath to give you.' This is impossible, and I have fallen back on the authority of the MS.; but query *grieve* for *give*, a conjecture already made, I find, by Deighton (*Conject. Read.* 1896).

venter] *venture* Dyce; but the other was the more frequent form.

91 *rosemary*] An emblem, 'for remembrance,' used at weddings and funerals alike.

93 Miramont's exit was added by Dyce. It rests on no authority and is not absolutely needed, but such arrangement is perhaps the most convenient.

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As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,
And so to dinner.
Lew. Come, let 's seal the book first,
For my daughter's jointure.
Bri. Let 's be private in 't, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CHARLES' *study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Nay, you 're undone.
Char. Hum.
Mir. Ha' ye no greater feeling?
And. You were sensible of the great book, sir,
When it fell on your head; and now the house
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?
Char. Will
He have my books too?
Mir. No; he has a book,
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.
I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,
An 'twere but to new-string her!
Char. Yes, I saw her,
And methought 'twas a curious piece of learning,
Handsomely bound and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his book.
Mir. I like that in him;
Would he had flung away his dulness too,
And spake to her!
Char. And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has.
Char. And that fair woman too?

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Mir. That woman also.
Char. He has enough, then.
May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister?
I will do him no wrong.
Mir. This makes me mad;
I could now cry for anger. These old fools
Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st coxcombs!
Farewell, and fall to your book, forget your brother;
You are my heir, and I'll provide y' a wife.
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Bri. Where is my son?
And. There, sir; casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He does well.—How dost, Charles? still at thy book?
And. He 's studying now, sir, who shall be his father.
Bri. Peace, you rude knave!—Come hither, Charles; be merry.
Char. I thank you; I am busy at my book, sir.
Bri. You must put your hand, my Charles, as I would have you,
Unto a little piece of parchment here;
Only your name: you write a reasonable hand.
Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it.
What is it, sir?
Bri. To pass the land I have, boy,
Unto your younger brother.
Char. Is 't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: you shall be provided for;
And new books you shall have still, and new studies;
And have your means brought in without the care, boy;
And one still to attend you.
Char. This shews your love, father.

24 *chopping*] i. e. vigorous, strapping.
33 *boy*] So MS. *sir* Qq, F. Dyce. The reading of the old eds. is so inappropriate and the slip might so easily occur that I have made bold to adopt the reading of the MS.
37 *the care*] *thy care* Q2, 4, etc. Dyce. *your care* MS. It is probable that *thy* is merely a misprint for *the*, which gives a much superior reading ('without the trouble of looking after it').

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Bri. I'm tender to you.
And. [*aside.*] Like a stone, I take it.
Char. Why, father, I'll go down, an 't please you let me,
Because I 'd see the thing they call the gentlewoman—
I see no women but through contemplation—
And there I'll do 't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune.
Bri. Do, I prithee.
Char. I must not stay; for I have things above
Require my study.
Bri. No, thou shalt not stay;
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.
And. [*aside.*] Now has he
O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in the same.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELINA, EUSTACE, COWSY, MIRAMONT, Notary, Priest, *and* Ladies.

Not. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all 's done.
Is yours ready?
Priest. Yes, I'll despatch ye presently,
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.
Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly.
Do not we stay long, mistress?
Ang. I find no fault;
Better things well done, than want time to do them.
Uncle, why are you sad?
Mir. Sweet-smelling blossom,

44 *And . . . prithee*] *And . . . prithee, 'twill be ten times better* Qs

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Would I were thine uncle to thine own content!
I 'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man—
But that he is addicted to his study,
And knows no other mistress than his mind—
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.
Ang. Can he speak, sir?
Mir. Faith, yes; but not to women:
His language is to Heaven, and heavenly wonder,
To Nature, and her dark and secret causes.
Ang. And does he speak well there?
Mir. Oh, admirably!
But he 's too bashful to behold a woman;
There 's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man?
Mir. Yes, and a clear sweet spirit.
Ang. Then conversation, methinks——
Mir. So think I too;
But it is his rugged fate, and so I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleness.
Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.
Lew. Let him alone;
There 's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty: he'll come to us.

Enter BRISAC *and* CHARLES.

Eust. My father 's here; my brother too—that 's a wonder—
Broke like a spirit from his cell.
Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles: 'twas your desire to see
My noble daughter and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.
You do like a good brother.
Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for 't.

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Put to your hand now.
Not. Here 's the deed, sir, ready.
Char. No, you must pardon me awhile: I tell ye
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.
Char. I'll leave my life first.
I study now to be a man; I've found it:
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. [*aside.*] I like this best of all; he has taken fire;
His dull mist flies away.
Eust. Will you write, brother?
Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;
I'm taking th' height of that bright constellation.
Bri. I say, you trifle time, son.
Char. I will not seal, sir:
I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For Heaven forbid I should become example!
Had y' only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!
Char. I'll forward.—
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,
I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune!
Mir. Can he speak now? is this a son to sacrifice?
Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to 't.
Lew. He speaks unhappily.
Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere scholar!

20 *man was. was but*] *man was. was* O2. *man was* MS.

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Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
And vex your study too.
Char. Go you and study,
For 'tis time, young Eustace; you want both man and manners:
I've studied both, although I made no show on 't.
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee;
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamps,
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt;
Distil the sweetness from the poets' spring,
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:
Traverse the stories of the great heroës,
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through;
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?—

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else;

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;

63 *both*] Omitted in Q3 and by Dyce, who considered it objectionable on account of the recurrence of the word in the next line. This, however, is not sufficient to weigh against the authority of Q1 and MS.
67 *lamps*] *lamp* Q2, 4, etc. Dyce. The reading of Q1 supported by MS. is quite satisfactory; that adopted by Dyce being obviously but a misprint or conjecture of the compositor of the very careless Q2.
70 *what fair is*] i. e. 'what beauty is' rather than 'what is fair.'
71 *heroës*] Both singular and plural were commonly trisyllabic in earlier English.

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Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all yet!—
What say ye to the scholar now?
Ang. I wonder.—
Is he your brother, sir?
Eust. Yes.—Would he were buried!
I fear he'll make an ass of me, a younker.
Ang. Speak not so softly, sir; 'tis very likely.
Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let 's despatch,
Charles.
Char. Despatch! what?
Bri. Why, the land.
Char. You are deceived, sir:
Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman,
And what maintains her when she's woo'd, I'll stop here.
A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously:
Though land and moneys be no happiness,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use I'll make: he that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,

87 *life*] So MS. *light* Qq, F., Dyce. Since it is clear from l. 81 that this passage was carelessly printed, I have not hesitated to insert the reading of the MS. in place of the pretty nearly meaningless one of the old eds. How these passages came not to be corrected in Q3 I cannot imagine.

88 *live*] *love* MS. Here the readings are about equally good, and I therefore suppose that *live* was intended in the press copy.

89 *back recall*] *recite* (meaning call back). Fleay (conj.)

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Neglects himself. May be, I have done you wrong, lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance.
Pray, give me leave, sir, I shall clear all doubts.
Why did they shew me you? pray, tell me that.
Mir. He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.
Char. You, happy you! why did you break unto me?
The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile,
And lay dead, till the spring of beauty raised them:
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,
And into form he drew my faculties;
And now I know my land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had best remove the maid.
Char. It is too late, sir;
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace;
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers:
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
For, like the light, we make no separation:
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.—
Room for an elder brother! pray, give place, sir.
Mir. H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee.—
[*Aside.*] H'as frighted the old justice into a fever.
I hope he'll disinherit him too for an ass;

118 *rosy-finger'd*] So Q3, Dyce. *rosie sugred* Q1, 2, 4, etc. *rosy* MS.
131 *hearts*] *heats* Dyce, who did not show his usual taste and ability in ruining a fine passage by this absurd emendation. Charles means that hearts given over to sensual passion cannot render just honour to her.
132 i. e. 'wherever you choose to remove her to, I accompany her still [in mind].' 144 Omitted in Q3.

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For, though he be grave with years, he 's a great baby.
Char. Do not you think me mad?
Ang. No, certain, sir:
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me;
My scurvy clothes.
Ang. They have rich linings, sir.
I would your brother——
Char. His are gold and gaudy.
Ang. But, touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.
Char. Can you love me? I am an heir, sweet lady,
However I appear a poor dependant.
Love you with honour, I shall love so ever.
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is 't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die.
Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll take it deeply.
Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?
I do confess my brother 's a handsome gentleman;
But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting superstition
Than I'll love you: the young man, his delights;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up
And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,
As if all elements and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

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Ang. And one hand seal the match: I'm yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay!
Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, sir.
Bri. There was a contract.
Ang. Only conditional,
That, if he had the land, he had my love too:
This gentleman 's the heir, and he'll maintain it.—
Pray be not angry, sir, at what I say;
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.
You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,
But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I say, your face is excellent;
A reasonable hunting face, to court the wind with;
Nor th' are not words, unless they be well placed too,
Nor your sweet damn-me's, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously,
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges,
All which but shew you still a younger brother—
Mir. Gramercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul too.
Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go study,
And glean some goodness, that you may shew manly—
Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach you—
Or only study how to get a wife, sir.
Y' are cast far behind; 'tis good you should be melancholy,
It shews like a gamester that had lost his money;
And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, sir,

190 *hired*] *hirèd* Dyce; but it seems to be one of the frequent cases of syllabic *r*.

195 Theobald remarked that 'stars, half-moons, and mullets' are used in heraldry as differences on the arms of younger brothers. (This is true of crescents and mullets, but not stars—wavy pointed.) He adds, 'lozenges, as I take it, are only appropriated to unmarried women and widows.' (But lozenges, as charges, have nothing in particular to do with women; it was their arms which were charged in a lozenge instead of on a shield.) This is ingenious, but I doubt whether the author was thinking of anything of the kind; certainly lozenges have no earthly connection with younger brothers. The last line of the speech merely means 'None of these courtly affectations alters the fact that you are not the heir.'

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For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.
Lew. But are y' in earnest?
Ang. Yes, believe me, father:
You shall ne'er choose for me; y' are old and dim, sir,
And th' shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment:
Y' ave had your time without control, dear father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now, sir.
Bri. This is the last time of asking; will you set your hand to?
Char. This is the last time of answering; I will never.
Bri. Out of my doors!
Char. Most willingly.
Mir. He shall, Jew;
Thou of the tribe of Many-asses! coxcomb!
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.
Ang. Must I be gone too?
Lew. I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will: what fortune he shall run, father,
Be 't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

Egre. When shall the masque begin?
Eust. 'Tis done already.
All, all is broken off; I am undone, friend:
My brother 's wise again, and has spoil'd all;
Will not release the land; has won the wench too.
Egre. Could he not stay till th' masque was past? W' are ready.
What a scurvy trick 's this!
Mir. Oh, you may vanish!
Perform it at some hall, where the citizens' wives
May see 't for sixpence a-piece, and a cold supper.
Come, let 's go, Charles. And now, my noble daughter,
I'll sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want, wench.
Rate up your dinner, sir, and sell it cheap:

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Send you joy, nephew Eustace! if you study the law,
Keep your great pippin-pies; they 'll go far with ye.
Char. I 'd have your blessing.
Bri. No, no; meet me no more!
Farewell; thou wilt blast mine eyes else.
Char. I will not.
Lew. Nor send not you for gowns.
Ang. I'll wear coarse flannel first.
Bri. Come, let 's go take some counsel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then stay and dine: it may be, we shall vex 'em. [*Exeunt.*

237 s.d.] Dyce marked the exit of Ang., Char., and Mir. two lines before.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

In the house of BRISAC.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Bri. Ne'er talk to me: you are no men, but masquers;
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-bubbles,
That every breath or breaks or blows away;
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion;
Frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with levers:
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants,
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?
Ye have no more spirit than three sleepy sops.
Eust. What would ye have me do, sir?
Bri. Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doors, and seek your fortune.
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in characters,
Cross my design, and take thine own wench from thee!
In mine own house too! thou despised poor fellow!
Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, sir,
Then to my uncle, with whom 't had been but sauciness
T'ave been so rough——
Egre. And we, not seeing him
Strive in his own cause, that was principal
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here.
Bri. You dare do nothing.

IV. i. 9 *sops*] *sots* Q3, Dyce. Brisac compares the spiritless courtiers to

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Do you make your care the excuse of your cowardliness?
Three boys on hobby-horses, with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all.
Cow. You must not say so.
Bri. Yes
And sing it too.
Cow. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way.
Bri. I'll make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers,
I'll trample on 'em; and, if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, I'll kick ye out of my gates,
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye!
Cow. Oh, blest travel!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer!
Egre. Some splenitive youths now, that had never seen
More than their country smoke, would grow in choler:
It would shew fine in us!
Eust. Yes, marry, would it,
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers,
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places.
Bri. Will you find the door,
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the way, sir,
With your perfumed retinue, and recover
The now-lost Angelina; or, build on it,
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,
Before thou shalt inherit.
Eust. We'll to council;
And what may be done by man's wit or valour
We'll put in execution.
Bri. Do, or never
Hope I shall know thee.
[*Exeunt* EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

38 Eust.] Dyce queries whether this speech does not belong to Cowsy. It appears very likely.
44 *build on it*] i. e. depend upon it.
46 *council*] *counsel* Q4, etc., MS., Dyce. But I take it to mean 'we will meet in council.' Cf. I. ii. 196 (note).

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Enter LEWIS.

Lew. Oh, sir, have I found you?
Bri. I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?
Lew. I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;
And, if she be not suddenly deliver'd,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heir, and, if she may be ravish'd
Thus from my care, farewell nobility!
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocency understands not what fear is.
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,
Cast an aspersion on me.
Lew. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind
As you will blush to answer. [*Exit.*
Bri. All the world,
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not
Torment myself; some sprightful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choked me;
T' a knowing man 'tis physic:—and 'tis thought on;
One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,
To cheer my heart, and this is that appointed.
This night I'll hug my Lilly in mine arms;
Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;
We old men need 'em; and, though we pay dear
For our stol'n pleasures, so it be done securely,
The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish.
Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm,
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning
To my other tenants when the foe approaches;

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And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,
I'll graff it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed, I will.—Lilly, I come!—Poor Andrew! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Near the house of MIRAMONT.

Enter MIRAMONT *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?
And. As they were rubb'd with soap, sir:
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still alters;
And then they sit in council what to do,
And then they jar again what shall be done.
They talk of warrants from the parliament,
Complaints to the king, and forces from the province;
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlic.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoked together!
But what says the young courtier Master Eustace,
And his two warlike friends?
And. They say but little;
How much they think, I know not. They look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-house,
And had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water
By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir.
Certain, my master was to blame.
Mir. Why, Andrew?
And. To take away the wench o' th' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning: he is tender,
And of a young girl's constitution, sir,
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.

ii. For authority for the locality, see iii. 7.
3 *ring*] i. e. peal. 15 *vaulting-house*] i. e. brothel.
17 *Dunkirk*] i. e. a privateer (originally one hailing from that port). The metaphorical conceit of this passage was traditional. Cf. *Philaster*, IV. i. 8, and Massinger *D. of Milan*, III. ii.

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Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,
Or bought an elegy of his condolement,
That th' world might have ta'en notice he had been
An ass, 't had been some savour.
Mir. Thou say'st true,
Wise Andrew; but those scholars are such things
When they can prattle!
And. Very parlous things, sir.
Mir. And when they gain the liberty to distinguish
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,
To look below, and spy a younger brother
Pruning and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him,
Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants, Andrew,
And show no mercy.
And. The more 's the pity, sir,
Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, Andrew.
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,
And a little shame.
And. And I can fit you, sir.
Hark in your ear. [*Whispers.*
Mir. Thy wife?
And. So, I assure ye:
This night at twelve o'clock.
Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.
I've time to visit Charles, and see what lecture
He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.
And. Nor I to watch my master. [*Exeunt.*

23, etc. This sentence, which is not very clear, evidently applies to Eustace, not Charles.

28 *parlous*] i. e. perilous; the contracted form being often used in common speech as equivalent to 'shrewd.'

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SCENE III.

In the house of MIRAMONT.

Enter ANGELINA, *and* SYLVIA *with a taper.*

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, that that I only dote on.
He follows me through every room I pass,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his spark of innocence were blown
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me!
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him——
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest!
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly!
Syl. You need not fear that; will you be a child still?
He follows you, but still to look upon you:
Or, if he did desire to lie with ye,
'Tis but your own desire; you love for that end.
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed wi' ye,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.
Ang. Dare you venter that?
Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye!
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam?

Enter CHARLES.

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face.
Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied!
Syl. You may both, and let him but go with ye.
Char. Why do you fly me? what have I so ill

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About me, or within me, to deserve it?
Ang. I am going to bed, sir.
Char. And I am come to light ye;
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.
You may have me to bed without a scruple;
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents should not fear one another.
Syl. The gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, madam.
Char. The glorious sun, both rising and declining,
We boldly look upon, even then, sweet lady,
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's curtains;
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.
Ang. I fear he will persuade me to mistake him.
Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to 't.
Ang. Pray ye, to your bed.
Char. Why not to yours, dear mistress?
One heart and one bed.
Ang. True, sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet, you know——
Char. I would not know; forget it:
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony,
Nursed up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful,
Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest?
Love should seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.
Ang. [*aside.*] I shall be an heretic, if this continue.—
What would you do a-bed? you make me blush, sir.
Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleeps are excellent;
You, that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible;
Those were rich shows.

20 *You . . . bed*'] Ang. *You . . . bed, sir,* Q2, 4, etc. The whole

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Ang. [*aside.*] I am becoming traitor.
Char. Then, like blue Neptune courting of an island,
Where all the perfumes and the precious things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
I'd clip ye in mine arms and chastely kiss ye;
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weep.
Ang. [*aside.*] I've too much woman in me.
Char. And those true tears, falling on your pure crystals,
Should turn to armlets for great queens to adore.
Ang. I must be gone.
Char. Do not; I will not hurt ye.
This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,
Y'ave clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too.
Fear not my manners: though I never knew,
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it,
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets;
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastity.
Ang. Then, we may walk.
Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your ears and my language:
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not desire; 'twill prove a wise man's task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still,
And temper'd with the quality of honour,
That, if you should yield, I should hate you for 't.
I am no courtier, of a light condition,

56 *ye . . . ye*] So Q3, MS. *it . . . it* Q1, 2, 4, etc. *you . . . you* Dyce. I have adopted the reading of Q3 and MS., as Q1 has confused the simile and the main statement in an impossible manner. The blunder, however, was no doubt due to the author, while the emendation very likely was not.

59 *crystals*] What crystals? Query 'crystal,' i. e. clear flesh.

60 *adore*] *weare* Q3. Simpson and Nares explain the passage 'for to adorn great queens' (for 'adore' = adorn, see *Faery Queen*, IV. xi. 46); but this is intolerably clumsy. Dyce, no doubt rightly, explains it 'to value as sacred things.' It should, however, be noted that in the *Maid of Honour*, Massinger has 'this fair haire, Favours for great kings to weare," (V. ii.) For this passage cf. *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act II. Sc. I. ll. 287–290, vol. i. p. 41.

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Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,
That only serves his will and wantonness;
And lets the serious part of life run by
As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,
You must be mine! why should I rob myself
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,
And sing of love and youth; each wind that blows,
And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed delights;
The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,
And on the perfumed flowers we'll feast our senses;
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end
Of our fair loves. Would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thanks!
But I am poor in all but in your love.
Once more, good night.

Char. A good night to you, and may
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers!
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy!
And break betimes, sweet morn; I've lost my light else!

Ang. Let it be ever night, when I lose you!

Syl. [*aside.*] This scholar never went to a free-school, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at door, sir;
And they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no time of night—

81 *beauteous face*] *beauteous sparkle* Q3. *beauties favour* MS., which I suspect of being the original reading.

84–5 *Whiteness of name, You must be mine*] i. e. 'I must preserve honour unblemished,' as explained by Seward (quoted by Dyce).

94 *we'll feast our senses*] *woe us to tumble* Q3. *woe us to 't* MS.

101 *A good . . . may*] Omitted in Q3 and MS.

102 *fall gently on you, sweet one*] *fall on you* Q3.

110 *no time of night*] *no fit time of night* Q5, F. Dyce seems not to have noticed that the speech is unfinished.

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Char. Let 'em in, mistress.
Ser. They stay no leave. Shall I raise the house on 'em?
Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I charge ye. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. Th' are here; my uncle absent; stand close to me.—
How do you, brother, with your curious story;
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Char. No, brother, no; I stay yet in the preface.
The style 's too hard for you.
Eust. I must entreat her;
She 's parcel of my goods.
Char. She 's all, when you have her.
[EUSTACE *attempts to seize* ANGELINA.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude sir!
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.
Char. Do, let her alone; she gives good counsel: do not
Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too light:
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.
Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfy you:
Such vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.
Eust. Nay, then, you must go; I must claim mine own.
Egre. } Away, away with her!
Cow. }
[EUSTACE, EGRE., *and* COWSY *draw their swords.* EUSTACE *attempts to seize* ANGELINA, *who strikes off his hat.*
Char. Let her alone,
Pray, let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.
Let me talk civilly a while with you, brother:

112 s. d. Neither the servant's exit here nor his re-entry at l. 163 is marked in the old

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It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.
Eust. Oh, is your heart come down? what are your terms, sir?—
Put up, put up. [*To* EGREMONT *and* COWSY.
Char. This is the first and chiefest—
Let 's walk a turn. [*Snatches away* EUSTACE'S *sword.*]
Now stand off, fools, I advise ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy!
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword 's a beauteous thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence!
'Tis sharp, I'm sure; and, if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I shall new-pink your satins:
I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples.
Let me toss it round; I have the full command on 't:
Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!
I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Do you watch me when my uncle is absent?
This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards.
Teach me to fight; I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but show in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,
But name her, as his own? who dares look on her?
That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And hast no wit nor spirit to maintain it?
Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy friends;
Pray heartily; good prayers may restore ye.
Ang. But do not kill 'em, sir.
Char. You speak too late, dear:
It is my first fight, and I must do bravely;
I must not look with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen:
Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,

139 *pink*] i. e. to work small holes through which the lining could be seen; when the holes were larger it was said to be 'slashed.'

152 *but think, 'tis dangerous*] *to think is dangerous* Q3. I take the meaning to be, 'but to think of her is dangerous,' rather than 'consider; it is a dangerous business.'

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I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em.—
Who waits within?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir?
Char. View all these; view 'em well;
Go round about 'em, and still view their faces:
Round about yet; see how death waits upon 'em;
For thou shalt never view 'em more.
Eust. Pray hold, sir.
Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me;
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.—
[*To* Servant.] Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,
And get my pardon instantly; I have need on 't.
Eust. Are you so unnatural?
Char. You shall die last, sir:
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come; will ye come? Methinks I've fought whole battles.
Cow. We have no quarrel to you, that we know on, sir.
Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask ye mercy too.—
Good lady, let no murther be done here;
We came but to parley.
Char. How my sword
Thirsts after them!—Stand away, sweet.
Eust. Pray, sir,
Take my submission, and I disclaim for ever.
Char. Away, ye poor things, ye despicable creatures!
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me,
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should execute?
Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her.
What did ye bring to carry her?
Egre. A coach and four horses.
Char. But are they good?

163 s. d. Not in old eds. See l. 112.
172 *talk*] *take* Q3, 5; F. 176 *murther*] *murder* Dyce.
177 *came but*] *came here but.* Fleay (conj.)
179 Dyce marked this speech as unfinished; but this is unnecessary, *disclaim* having the sense of withdrawing a claim and being used intransitively.

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Egre. As good as France can shew, sir.
Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties?
Speak quickly.
Eust. Yes, with all our hearts.
Char. 'Tis done, then.
Many have got one horse; I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. How now! who's here?
Ser. Nay, now y'are gone without bail.
Mir. What, drawn, my friends!—Fetch me my two-hand sword.—
I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches!
Eust. In truth, sir, I came but to do my duty.
Egre. / *Cow.* And we to renew our loves.
Mir. Bring me a blanket.—
What came they for?
Ang. To borrow me awhile, sir:
But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,
So bastinado'd them with manly carriage,
They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone.
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might do wonders here, and they have done so;
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness;
The nipping north, or frosts, never came near them;
Saint George upon a sign would grow more sensible.
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to do it
In all the world, and yet they are but young:
What will they rise to? They 're as full of fire
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly:
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In these three gentlemen; they have right use on 't;
They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten:

190 Ser.] Eust. MS.

These are the anagrams of three great worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers
No baffled monsieurs. Walk and air yourselves!
As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd wretches!
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish!—'tis the last warning,—and with speed;
For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.—
My horse again there! I have other business,
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you, dear lady.
'Tis late, 'tis late.
Ang. Pray, sir, be careful of us.
Mir. It is enough; my best care shall attend ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

In the farm-house of ANDREW.

Enter ANDREW.

And. Are you come, old master? very good: your horse
Is well set up; but, ere ye part, I'll ride you,
And spur your reverend justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed;
Truly, I will. Now must I play at bo-peep.
[*Looks in.*

215 *baffled*] i. e. 'subjected to public disgrace' (the original meaning of the word).

220 *read*] i. e. deliver a lecture (in anatomy).

223 *goodness*] i. e. good fortune.

225 s. d. Dyce marked the exit of Eust., Egre, and Cowsy after l. 220; he here adds 'on the one side, Ang., Char., and Syl.; on the other, Mir. and Serv.'

iv. 3 *spur*] Can there be a pun intended with 'speir' = ask? If not, to 'spur a question' seems fair nonsense, but it must be remembered that 'to

A banquet! well! potatoes and eryngoes,
And, as I take it, cantharides! excellent!
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.
Now they begin to bill: how he slavers her!
Gramercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off—
That's a good wench—and cries, 'Fair play above-board!'
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of fiddlers! I shall have some music yet
At my making free o' th' company of horners;
There 's the comfort; and a song too! he beckons for one;
Sure, 'tis no anthem, nor no borrow'd rimes
Out of the 'School of Virtue.' I will listen.
[*Song within.*
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note 's too sprightly.
So, so, the music 's paid for; and now what follows?
Oh, that Monsieur Miramont would but keep his word!
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter:
At the most, 'tis not six minutes' riding from his house;
Nor will he break, I hope.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Oh, are you come, sir?
The prey is in the net; and we'll break in
Upon occasion.
Mir. Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.

6 *potatoes and eryngoes*] That potatoes were regarded as aphrodisiacs is evident from many passages; while the same quality was attributed to the candied root of the sea-holly (*eryngium maritimum*). They are mentioned together in this connection in *Merry Wives*, V. v. 20.

7 *cantharides*] The dried beetle or Spanish fly was another reputed provocative.

16 *horners*] i. e. players on the horn. The quibble is obvious; but strictly 'horner' = cuckold-maker, not cuckold.

19 *the 'School of Virtue'*] 'The Schoole of Virtue, and booke of good Nourture for chyldren and youth to lerrne theyr dutie by.' Written by F[rancis]. S[eager], and printed in 1557, but the later editions were enlarged [illegible]

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Oh, th' infinite fright that will assail this gentleman!
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians,
That will hang, like sergeants, on his worship's shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man,
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!
How will those solemn looks appear to me,
And that severe face, that spake chains and shackles!
Now I take him in the nick, ere I' done with him,
He had better have stood between two panes of wainscot,
And made his recantation in the market,
Than hear me conjure him.
And. He must pass this way,
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand close.
[*They retire.*

Enter BRISAC *and* LILLY.

Bri. Well done, well done! give me my nightcap: so.
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee.
Come, wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close;
It is a sweet parenthesis.
Lil. Y' are merry, sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it,
Thou shalt, my Lilly.
Lil. Shall I air your bed, sir?
Bri. No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine, girl;
That 's all. Come, kiss me again.
Lil. Ha' ye done yet?
Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly.
Shew me the way.
Lil. You cannot miss it, sir.
You shall have a caudle in the morning for
Your worship's breakfast.
Bri. How! i' th' morning, Lilly.

29 Various forms of intermittent fever.
30 *sergeants*] *servants* MS.
34 *shackles*] *shack* Dyce.
35 *I'*] *I* Q2, 4, etc. *I have* MS. Dyce.
36 i. e. in the pillory.
39 s. d. Neither direction is in the old copies.
41 *untruss*] i. e. untie the 'points' or laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet.

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Th' art such a witty thing, to draw me on!
Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,
And th'ast another kickshaw; I must taste it.
Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you;
Y'ave all y'are like to have.
And. Can this be earnest?
Mir. It seems so, and she honest.
Bri. Have I not
Thy promise, Lilly?
Lil. Yes; and I have perform'd
Enough to a man of your years: this is truth,
And you shall find, sir. You have kiss'd and toused me,
Handled my leg and foot: what would you more, sir?
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And th' labour in an old man would breed agues,
Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me
For taking from you what you cannot spare, sir.
Be good unto yourself: y' are ta'en already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a work too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgery to Andrew.
Mir. How she jeers him!
Lil. Let Andrew alone with his own tillage;
He 's tough, and can manure it.
Bri. Y' are a quean,
A scoffing, jeering quean.
Lil. It may be so, but,
I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.
Bri. Do not provoke me;
If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and turn
Thee out a-begging.
Lil. Though you have the will
And want of honesty to deny your deed, sir,
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning

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From my young master, as to keep his own.
At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to the judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and on
What terms you would revoke it.
Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not!
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood boils,
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!
Mir. [*aside.*] I shall cool it.
Bri. Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!
I'll be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountiful friend—
Lil. To avoid suits in law, I would grant a little;
But, should fierce Andrew know it, what would become
Of me?
And. [*aside.*] A whore, a whore!
Bri. Nothing but well, wench:
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly;
Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the office.
Mir. Take heed, Andrew;
These are shrewd temptations.
And. Pray you, know
Your cue, and second me, sir.— [*Comes forward.*]
By your worship's favour!
Bri. Andrew!
And. I come in time to take possession
Of th' office you assign me; hold the door!
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without, when a deep understanding
Holds conference within, say, with his wife.
A trifle, sir! I know I hold my farm
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o' the soil, sir:
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she 's yours to use, sir;
I claim no interest in her.
Bri. Art thou serious?
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'erheard us,
And wink at small faults, man. I'm but a piddler,
A little will serve my turn; thou 'lt find enough

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When I've my bellyful. Wilt thou be private
And silent?
And. By all means: I'll only have
A ballad made of 't, sung to some lewd tune,
And the name of it shall be 'The Justice-Trap.'
It will sell rarely with your worship's name
And Lilly's on the top.
Bri. Seek not the ruin
O' my reputation, Andrew.
And. 'Tis for your credit.
'Monsieur Brisac' printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.
Bri. No mercy, Andrew?
And. Oh, it will proclaim you
From th' city to the court, and prove sport-royal!
Bri. Thou shalt keep thy farm.
Mir. [*aside.*] He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
(The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off,)
To the judge criminal——
Bri. Oh, I am undone!
And. He 's put out of commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this I'll put in practice.
Bri. Do but hear me.
And. To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!
It is unpardonable.
Bri. Do not play the tyrant:
Accept of composition.
Lil. Hear him, Andrew.
And. What composition?
Bri. I'll confirm thy farm,
And add unto 't an hundred acres more,
Adjoining to it.
And. Hum; this mollifies.
But y' are so fickle, and will again deny this,

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There being no witness by.
Bri. Call any witness,
I'll presently assure it.
And. Say you so?
Troth, there 's a friend of mine, sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that 's past;
His testimony will be authentical.
Bri. Will he be secret?
And. You may tie his tongue up,
As you would do your purse-strings.
[MIRAMONT *comes forward.*
Bri. Miramont!
Mir. Ha, ha, ha!
And. This is my witness. Lord, how you are troubled!
Sure, y'ave an ague, you shake so with choler.
He 's your loving brother, sir, and will tell nobody,
But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.
Bri. Caught thus!
And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd.
Bri. I shall become
Discourse for clowns and tapsters.
And. Quick, Lilly, quick!
He 's now past kissing between point and point.
He swounds; fetch him some cordial.—Now put in, sir.
Mir. Who may this be? sure, this is some mistake.
Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard?
It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;
Experience hath taught him t' avoid these fooleries;
He is the punisher, and not the doer;
Besides, he 's old and cold, unfit for women:
This is some counterfeit: he shall be whipp'd for 't;

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Some base abuser of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doors: will y' imprison me? are you my judges?
Mir. The man raves! this is not judicious Brisac,
Yet, now I think on 't, 'a has a kind of dog-look
Like my brother; a guilty hanging face.
Bri. I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do, do!
Mir. Why, it 's manly in you.
Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse;
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;
But all the torments that e'er fell on men
That fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*
Lil. You have given him a heat, sir.
Mir. He will ride you
The better, Lilly.
And. We'll teach him to meddle with scholars.
Mir. He shall make good his promise t' increase thy farm, Andrew,
Or I'll jeer him to death! Fear nothing, Lilly;
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;
And then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur Eustace
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily
To see 'em mourn together.
And. 'Twill be rare, sir. [*Exeunt.*

173 *his promise t' increase thy farm, Andrew*] *his promise, Andrew, to increase thy farm* MS. and Prof. Herford (conj.)

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A grove before the house of MIRAMONT.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. Turn'd out of doors, and baffled!
Egre. We share with you
In the affront.
Cow. Yet bear it not like you,
With such dejection.
Eust. My coach and horses made
The ransom of our cowardice!
Cow. Pish, that 's nothing;
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,
You are new-rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.
Eust. And does the court, that should be the example
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us
No other doctrine?
Egre. None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge.
Cow. Flatt'ry rubs out;
But, since great men learn to admire themselves,
'Tis something crest-faln.
Egre. To be of no religion
Argues a subtle moral understanding,
And it is often cherish'd.
Eust. Piety, then,
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,
Are there no virtues?

V. i. For the locality see l. 112.
1 *baffled*] i. e. disgraced. Cf. IV. iii. 215.
12 *rubs out*] *rules out* MS. Seward suggested reading 'rubs on,' which he explained as equivalent to the modern idiom 'rub along.' That the reading in the text could have the same sense is evident from 'we rub out with the rest,' in Deloney's *Gentle Craft*, Pt. II (ed. Lange, p. 31).
18 *there*] i. e. at court.

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Egre. Rather vices, Eustace.
Fighting! what 's fighting? it may be in fashion
Among provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:
But wi' us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,
Though in defence of that word 'reputation,'
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a dram of blood must needs appear
As coarse as to be honest.
Eust. And all this
You seriously believe?
Cow. It is a faith
That we will die in; since, from the black-guard
To the grim sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets.
Eust. Now my eyes are open;
And I behold a strong necessity,
That keeps me knave and coward.
Cow. Y' are the wiser.
Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose
To be of your society?
Egre. By no means.
Eust. Honour is nothing with you?
Cow. A mere bubble;
For what 's grown common is no more regarded.
Eust. My sword forced from me too, and still detain'd,
You think, 's no blemish?
Egre. Get me a batoon;
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less trouble.
Eust. And yet you wear a sword.
Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade,
For ornament; no use the court allows it.
Eust. Will 't not fight of itself?
Cow. I ne'er tried this.
Yet I have worn as fair as any man;

20 *provant swords, and buff-jerkin men*] i. e. common soldiers. 'Provant' (i. e. provision, munition) was applied to the common articles of military stores.
21 *wi' us*] So Dyce. *w' us* Qq, F. *with us* MS.
27 *black-guard*] i. e. the lowest class of servants.
28 *sir*] i. e. gentleman. The substantial use is common.
37 *batoon*] i. e. staff of office.
41 *no use*] *not use* Q3, 5, F., Dyce. With a semi-colon after 'ornament' the reading of Q1 and MS. gives perfect sense.

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I'm sure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,
Two thousand crowns; and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one.
Eust. I'll borrow this;
I like it well.
Cow. 'Tis at your service, sir;
[*Giving sword.*
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.
Eust. And, now I have it, leave me! y' are infectious,
The plague and leprosy of your baseness spreading
On all that do come near you: such as you
Render the throne of majesty, the court,
Suspected and contemptible; you are scarabees,
That batten in her dung, and have no palates
To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,
Can only see her night-deformities,
But with the glorious splendour of her beauties
You are struck blind as moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter;
You stick, like running ulcers, on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candour;
And, being bad servants, cause your master's goodness
To be disputed of; make you the court,
That is the abstract of all academies
To teach and practise noble undertakings,
(Where Courage sits triumphant, crown'd with laurel,
And Wisdom, loaded with the weight of honour,)
A school of vices?
Egre. What sudden rapture 's this?
Eust. A heavenly one, that, raising me from sloth and ignorance
In which your conversation long hath charm'd me,
Carries me up into the air of action
And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,
But pleading only in the court's defence,

54 *scarabees*] i. e. beetles, certain species of which feed on dung. (Cf. Germ. *mistkäfer*. 55 Omitted in MS.
64 *make you*] *you make* Q2, 4, etc., Dyce. There is no reason, however, why we should not suppose it to be a question, though the query-mark was omitted at the end.
65 *academies*] *acadêmies*, Dyce, unnecessarily.

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Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her champion against all the world
That throw aspersions on her.
Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
I see it in his eyes.
Egre. A second Charles!
Pray, look not, sir, so furiously.
Eust. Recant
What you have said, ye mongrels, and lick up
The vomit you have cast upon the court,
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breeding,
And swear that you, like spiders, have made poison
Of that which was a saving antidote!
Egre. We will swear any thing.
Cow. We honour the court
As a most sacred place.
Egre. And will make oath,
If you enjoin us to 't, nor knave, nor fool,
Nor coward, living in it.
Eust. Except you two,
You rascals!
Cow. Yes; we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so.
Eust. And that, until
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,
To be disciplined for your roguery; and, this done
With true contrition——
Egre. } Yes, sir.
Cow. }
Eust. You again
May eat scraps, and be thankful.
Cow. Here 's a cold breakfast,
After a sharp night's walking!
Eust. Keep your oaths,

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Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you!—
The fetters of my thraldom are filed off,
And I at liberty to right myself;
And, though my hope in Angelina 's little,
My honour, unto which compared she 's nothing,
Shall, like the sun, disperse those lowering clouds,
That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name
Of brother shall divert me; but from him,
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;
And, if the Muses' friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldom missing
To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

Enter CHARLES.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis he, most certain; and by 's side my sword:
Blest opportunity!
Char. I have o'erslept myself,
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover it.
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I will now consider.
Ha! what means this? what do I with a sword?
Learn'd Mercury needs not th' aid of Mars, and innocence
Is to itself a guard: yet, since arms ever
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how,
I'm grown in love with 't, and cannot eat, nor study,
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.
Eust. None, sir;
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;
And see y' expound it well.
Char. Eustace!
Eust. The same, sir;

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Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,
Hath all this night, turn'd out of doors, attended
To bid good morrow t' ye.
Char. This, not in scorn,
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?
Eust. Oh, much, sir! here I end not, but begin:
I must speak to you in another strain
Than yet I ever used; and, if the language
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,
From whom I learn'd it.
Char. When I understand,
Be 't in what style you please, what 's your demand,
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,
To make an answer to the point.
Eust. I come not
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge; though I am not
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,
Forced from steep rocks, and with much toil attended,
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.
Char. These not repined at, as you seem t' inform me,
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yield to 't; therefore, Eustace,
Without this tempest in your looks, propound it,
And fear not a denial.
Eust. I require, then,
As from an enemy, and not a brother,
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me;
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgment of satisfaction,
My coach, my horses: I will part with life

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Before the musical magic of thy tongue
Enchanted and seduced her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publicly,
At my father's and my uncle's intercession
(That I put in too), I perhaps may listen
To terms of reconcilement; but, if these
In every circumstance are not subscribed to,
To th' last gasp I defy thee.
Char. These are strict
Conditions to a brother.
Eust. My rest is up,
Nor will I go less.
Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace;
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands
To win or lose all. I rejoice to find ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by yourself, and made
Almost incurable in your own hopes,
The dead flesh of pale cowardice growing over
Your fester'd reputation, which no balm
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to;
And I am happy that I was the surgeon
That did apply those burning corrosives
That render you already sensible
O' th' danger you were plunged in; teaching you,
And by a fair gradation, how far,
And with what curious respect and care,
The peace and credit of a man within
(Which you ne'er thought till now) should be preferr'd
Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;
For so far I go with you.
Eust. This discourse
Is from the subject.
Char. I'll come to it, brother;

174 *My rest is up*] i. e. 'my stake is laid.' To set up rest was more particularly applied to primero, in the sense of betting on one's hand.

175 *go*] So MS., Dyce (following Theobald). *give* Qq, F. Theobald's emendation, being borne out by the MS., is, in all probability, correct; it is not certain, however, that *give* may not have had the same sense. (Cf. 'give odds.')

192 *ne'er*] So Q2, 4, etc., Dyce. *were* Q1, 3, MS. I am reluctantly forced to follow the reading of the careless Q2, in opposition to that of Q1 and MS., since I can get no semblance of meaning out of the latter.

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But, if you think to build upon my ruins,
You'll find a false foundation: your high offers,
Taught by the masters of dependencies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others
Supply their own necessities, with me
Will never carry 't. As you are my brother,
I would dispense a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in myself I love in you:
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade you
I will descend to any composition
For which I may be censured.
Eust. You shall fight, then.
Char. With much unwillingness with you; but, if
There 's no evasion——
Eust. None.
Char. Hear yet a word:
As for the sword, and other fripperies,
In a fair way send for them, you shall have 'em;
But, rather than surrender Angelina,
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppose
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me
All ties of nature.
Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all persuasion.
Char. Guard thyself, then, Eustace!
I use no other rhetoric. [*They fight.*

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. Clashing of swords
So near my house! Brother opposed to brother!
Here is no fencing at half-sword.—Hold, hold!
Charles! Eustace! [*Draws his sword, and parts them.*
Eust. Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare you.—

198 *masters of dependencies*] i. e. bravoes and bullies who made a profession of taking up and arranging quarrels according to the rules of the *duello*. See

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D' ye fight by th' book?
Char. 'Tis you that wrong me. Off, sir!
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit
That I have raised in him.
Eust. Never, Charles,
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much to 't, boys;
For, if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason—]
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,
And not a choleric old testy fool,
Like your father, I'd dance a matachin with you
Should make you sweat your best blood for 't; I would,
And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee!—
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! th' art a brave spark,
A true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily: give me a fighting courtier,
I'll cherish him for example; in our age
Th' are not born every day.
Char. You of late, sir,
In me loved learning.
Mir. True; but take me wi' ye, Charles;
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in 's breeches,
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;
When 's understanding waved in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then
The lofty noise your Greek made only pleased me;
But now he 's turned an Oliver and a Roland,
Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up in him.
Let me remember: when I was of his years,
I did look very like him; and, did you see
My picture as I was then, you would swear
That gallant Eustace—I mean, now he dares fight—
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough, Charles.

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Char. Sure, sir, I shall not need addition from him.
Eust. Nor I from any; this shall decide my interest.
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,
By yielding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd
With all disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force myself a fortune, though my birth
And breeding do deny it.
Char. Seek not, Eustace,
By violence, what will be offer'd to you
On easier composition. Though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit;
And one that, not compell'd to 't by your sword,
Which I must never fear, will share with you
In all but Angelina.
Mir. Nobly said, Charles!—
And learn from my experience, you may hear reason,
And never maim your fighting. For your credit,
Which you think you have lost, spare Charles, and swinge me,
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it—
Thou art made up again.
Eust. All this is lip-salve.
Mir. It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere I've done.
As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Ne'er fear 't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make
Thine own conditions with him.
Eust. I'll take leave
A little to consider.
Char. Here comes Andrew.

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Enter ANDREW, *with his head broken.*

Mir. But without his comical and learned face.—
What sad disaster, Andrew?
And. You may read, sir,
A tragedy in my face.
Mir. Art thou in earnest?
And. Yes, by my life, sir; and, if now you help not,
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,
My good old master—for now I pity him—
Is ruin'd for ever.
Char. Ha! my father?
And. He, sir.
Mir. By what means? speak.
And. At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,
His house is seized upon, and he in person
Is under guard—I saw it with these eyes, sir—
To be convey'd to Paris, and there sentenced.
Mir. Nay, then, there is no jesting.
Char. Do I live,
And know my father injured?
And. And what 's worse, sir,
My lady Angelina—
Eust. What of her?
And. She 's carried away too.
Mir. How?
And. While you were absent,
A crew of Monsieur Lewis' friends and kinsmen
By force brake in at th' back part of the house,
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew—
As this can witness for him—did his best
In her defence; but 'twould not do.
Mir. Away,
And see our horses saddled! 'tis no time
To talk, but do. [*Exit* ANDREW] Eustace, you now
are offer'd
A spacious field, and in a pious war,
To exercise your valour; here 's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name

289–90 So divided by Dyce. Old eds. divide after *Is.*
305 s. d. Not in old eds.

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Commanding it: but these unnatural jars,
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,
Would shame your victory.
Eust. I would do much, sir—
But still my reputation!
Mir. Charles shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,
And heartily: why, this is done like brothers:
And, old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur Lewis,
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel
There 's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.
Eust. And, if I follow not, a coward's name
Be branded on my forehead!
Char. This spirit makes you
A sharer in my fortunes.
Mir. And in mine;
Of which, Brisac once freed and Angelina
Again in our possession, you shall know
My heart speaks in my tongue.
Eust. I dare not doubt it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A high road.

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELINA, SYLVIA, *and* Officers.

Lew. I'm deaf to all persuasion.
Bri. I use none;
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But, when the king shall understand how falsely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right again.
Ang. Sir, let not passion
So far transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course remains, but rather mine

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What you would seem to nourish. If respect
Of my preferment or my reputation
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why do you, now good fortune hath provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my loved Charles defective, sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,
Of what can you accuse him?
Lew. Of a rape
Done to mine honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to.
Syl. Her lust! you are her father.
Lew. And you her bawd.
Syl. Were you ten lords, 'tis false;
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertain not
Such spotted instruments.
Ang. As I have a soul, sir——
Lewis. I am not to be alter'd; to sit down
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,
And not born noble: all rigour that the law,
And that increase of power by favour yields,
Shall be with all severity inflicted.—
You have the king's hand for 't; no bail will serve;
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with 'em!
Bri. This is madness.
Lew. Tell me so in open court,

15 *loved*] Lov'd MS. *Lord* Q1, 2, 4, etc. *Love* Q3, Dyce. The reading of the MS. explains how the divergence arose, and is therefore to be preferred. It has also been suggested by Deighton (*Conjec. Read.*, 1896).

17 *be*] *held* Q3, MS.

21 *mine honour*] So MS. *honour* Q1, 2, 4, etc. *thy honour* Q3. *my honour* Dyce (following Theobald). I am a little uncertain as to the authority of the MS; but the reading of Q1 is hardly satisfactory, and that of Q3 too obviously conjectural.

24 *entertain*] *entertains* Q2, 4, etc., Dyce. A plural verb following a singular subject when a plural substantive intervenes is, of course, one of the very commonest licences in old writers.

32 Printed as two lines by Dyce, which is possibly correct, regarding *away with 'em* as a half-line standing by itself. Vocatives, however, were frequently treated by old dramatists as extra-metrical.

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And there I'll answer you.

Enter MIRAMONT, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Well overtaken!
Char. Ill, if they dare resist!
Eust. He that advances
But one step forward, dies!
Lew. Shew the king's writ.
Mir. Shew your discretion; 'twill become you better.
Char. [*To* ANGELINA.] Y' are once more in my power; and, if again
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee!
Eust. Force will not do 't, nor threats: accept this service
From your despair'd-of Eustace.
And. And beware,
Your reverend worship never more attempt
To search my Lilly-pot; you see what follows.
Lew. Is the king's power contemn'd?
Mir. No, but the torrent
O' your wilful folly stopp'd: and for you, good sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,
That is not tender'd to you? rather than
Be cross'd in what you purposed, you'll undo
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,
And your old foolish neighbour; make your states,
And in a suit not worth a cardecu,
A prey to advocates and their buckram scribes;
And, after they have plumed ye, return home,
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.
Char. This is a most strong truth, sir.
Mir. No, no, monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge;

34 The MS. adds to Lewis's speech 'Will you doe what you are swarne too?'

35 *Ill*] *Arl* Q3. Charles uses the word, however, in opposition to Miramont's *Well overtaken.*

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But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.
Observe my learned Charles, he'll get thee a nephew
On Angelina, shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the nurse by logic. And here 's Eustace;
He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis;
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land
For a jointure can effect it. Y' are a good lord,
And of a gentle nature; in your looks
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.—
And, do you hear, old fool?—but I'll not chide:
Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;
The mere belief is excellent; 'twill save you:
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eustace
Can do it to a hair: and to conclude,
Let Andrew's farm b' increased, that is your penance,—
You know for what; and see you rut no more,—
You understand me. So, embrace on all sides.
I'll pay those bill-men, and make large amends,
Provided we preserve you still our friends. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-liked play,
We only hope; but that you freely would,
To th' author's memory, so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance that can give
The poet and the player means to live.

60 *nephew*] i. e. grandson (Latin *nepos*).
61 *dispute*] i. e. maintain a thesis.
68 *fool*] Q3 inserts '*Bri.* Your brother, Sir.'
77 *bill-men*] i. e. officers (carrying bills or halberds).
78 *preserve you still our*] *continue still good* Q3.

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At the end of the manuscript appear the following verses in the same hand as the text :

EPIGRAM.

A FREE man's life is like a pilgrimage,
What 's his life, then, that lives in marriage ?
'Tis Sisyphus his toil that with a stone
Doth do what surely for ease must be done :
His labour's journey's endless, 'tis no riddle,
Since he 's but half on 's way that stands in th' middle.

AD JANUM.

TAKE comfort, Janus, never fear thy head,
Which to the quick belongs, not to the dead.
Thy wife did lie with one, thou being dead drunk :
Thou art no cuckold, though she be a punk.

'Tis not the state nor sovereignty of Jove
Could draw thy pure affections from my love ;
Nor is there any Venus in the skies
Could from thy looks withdraw my greedy eyes.

FINIS.

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THE SPANISH CURATE

EDITED BY R. B. McKERROW

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In the Folios 1647, 1679.

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THE SPANISH CURATE

ARGUMENT.—The scene is Cordova. Don Henrique, a rich and miserly grandee, had in his youth secretly married a woman of low birth but of great beauty, one Jacintha; but, becoming quickly tired of her, and considering the inequality of their station, he had shortly afterwards, as secretly, obtained a divorce from her. This Jacintha is now living with a retired captain, Octavio, who is generally taken to be her husband and the father of her son Ascanio.

In the meanwhile Don Henrique lives with Violante, whom every one supposes to be his wife, though, waiting for Jacintha's death, he has never married her. They are, to their great grief, childless, for, in consequence of this, Don Henrique's property must pass at his death to his younger brother, Don Jamie, whom he hates for his generosity and somewhat free manner of life.

Don Jamie, presuming on the certainty of his succession, mocks at his brother, until at last Don Henrique in anger determines to reveal the whole story and, by acknowledging Ascanio as his son, bar his brother from the succession. He does so, to the great wrath of Violante, who next approaches Don Jamie and tries to persuade him to murder his brother. He pretends to agree but reveals the plot, and Violante is sentenced to spend the rest of her life in a nunnery. Don Henrique repents of his evil actions, reconciles himself to his brother and takes Jacintha again as his wife.

The under-plot is concerned with Don Henrique's lawyer, Bartolus, and is as follows:—This Bartolus, a close-fisted and jealous lawyer, has a wife Amaranta who is celebrated for her beauty. One Leandro, a friend of Don Jamie's, hearing of her, determines to see her. In order to do this he feigns himself to be a law-student sent from Nova Hispania to study in Spain, and, by means of a forged letter and a deposit of money, persuades the curate Lopez to accept him for the son of an old friend. Lopez introduces him to Bartolus, and he is given a room in the lawyer's house in order that he may there pursue his studies. He sees Amaranta and falls violently in love with her. By means of a pretended will, to be made by Diego, the sexton, Leandro's friends secure the lawyer's absence and gain him time for an interview. Amaranta, however, remains faithful to her husband.

DATE OF COMPOSITION.—This comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, Sir John Ashley, on October 24, 1622, and acted at the Blackfriars,—undoubtedly with success, for we find that during Christmas of the same year it was performed at court "upon St. Steevens day [*i. e.* Dec. 26] at night." See Malone's *Shakespeare*, ed. Boswell, iii. 226, 146.

As the translation of the Spanish novel on which it was founded first appeared in the same year, being entered in the Stationers' Registers on March 11th, we are enabled to assign the composition with certainty to the summer months of 1622.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—Both the serious part of the action and the comic are, as was pointed out by Langbaine, derived from stories in a novel translated by Leonard Digges from the Spanish, the full title of which is

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"*Gerardo the Vnfortvnate Spaniard. Or A Pattern for Lascivious Lovers. Containing seuerall strange miseries of loose Affection. Written by an ingenious Spanish Gentleman, Don Gonçalo de Cespedes, and Meneçes, in the time of his fiue yeeres Imprisonment. Originally in Spanish, and made English by L. D. London printed for Ed. Blount. 1622.*" (4to.)

This was reprinted with a few slight corrections in 1653. On the title-page of the British Museum copy the date has been altered to Feb. 10, 1652.

The title of the original is "*Poema Tragico Del Espanol Gerardo, y Desengano del amor lasciuo. Por Don Gonzalo de Cespedes y Meneses, vesino y natural de Madrid.*" It first appeared in Madrid in 1615 and went through several editions. Though called "Poema" it is in prose with only occasional short poems. A comparison of Tiveria's letter in Act II. sc. i. with the Spanish original and the English translation shows almost conclusively that it was the latter which the dramatists employed.

Dyce gave a summary of the story on which the tragic portion of the play is founded, and a reprint, from the edition of 1653, of the whole of that which served as a basis for the comic part. These will be found at the end of this introductory note. I have, however, brought the extracts into accordance with the edition of 1622, the one used by the dramatists, modernizing the spelling in accordance with the general principles of this edition.

It will be seen that, in the original novel, the story of Leandro had a tragic ending in the death of the lawyer at his hands, and that several important details—notably the incidents of Diego's will and the banquet given by Bartolus—do not occur in it. For these no definite origin has been found, and it may well be that they are the dramatists' own invention.

THE AUTHORSHIP.—Dyce calls this play "the unassisted composition of Fletcher." It is now generally considered to be the joint work of Fletcher and Massinger. There are certainly two well-marked styles to be noticed—that of the tragic part and that of the comic.

In the Transactions of the New Shakspere Society for 1874, p. 56, Mr. F. G. Fleay gave the results of his investigations into the metre of the play. According to these he divides it as follows:—

Massinger, I. (all), III. iii., IV. i., iv., V. i., iii.

Fletcher, II. (all), III. i., ii., iv., IV. ii., iii., v., vi., vii., V. ii.

A few years later Mr. R. Boyle made an independent study of the question (see *Englische Studien*, Vol. V. (1882), p. 91, and N.S.S. *Trans.*, 1880–6, p. 622). His conclusions, based partly on metre and partly on general style and parallels with other works of the two authors, agree exactly with those of Mr. Fleay, except that he marks IV. ii. with a query.

A point which is by itself of no great importance, but which is of some interest in this connection, is the use of the words *you* and *ye* in the play. As may be seen by reference to other works of the two dramatists, Massinger rarely makes use of the more colloquial form *ye*, Fletcher very frequently. Now in this play we find that *ye* occurs 275 times, 271 times in the scenes attributed to Fletcher, and only four in those attributed to Massinger. Or to look at the matter from another point of view, for every *ye* in Massinger's part we find 50 *you's*; for every *ye* in Fletcher's part only 0·65 *you's*. Further, of the scenes attributed to Fletcher there are only three, namely, II. iii., III. i., and IV. ii., in which *ye* does not occur more frequently than *you*. In one of these, namely, II. iii., the *you's* and *ye's* are equal: in the others, III. i. and IV. ii., the *you's* predominate, but all these scenes are very short.

Mr. Fleay notices that Fletcher writes Córdova, Angelo Milanes (as a

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EDITIONS.—This play is to be found in the following editions—

*(1) 1647. The first folio, p. 25–50 of the first numbering, being the second play in the volume.

*(2) 1679. The second folio, p. 124–147, being the seventh play in the volume. This is simply a reprint of the former text, the alterations being few and of little importance.

(3) 1711. The seven-volume octavo edition.

*(4) 1718. Separately, as a quarto with the following title: *The Spanish Curate. A Comedy Written by Mr. Francis Beaumont, and Mr. John Fletcher. London, Printed for J. T. And sold by J. Brown at the Black Swan without Temple-Bar.* 1718. This edition is, I presume, a reprint of that of 1711, which I have not seen, there being only a very imperfect copy in the British Museum. It is of course of no critical value, but it seems to have been corrected with considerable care. In some cases emendations of a somewhat violent nature have been made.

*(5) 1750. The Theobald-Seward-Sympson edition, Vol. II. Theobald died while this play was in progress, having prepared for press the first three acts and a small portion of Act IV. sc. i. It was completed by Seward. (Referred to as Theo. or Sew.)

*(6) 1778. By various editors under the superintendence of Colman. Vol. II. (Referred to as Edd. '78.)

(7) 1811. Reprint of the same. Vol. II.

*(8) 1812. By Weber. Vol. III. (Referred to as Web.)

(9) 1840. Reprint of Weber's text with introduction by Darley. Vol. I.

*(10) 1845. By Dyce. Vol. VIII.

(11) 1887. By Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey. Vol. II. (Mermaid Series). The text of this seems to be identical with that of Dyce, with correction of two obvious misprints.

The editions marked * have been used in the preparation of the present one.

THIS TEXT.—The folio of 1647 has been followed wherever possible. That of 1679 and Dyce's edition have been fully collated. The readings of Theobald, the editors of 1778, and Weber have, as a rule, only been noticed when they had a bearing on the others; thus, readings originated by Theobald and rejected before Dyce (*i. e.* in 1778, or by Weber) have been generally ignored. To have given full collations of these editions would have been merely to greatly extend the notes without adding anything of value.

The text of 1718 has been occasionally noticed.

There has been no collation of punctuation, except where a change in this has altered the sense.

Such changes as *you* for *ye* (in the singular) made by the editors of 1778 and retained by Weber and Dyce, *h'has* (Edd. '78) and *he has* (Weber) for *h'as*, *you're* for *y'are* have been passed over without remark. In all these cases the folio of 1647 is followed as nearly as may be.

Those stage-directions which are altogether absent in the folios have been placed between square brackets. Except in the case of *asides*, the edition in which they first appeared is stated in the notes. No asides at all are marked in this play in the folios, and they have been gradually added by the various editors. I have found no reason for differing from Dyce in the passages to be so distinguished, but I have placed the direction at the

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derived from an acting copy of the play, generally mark the entries of characters two or three lines before they are required to be actually present, in order to allow the actor time to enter. In this, as in all other modern editions, the entry is marked where the character appears at the front of the stage. Similarly, the wording of the directions in the folios is generally that of an actual instruction to the actors; for example, that here given as "*knocking within*" is there "*knock within.*"

Notes of former editors, when of importance, are assigned to the edition from which they are taken, but I have in many cases altered the wording for the sake of brevity, or to avoid inconvenient cross-references. No indication is given of the originator of purely glossarial notes when these contain nothing which is not to be found in the ordinary works of reference.

THE CHARACTERS ANGELO AND MILANES.—Following Theobald and Seward, who were greatly blamed for their action by subsequent editors, I have omitted the character of Angelo from the play, believing him to be one with Milanes. My reasons for doing so are as follows—

(1) The names of the characters are almost all taken from *Gerardo*. In this there is an Angelo Milanes but no separate Angelo.

(2) At the beginning of the play we have "Enter Angelo, Milanes and Arsenio." If Angelo is a separate character it is difficult to see why his name should stand first, as he is certainly the least important character in the play.

(3) In Act II. sc. iii. we have "Enter Don Jamie, Milanes, Arsenio," and the scene begins—

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?

Mil. Yes, yes.

(4) Angelo is never referred to in the whole course of the play. He is only given two speeches, each of two lines, both of which would be more naturally assigned to Arsenio. In each case his speech is preceded (in one immediately) by a speech wrongly assigned to Arsenio in mistake for Ascanio.

I take it that some person, possibly connected with the theatre, for the first folio was evidently printed from an acting copy, seeing "Enter Angelo, Milanes and Arsenio," took these for three characters, and then, finding nothing set down for Angelo to say, but in one case two speeches in succession assigned to Arsenio, instead of altering the first to Ascanio as he should have done, gave the second to Angelo. The earlier speech would then necessarily be altered in the same way.

(5) What remains to be said is best given in the words of Theobald. "I will only add to Mr. *Seward's* Observation [this contains part of what I have already said and refers to the two speeches above mentioned], that as *Angelo* is no where else spoke of, or to, throughout the whole Play; as he is no manner of a Character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the Plot; no ways assistant in making *Diego's* will, nor comprehended in *Bartolus's* resentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the Drama" (Note on Act II. sc. iii., p. 206).

Theobald did not, however, cancel the attribution to Angelo of the two speeches in Act I., though seeming to agree with Seward's remark in the note just referred to, that they might equally well be given to Arsenio.

The only passages affected by the change are I. i. 101–2, 129–30, and II. iii. 1.

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The play was revived at the Restoration, and was then thrice seen by Pepys: the following passages from his diary give us his opinion of it:—

March 16, 1660/1: "to Whitefriars and saw 'The Spanish Curate,' in which I had no great content."

Jan. 1, 1661/2: "went by coach to the play [Spanish Curate], and there saw it well acted, and a good play it is, only Diego the Sexton did overdo his part too much."

May 17, 1669: "by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw 'The Spanish Curate' revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily."

It was, according to Dr. Ward (*Eng. Dram. Lit.* II. 725) again brought on the stage in 1722 and, according to the editors of 1778, again in 1749.

Colman, in the Preface to his alteration of *Philaster*, 1763, mentions *The Spanish Curate* as one of those early plays which "have, within these few years, encountered the severity of the pit, and received sentence of condemnation."

"The versions produced in 1779 and 1783 seem to have been mere farces, and were in each case acted but once" (A. W. Ward, *loc. cit.*).

According to Dyce, an alteration of it, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1840, proved highly attractive.

"Several later plays have been supposed to be indebted for comic scenes to *The Spanish Curate*.[1] In Dryden's *Spanish Friar*, however, the resemblance is limited to the husband's jealousy of his wife; the part taken in the plot by the Friar, and indeed this character itself, are wholly different. Congreve's *Old Bachelor* owes nothing at all to Fletcher's play; Fondlewife and Bartolus have no resemblance to one another. Dyce adds that he cannot discover any material likeness between *The Spanish Curate* and Bickerstaffe's *The Padlock* (1768), which latter was very successful. According to Genest (Vol. V., p. 217) its plot was taken from a novel by Cervantes, *The Jealous Estremaduran*" (A. W. Ward, *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Lit.* II. 725).

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT (FROM DYCE'S INTRODUCTION).

I.—That portion of the play which relates to Don Henrique, Ascanio, Violante, Jacintha, and Octavio, is founded on a story in the novel, which may be thus abridged. "There resided in the city of Tartesia a widow called Fabia, 'whom Heaven in her younger years endued with more beauty, virtue, and goodness, than goods of fortune or nobleness of blood and birth.' Don John Ponce, 'one of the prime gallants of that city,' conceived a violent passion for her, which he strove in vain to gratify, till at last, by promising in the presence of his servants that he would eventually marry her, he accomplished his purpose. Fabia found herself with child. Don John, soon after, wedded 'a dainty dame and near kinswoman of his.' Fabia discovered her situation to her parents, who, in order to conceal her shame, 'married her to a person of their rank, but one that had good means; with

[1] *The Spanish Friar* and *The Old Bachelor* are instanced by Seward, *The Padlock* in the prefatory note to the play in the edition of 1778.

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whom (her defect one way, and excess another, unnoted) she passed for a maid; and some eight months after, was delivered (as legitimate) of a lusty boy; and so quickly with the infant's pleasing company she blotted out of her mind the abhorred remembrance of the true perjured father.' After ten years, Don John having no hopes of issue by his wife ('to his no small grief, for that one of his brothers, whom he deadly hated, was necessarily to succeed him in the estate'), sought to gain possession by law of the son that Fabia had borne; and, the matter having been submitted to the decision of an unscrupulous judge, the boy was delivered to Don John,—a proceeding which so grieved Fabia's husband (who loved the boy as if he had been his own) that he fell desperately sick, and soon after died. Don John caused the boy (who was also called Don John) to be tenderly brought up; 'but the boy's own good inclination to all virtuous qualities made him in few years grow to that towardliness, that he was generally beloved, and so highly commended, that even in his own father it begat envy.' The step-dame hated him heartily; and both she and her husband were so annoyed at his attention to 'his own poor mother' (who was by him every day 'seen and served'), that they repented of having claimed him, and 'withdrew all manner of allowance either to sustain or clothe him.' Upon this, the youth sued them at law for means, and, by a sentence of the court, seven hundred crowns a year were ordered to be paid to him. This annuity he gave up to his mother, and betook himself with a kinsman of his father's to the city of Lisbon, 'where that party was provided of a place of good credit in the king's gallies.' There he lived 'happily enough,' till hearing by letters from his mother how hardly his father proceeded in the payment of her annuity, he hastened back to Tartesia. The step-dame and father now determined to destroy the younger Don John. The father went to Seville, hired there four ruffians (soldiers who had deserted) to despatch his son, and having conducted them to the house of Fabia, where the youth then was, he said, 'That before is the door; there 's no more to be done, but one of you knock, ask for Don John, and, as he comes out, the rest may so deal with him that he may save himself a revenge, and give me satisfaction.' According to this plan, they stabbed the youth just as he came out of his mother's house: but he died not immediately. An old woman, who had accidentally overheard the words of Don John at the door of Fabia, informed that unfortunate mother of the truth. Fabia ran to the governor, and, falling at his feet, implored vengeance and justice. 'Scarce had the cruel father notice of her sorrow, the people's curses, and his son's danger, when, all in a cold sweat and frighting fear, the offence gnawing his conscience, without more ado he withdrew himself to a monastery, whereby, without further proofs, himself declared himself to be the guilty actor. And therefore the severe governor caused him to be taken forcibly out, and consulted earnestly with the Judge his Assistant for the manner of his punishment. About this time [the younger] Don John ended his unhappy life. Now, the father, being wondrous rich and powerfully allied, was able to stop and cool a little the governor's fervent proceeding. For by order from the Inquisition (by reason of the cessation from divine service, till the sanctuary man were brought back again to the monastery) it was commanded he should be restored.' At the beginning of this business, Don John had committed to the custody of his brothers, for concealment, money and jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns; and now, when his troubles had consumed most part of his means, he demanded from them the deposit. They, however, denied that they had ever received from him a single denier; 'which in the weary worn gentleman bred such a sudden passion of choler and disdain, that, his vital spirits stifled with the venom of his rage, made him fall flat dead before the spectators'." pp. 231–238.

II.—That part of the play which relates to Leandro, Lopez, Amaranta, and

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Bartolus, is borrowed from another tale in the same novel. To shew how closely, in some particulars, Fletcher has adhered to that tale, I subjoin it entire,—and the rather, because the work from which it is extracted happens to be of rare occurrence.

Gerardo, while a prisoner in the city of Iliberis, has for his companion a young gentleman who tells his story as follows.

"'Tis now just six months since I left the city of Corduba, my native soil, where by the name of Leandro I am known, as by a reasonable good estate, the inheritance my father there left me. The forsaking my country was caused thus. The young fry and gallants of our city's quarter where I lived, did usually after Mass resort to certain portals and seats in our parish, to discourse; in which we most commonly limited the power and actions of the Great Turk, the forces of the Hungarian, with the several States of Italy, and Low Countries: nothing was amiss, wherein we might censure and govern the whole world according to our fancies. But, one time amongst others, a different card proved trump, and (obvious enough to our youthful conditions) the conversation grew hot about the chiefest beauties of our Spanish dames, each usurping to himself the priority of place which might most suit to his own advantage. Some said, the Granadinians were extraordinary fair; but these were by others contradicted, who to the Toledanians gave the superlative, as well for beauty and feature as sharpness of wit and discretion; others there wanted not, that, to make good a party, would prefer the careless quick sprightfulness of our court dames before all. This was the more general opinion; and yet another, not much inferior, of the Sevillians, whose natural and sweet brown complexions, set out by their curious neatness, made no small ado for absolute deciding of the controversy; which was ended by one that in all our opinions was thought to have the best judgement, most modesty, and staid advisedness in his conversation, who, offering to speak, forced us all to silence with the following discourse. 'What need you weary yourselves with vain contradictions, or me who know that all the perfection and beauty in the world lives within twelve leagues of this place, not in any great city, but in a small village of Andaluzia, called Osuna? There lives the rarest creature this day in Spain, in which happy situation (not so much as known to the town-dwellers, her wariness, with her husband's jealousy, equal to her beauty) this miracle is inclosed. He that will satisfy his own mind, let him see her, and then he shall perceive withal how short my tongue comes of her praise, and then my truth shall prevail to bring him out of a former error.'

"The speaker, had he not been in so good a predicament amongst us, we should (doubtless) all have contradicted, and laughed at his exorbitancy; but the credit he had gotten, and his seldom growing to such height of exaggeration, sufficiently under-propped his reputation. Wherefore, some bending their brows, others re-questioning him touching the rare piece, we made it parting-time, cutting the thread of our pleasing conversation. Myself went to dinner, and after would have lien down to sleep away some part of that afternoon, when unexpectedly, to keep me waking, my memory suggested to me the aforesaid controversy (a desire stealingly diving into my heart to see that woman), and this in such extremity that, though I purposely diverted myself, yet as often as I went about to do so, so often the novelty of the matter and my friends' endearment set upon me. But, not willing to be thus vanquished (though all wavering and pensative), I curbed my desires, and strook the sails of their unbridled course: which resistance yet spurred me so much the faster, so that in fine, now wholly impatient, and fully resolved and bent upon the mad enterprise, I first settled my house, and, being thoroughly informed of this Dame and her parts, putting two thousand crowns in gold in my purse, betook myself to a lone journey; for, though I had servants at command, the secrecy with which I disposed my affairs would not admit of any.

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"That night I arrived at the place, and having taken a chamber, after I had a while rested, I called the oast[1] of the house to me, and warily endeavoured to know from him who in all the town was of greatest authority, best life, and most reputation; which (first reckoning up divers persons) at last he resolved to bestow upon the vicar, and all the attributes that might be proposed, insomuch that, the election falling out pat for my purpose, and the tedious night over-past, taking a seasonable time, I departed from my lodging to the aforesaid party's house; where I found Master Vicar in his black damask gown, with an Indian cane that served him for a walking-staff, passing to and fro in the court before his door. As he saw me come near, he began to make a stand, and I, not once asking whether he were the party I sought (in respect of the relation and signs given), courteously saluted him, and, drawing a letter out of my pocket, framed for the purpose, with the outside all collied,[2] delivered it to him, the superscription directed to himself. He desired me to be covered, and withal demanded from whence the letter was. I told him from Nova Hispania: so he, without more ado, opened it, that I might hear him read these contents: *Since my arrival from Seville to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any; and, although so great forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me: and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that University till such time as I shall arrive at home, which shall be (God willing) with the next fleet. This sole kindness shall supply the want and your slackness in not answering my letters: and so, God keep you. Yours, Diego Taviria.* In reading these short lines he could not but (with the doubtful admiration of what he beheld) shew some change of countenance and behaviour, sometimes writhing his mouth, then wrinkling his forehead, now putting his finger to his nose, straight clapping himself upon the pate, and scratching his noddle, till finally, shrinking up his shoulders, and goggling his eyes, he concluded, saying, 'Doubtless, Signior, you are mistaken; for, though this letter be directed in the superscription to me, and that there be no other of my name in the town, I must freely confess that I neither have now nor ever had any correspondence from those remote parts, much less any the least acquaintance with your father: but, setting this aside, if in anything I may stead you, I shall be most willing to do it, out of the desire I have to perform all good offices to strangers.' With this, my honest priest was silent; and I, falling now into my stratagem, made answer, 'Troth, Signior, 'tis strange my father should be so mistaken: I was in good hope you had been the party. The truth is, my father, for some particular motives, pleased to send me before his own departure for Spain,[3] and (knowing, as he said, of your abode in this village) with order to be wholly directed by you, delivered me two thousand crowns in gold, which I have here: now, though yourself be not the party to whom I was recommended, the satisfaction I have of your worth doth oblige me to request you to take the money into your custody, only delivering me at times what I shall stand in need of for my occasions; for, out of the desire I have to obey my father, I am resolved howsoever to expect him in this place.' Scarce had I made an end of these last words, when my Vicar, falling into a suddenness of admiring

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youthful days. Tell me, lad, is he not very old now? who did he marry? how many brothers are there of you? Honest, honest Taviria! who would have thought to see a son of thine so tall and well grown? Truly, Leandro, thou mayst think thyself happy in that Heaven was pleased to give thee so worthy a father, as to me the best friend that ever I had. Well, till he come, here you shall be, and have such lodging and respect as befits our friendship: let me otherwise know what manner of admission is desired in the letter, that accordingly his will and your convenience may be effected.' Observe here, noble Gerardo, what doubts and difficulties this golden bait in an instant removed from the old vicar. Well did I guess before-hand what my intent would come to, and therefore the novelty, which to another might have seemed strange, bred no admiration at all in me. I went on with my plot then, and, courteously thankful to his kind offer, delivered him (taking first a bill of his hand for the receipt, to secure me from his covetousness) the two thousand crowns; and, reserving only such a quantity as I thought fit, advertised him also that, having been reasonably trained up in the Civil and Canon laws, I desired much to better my knowledge by being clerk to some lawyer in that town, till such time as my father should arrive. My purpose much pleased him, and with his approbation I went to hearken after some one whom I might best like, and with him to make my agreement. You must suppose, Signior, this machine wanted not foundation, and no less than fully suiting to my purpose; for the dame's husband that brought me to Osuna (though none of the best or richest) was one of the lawyers that lived there, newly married and having a fair wife, extremely wary and jealous of her honesty; so that quickly you shall perceive, the planting myself by any kind of means there was not the least important step to my enterprize, which was well furthered by some little learning I had of both laws, which, to my parents their great rejoicing, in my younger days I studied, who purposed to have directed my life to such courses, as by their death and my new inheritance proved frustrate. At length (informed thoroughly of my lawyer's house) thither went I; where I found him busily turning over Bartolus and Baldus,[1] drawing and framing certain petitions. I saluted him. He willed me to sit down, taking me (it should seem) for some client that needed his advice: so he demanded what my business was; to which I, with a well-premeditated discourse, made him this answer; 'Signior, I was born (so please you) in Nova Hispania, though my parents were of these parts and this Andaluzia, by whom I am particularly sent to this University, till such time as they shall land in Spain, to exercise myself in the study of the Laws, which course I began not long ago in the city of Mexico. And that this their desire might obtain some reasonable effect, they thought fit to remit it, and me withal, to Master Vicar of this place, with whom they profess so strict a league of ancient friendship that I may indeed better give it the title of alliance. He, knowing their pleasure and my purpose, hath made particular election of yourself, your virtue, learning, and house, for the accomplishment; so great is his satisfaction of you: neither, were not I (as I say) limited to his opinion in this point, should I for my part seek any further for my own benefit. (This presupposed) I shall esteem myself most happy to be not only instructed, but much profited also by you. And, if there be no precise cause to hinder it, I beseech you, let me be admitted into your company, till such time as my father arrive; in which I will not only endeavour to undergo some part of the burden of your continual business, but will also obey you as a servant, without any recompense more than your good instruction; rather, you shall have monthly of me thirty crowns to further your pains in the performance; for which I will give such satisfaction and security as you shall please to demand.' All this I huddled up as speedily as I could deliver unto him, not willing to give him the least time of pause to consider of it, for fear of the worst. To

[1] Bartolus (1313–1355) and Baldus (1323–1400) were celebrated Italian jurists.

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which, after some little suspense, turning his eyes to me (and doubtless the profit considered, which came in so easily to him), he thus answered; 'Though (forewarned by many unlucky accidents) I have a long time made choice rather of living alone (though discommodiously) than ill-accompanied, yet your honest presence, and mine own wish that Master Vicar should prove no liar in my commendation, do level all difficulties with me; and therefore you may presently settle yourself in my house, giving first security (as is fitting) for the promise and offer you have made.' 'You shall have (quoth I) the best you can desire.' And so, without more words, (very jocund) he took his cloak, and (Heaven knows if fearful to lose the good bargain) hand in hand we went to the vicar's house; who, spying me, came out to welcome us, saying, 'To know your sure election, 'tis sufficient that I behold the person who accompanies you, on whom you may safely rely for your best advancement, which exceedingly glads me on your father my best friend his behalf.' To this we both returned our thanks, only my lawyer proposed the security for my person, which was yet wanting. To which the good priest replied what I could wish, extolling my father's ability and my means, so much as if we had been all [the] days of our lives familiarly acquainted; and closed up his speech with this, that he would trust me with all his wealth, and, if need were, instantly deposit a thousand or two of crowns for me.

"Much less would have secured the hungry lawyer, who, thinking he had now discovered the riches of Peru (the joyfullest man alive), taking our leaves, he brought me home to his house with him; and there he caused to be chalked out, as it were, for me a certain miserable cabin on top of the stair-case going towards his own chamber; and causing as wretched a bed to be brought in, I placed it to mine own best liking, contented with anything in hope of effecting my desire. I cannot describe to you how joyful a man now I was, thinking that the greatest part of my journey was past; for certainly it may well be thought that, had not hope of gain vanquished mine oast, it were impossible for me to have gotten so much as over his threshold. And now for my diet, faring as I would have done at mine own home, I endeavoured all I could to make much of my lawyer, not eating a bit of which he had not (in a manner) the one half: our meat was dressed by a wench of some dozen years of age, the only creature his jealousy would allow him for a servant. For other things, in my apparel, as in my behaviour, I was mean and simple, and always most of all wary in my looks or questions: with these I by little and little gained upon my master's affection and austere condition, and so lived many days most conformably with him. In all the time, I was so far from seeing her that had thus transformed me, that I could not so much as hear the least treading or motion to make me think there was a creature more than the two mentioned in that enchanted house. Oh, how often (full of confusion) doubted I of the credit of my absent friend's relation! how often with a scalding sigh my heart resolved to break that silence by mounting the few stairs! when suddenly an amorous fear of marring the whole enterprise turned me back again like a coward to my chamber; where, framing complaints against her I knew not, and loving one whom mine eyes never saw, sometimes I grew into deep melancholy, otherwhiles, better pleased, I expected the Sunday's approach, by which time my mistress, being necessarily to go to Mass, could no longer be concealed. But the expected day, as it came, so it vanished, leaving me no more comfort than sight of her, and to remain still in my doubt with greater torment, so to frame new fancies and chimæras to my thoughts. Yet the next Holy-day,

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altered me, that, naked as I was, I leapt out of my bed, and opened the door, but so unluckily, that I could but only get a sight of my mistress with her back turned, as she went past me. Here I was quite transported, and had (doubtless) laid hold on her mantle, had not her husband accompanied her: what I could then make guess at was a gallant and sprightly personage; whereby somewhat more heartened, and warned to be more watchful against another opportunity, I began to dress me. My comfort now more and more increasing from that happy minute, I began to promise myself some good effect out of the increase of his love to me, which was still fed and augmented by my continual presents; which proved so happy and seasonable, that, when (unexpectedly) I least dreamt of any such matter, my services obtained their desired acceptance; for one day after dinner he came into my chamber, where, sitting him down by me, he fell abruptly into this discourse; 'My Leandro, when good deeds receive not an equal guerdon (according as the Master of the Sentences in our civil law doth tell us), fit it is that our good will at least express a thankfulness in words; to which, Leandro, I am so much an enemy (following in that the opinion of our Bartolus) that I had rather by silence confess wherein I stand obliged and how much thou hast engaged me. This I had sooner made known, had not the nice condition and retiredness of my wife Violante been a bar unto it; otherwise, I might offer you henceforward my table, that so you might be eased of so much care and expense as you are at; but she is so loth and unwilling that any but myself should be seen in our private room, that I have not been able once to induce her to accept of thy quiet modest company. Accept therefore my good wishes, and, as thou lovest me, henceforward limit thy excessful prodigality towards us, since what hath hitherto been received obligeth me, whilst I live, to a thankful acknowledgment.' These formal speeches with all plainness and sincerity my mistress's husband used to me; to which I (quite contrary, much over-joyed) returned others, best suiting to my cautelous intention, giving him to understand that those poor trifles he pleased to accept of proceeded from my natural condition, and that he needed not express the least thanks for such slender toys. This sent him away much more obliged than he came (my hopes beginning now to bud some good success): howsoever yet I wanted the sight and main mark I aimed at; though some six days after these clouds were dispersed from mine eyes; for, as I still continued my presents, one (as good luck would) fell out pat for me, since, being so acceptable and welcome to my master, it made him (over-ruling his wife's niceness, and dispensing with his own jealousy) send for me to his table, where they both sat together at dinner, and this in such haste, that I had scarce leisure to settle my countenance, so frighted as if I were to expect a sentence of death, which made me come even trembling into his presence.

"Without hyperbole may I tell you, mine eyes till that instant never beheld such beauty, neither could fancy's self frame a more absolute feature to my desires. I know not how to paint her out, but my tongue must fall short, and the rare original complain of my defect herein. To make similes or racked allusions of emeralds, diamonds, skeins of gold, flakes of snow, coral, crystal, alabaster, these (besides mean and base to equal her perfections) might rather make the author in your judgement poetical, than truly express her peerless image; and therefore you may only thus far believe and credit me, that the least I could discern was, under a white smooth front crowned with the tresses of her neat and well-grown chestnut hair, two sapphires, two morning-stars, two suns, two—but why use I such strange comparisons?—a pair of azure, cheerful, honest eyes, in whose midst a well-proportioned nose served as a border to the lily-roseate cheeks, and as a silver threshold to the ruddy gates, her lips, as they for jailors to the treasure of her thick-set, white, small teeth. Briefly, the least of those parts, whose all were then lively represented to my

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imagination, were worthy more than human love or regard. I was strucken dumb as a statue, insomuch that (had I been so happy as to have deserved but a glance of her bright eyes) she might have seen how I was troubled, and consequently some part of my affection: but they stirred not; for in all the time of my stay there I could not collect that she so much as once lifted her sight from her husband's bosom, who, turning to me, thus began; 'First and foremost, Leandro, you are to take it for an especial favour that I so freely give you access hither, where (I may truly profess) no living man but myself since our marriage hath entered; and next, that is, henceforward, you must eat with me adays, for I am resolved not to let you waste your money so exorbitantly; and therefore without reply you shall do as I would have you in a matter that is so fitting and reasonable: besides, I shall be the more beholding to you, that so we may live together like father and son; for such is my estimation now of you.' I knew not how to meet him with a fitting reply, my powers and senses were so confounded: but, fearing to incur his suspicion, recollecting myself as well as I could, I thus made answer; 'Sir, the self-same reason you have to command me for the obeying your will, enforceth me to contradict it; for it were no part of manners, much less thankfulness, in me, if, knowing the quietness of your disposition, and the privacy with which my mistress Violante delights to live, I should for my benefit interrupt it: the favour you would herein do me I shall esteem whilst I have life, and therefore humbly beseech you to mention this particular no further; for this I tell you, not to obey is my utmost determination.' My pretence was, with this dissembled backwardness to lay up a good opinion in his suspicious breast, and with it to wear out all tracks of distrust, and so to assure myself against a fit opportunity: this it was made me refuse my kind lawyer's offer . . . . . My master wanted no replies and stiff entreaties; but all were vain, considering that in my modest wariness all the hopes and good success of my love consisted: and yet from that time forward I had courage enough to continue my seeing the fair Violante, always taking my times when both of them were together; for indeed I durst do no otherwise, neither gave me my master other opportunity, and his dainty, too-honest wife less; from whom, in all this time, I never so much as heard, not only the least word proceed from her, that might open a way for any discourse of mine unto her, but never beheld her so much as cast up her eyes from work: whereby you may conceive what a confused, watchful life I had, since that, and my want of conversation with any living soul, must needs keep me in a restless torment.

"But the accomplishment of my desire was not long deferred, though it might well have cost me my life, since by it I was in hazard to have lost it: for, as my fortune would, one afternoon amongst others, my master and his wife were passing the time at chess, and I only present, that (sometimes setting up the men, otherwhiles seeing my mistress with her fair hands nimbly removing them up and down) was better diverted. Her husband, being at last called to a client that was come to him, and necessarily to spend some time in his study, was forced to leave the game, saying to me very jocundly before his going down, 'Leandro, thou seest how near losing Violante is; Prithee, look she stir not the men, for I had rather than anything beat her this time.' I promised I would; whereupon he, as joyful as I over-joyed, went his way, and left us. But now, dear friend, began the timorous panting

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holding to you, if you could teach me how to save the check-mate my husband thinks to give me.' No words could here express my heart's joy, which had now an open vent made to let out my amorous resentment, and thus I made answer; 'I have long known this game, which hath cost me much money's loss and labour; and, though want of skill might make me distrustful, yet at present I believe I can shew you so cunning a trick, that you (pleasing to make use of it) shall not only save the check-mate, but, instead of receiving from my master, you shall put it upon him.' Violante was the most ravished creature alive to hear this; and, thinking it long to be satisfied, replied, 'My husband will be here presently, and therefore, good sweet Leandro, tell me as soon as you can, or else we shall want opportunity.' These last words gave fire to my boldness; wherefore, laying hold upon her, and no longer deferring my intent, with a new faltering I began thus to accost her; 'The same fear, my dearest mistress, which in so small a matter you express, enforceth me (desirous not to lose the conjuncture) that, without expecting a further occasion, I lay hold on the present; and therefore I beseech you know, that yourself only, dear sweet, hath been powerful to reduce me (being one of greater quality than you take me for at present) to this meanness and low estate, into which I have put myself to see and serve you, (the relation a near friend of mine made of your rare parts drawing me from my country and home)'; and so without ceasing, even to that very time, from the instant that I had first notice of it in Corduba, held on my discourse with such painful sighs as might have melted flint or adamant. But what think you was the answer to my tenderness? the very renewing it doth affright me; for I no sooner made an end of declaring my passion to her, when, the blood in her fair cheeks turned to yellow paleness, full of sudden fury, her lips unfolded me this answer; 'It is not possible, false-hearted Leandro, that thy breast can nourish better blood than what thy base purpose hath discovered, since, wert thou (as thou sayest) nobly born, thou wouldest rather seek to honour one that so well deserves it of thee as my husband, than deprive him of it by attempting his dishonour.' And, her choler here boiling up, she concluded the rest with the chess-board, discharging with both hands that, and her anger to boot, on my head. The sudden accident quite bereaved me of my understanding, so that now I was utterly lost, and the rather when I might hear her husband come upstairs, and see his alteration at his entrance, caused with the noise which the blow and rattling of the men had made. My master looked blank when he saw the fashion of his game marred; and, turning smilingly to me, willed me to resolve him of his doubt. But Violante, who perceived by my troubled countenance the poor satisfaction I was then likely to have given, taking upon her my part, delivered this harmless answer; 'You need not be troubled to see the games thus turned topsy-turvy, for I have the worst of it I am sure, and yours was in a great deal of likelihood to be lost, since, being desirous to stead myself from Leandro's skill, he had taught me so subtle and cunning a trick, as that I might not only have saved the mate, but put it upon you also, though my gown and carelesness together (I was removing) ended our strife, throwing down the chess-board, under which (at our first sitting down) a piece of it neglectfully was left.' With this admirable evasion, jerking, as it were, at my intent and weak confidence, and withal dissembling no part of the truth, she ended the confusion; and her husband was well satisfied, who loving her most tenderly, and that being an occasion of pastime, attributing all to jest and sport, he himself grew very pleasant.

"When the heart, Gerardo, is full of passion, ill can the ears hearken to reason: my soul was all now on a light flame, and it had been impossible for any counsel or advice to have diverted me, much less could I be blamed for my perseverance in love, since I had not any friend to wean me from my headlong

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desires, so that I could not give them nor my affection over. After this happened, I was no sooner gotten from my mistress's sight to my chamber, and laid down on my bed to take some little rest, when, after a terrible pain within me, and a cold sweat all without, instantly a raging fit of a calenture seized me, which, holding on me a good space, bereaved me of all appetite, and in four days brought me to extreme danger, and the fifth, being given over by physicians, I began to think my fatal hour was at hand. My master's grief was far greater than the cause of my infirmity deserved: in all the time of sickness he did not once stir from me, rather (neglecting all his affairs) he was only careful of cherishing me, and applying the best helps for my recovery: but (both he and the doctors ignorant of my malady) the remedies they used put me into more danger; for no drugs are able to restore Love (an ill incurable, that only wants an Avicen). In fine, towards night (which proved to me the saddest gladdest that hitherto I enjoyed) the lawyer having most urgent occasion to be from home, because he would not leave me all alone, as fearing the swift approach of my fit, calling his wife most lovingly to him, he intreated her to keep me company till his return. With much persuasion she grew (as I might hear) at last contented; for even in occasions of charity she loved to shew a nice-rigorous disposition. Though my sickness were terrible, yet had it not captived my senses; for they, still free, might now perceive how near they were to their cruel owner, who at length (Heaven willing to preserve my life) either pitying to see me brought to this low weakness, and my frolick youth turned to a sad picture of death, or belike acknowledging the pureness of my loyal affection, or for both (for indeed no woman loathes to be loved, and few or none there are which at last yield not), sending forth most tender sighs, and sitting her down upon my bed, taking in her fair hands mine, she began to pour this balm into my wounded heart; 'Is it possible, discreet Leandro, that he, who for an uncertain relation of my poor beauty took on him the hardiness of hoping to possess it, should in the first onset fail, and shew such weakness in the first resistance? Believe me, Sir, did not your generous proceeding loudly publish your nobleness, this present cowardice would make me much doubt it. Take courage, Leandro; for, if when first you declared your amorous intent to me, I should have been won, or should my words or countenance have given the least strength to your imagination, she, that is now affected by such a facility and lightness, might have been justly rejected; for that fort which with valour and perseverance suffers one and many assaults by an enemy, ought to be more prized than that which yields upon a bare parley: neither could you have made a conquest where you should have found no painful resistance to make your glory the greater. For the torments you have undergone in my affection I am as well satisfied, as a grateful acknowledger of the debt for whose payment I desire no longer forbearance than the time of your health's recovery.' More would my fair mistress have said, but that she was cut off by the unexpected return of her husband (an occasion that turned my ready answer into weeping eyes). He found me (notwithstanding contrary to what he looked for) much revived since the little time he left me, perceiving my weak colour strangely bettered, which, I suppose, he attributed to some more miraculous cause. But what wonder? if to my poisonous infirmity that superior antidote were opposed as a wholesome remedy which might only prevent it.

"Now, friend Gerardo, my happy life, or fatal destiny, was subject to the fair Violante's absolute command: and her cruelty, that[1] brought me almost to death's door, at this time with her compassionate discourse (so far beyond expectation) not only restored my wasted body to health, but left also my mind full of unspeakable content: whereby within a few days, though faintly, I was able to rise out of my bed, my desired and deserved reward adding courage to my feeble spirits. This inward amorous desire of mine often drew me from my

[1] *her cruelty, that*] Means—she, whose cruelty

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chamber, and sent me, not without my accustomed fear, into my mistress's presence to enjoy her pleasing sight: yet never had I the heart to put her in mind of her promise; for still the awful respect she had gotten from me seized on my tongue, causing (as since I have found) the same trouble and bashfulness in my Violante: but my passion making me conceive it was the usual punishment of her rigorous disdain, was like to have driven me into a relapse of losing, by such coldness, the little health I had gotten from the comfort of her promised recompence. In this time of my convalescency it grew to be Sunday; when by reason of some indisposition of body, or other important occasion, my lawyer could not stir from home, nor Violante consequently go to Mass at her early accustomed hour: wherefore, the morning being somewhat spent, it seemed good to her husband to bestow for once his own office of squiring her upon me; and, willing to make known his intent, said, 'Friend Leandro, my not being well all this night hath kept me within doors, and Violante too from going to Church, which troubles her; and I cannot help it except thou wilt do so much as supply my want by ushering her: Prithee, take so much pains, and giving her thy hand, she may also serve for a stay and prop to thy weakness.'

"It was scarce possible for me here to dissemble my excess of joy: well, I obeyed, and with unspeakable content took my mistress by the hand, and now promised full liberty to my cares. By the way I resolved to signify the just complaints that my soul might form for her neglect; to which purpose (methought) I was rarely provided to make her relent. But scarce durst my dastard breast send forth a sigh; fearing more to anger her with my speech than to see myself by her coldness irremediably perish. With this grievous reservedness I accompanied her to Church, and in the same manner had returned home, if an unexpected favour of hers had not emboldened me the more; that, as we came back, my mistress, looking now more comfortably, and feigning an occasion of taking off her glove, without it, returned me her beautiful white hand: the sudden (but joyful) astonishment I esteemed a sufficient recompense for all my former distastes. I was now so heartened with seeing myself owner of that crystal piece, that I could not choose but wring her hand with mine; the amorous act answering so happily to my intents, that I no sooner put it in execution when my mistress, paying me in the same coin, said, 'How long, loved Leandro, shall your slackness and my modesty be thus at odds? or do you expect with dumb silence and frosty proceeding that my person should first carouse[1] to you? this is more proper to men than practised amongst us. I know you will excuse your fault by laying it upon my rigorous condition; and, though not long since your seeing me less cruel might preserve me in your better opinion, yet in respect of the first occasion you had, I admit for once of the excuse; but do henceforward advertise you that, secure of my correspondence, you may go on in your love; so that (understanding ourselves better for the time to come) there may want no opportunities for the effecting our wishes; and that you may be sure my promises are not only verbal, I will this night so contrive and handle the matter that you may enter my chamber'." pp. 246–266.

Leandro's narrative is here interrupted by the entrance of persons to remove Gerardo to another place of confinement. Afterwards, while wandering among "the famous Alpuxarran Mountains", Gerardo delivers Violante (then disguised in a male dress) from a ravisher. "Taking her beginning where Leandro ended (not without a few tears, effects of a bitter remembrance), she began the rest of the history in this manner. 'There hath never been enterprise so difficult but perseverance hath attained unto it: whether Leandro's then were worthy a more glorious conquest, yourself, best Gerardo, shall be judge, determining in your honoured breast, whether my resistance could have

[1] *carouse*] The Spanish has 'que yo con mi persona os brinde y ruegue.' brindar = 1, to drink one's health, toast. 2. to invite. 3. to allure. entice.

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been greater, since it proceeded so far as to make me almost deserve the rigorous style of a cruel Anaxarete.

"Indeed (vanquished at last) I resolved to equal his love with like affection; and (to this purpose) instructing him what he should do, that we might as that night enjoy ourselves, the greatest part of the afternoon being spent, Leandro, (for so we agreed) feigning himself ill at ease, and telling my husband he would go to bed, made as if he went to his chamber for that purpose; but from thence (my good-man yielding a fit opportunity) he went out, leaving his own door but pulled too, and so came to my chamber, where, for more assurance, I made him get between the bed-curtains and the wall. This diligence was of necessity to be used before-hand, for my wary owner at night used to lock our chamber-door, and that which was nearest, Leandro's; who (by the way) had also desired my husband that he should by no means awake him, because (as he said) his want of rest was the cause of his indisposition: but this was to prevent any longing desire to see him. My heart was at this time in a strange distraction of joy and fear; for, unaccustomed to such cares, the expectation of my pleasure was much lessened, and happily this unquiet alteration in me might be the fore-runner of the sad success you shall straight hear.

"I know not how it came to pass, but, from the first day of my Leandro's being with us, there was a great league of friendship between him and the vicar of our town, by whom he was for his wants supplied with monies, and now and then visited. This vicar, having been absent from him all the time of his sickness, coming home as that night from a journey, and understanding by his people in how great danger Leandro had been, supposing he performed not the part of a good friend if he did not (as soon as he had knowledge of his sickness) see him, leaving his own house immediately, he came to ours, where, though the door was shut, he called out, and my husband, hearing his voice, presently rose and opened unto him. I could not in any time know who it was; for careless too of any danger, the desire only of seeing my good-man laid to rest kept me awake, and thus I wanted means to shift Leandro away; for whom the vicar asked, and for all his sickness and desire of rest was made known unto him, yet he would not be satisfied nor away without seeing him: whereupon my husband, not willing to gainsay his will, was glad to obey him; when (calling at the chamber) he no sooner touched the door but he might see it open and Leandro missing, so that with no small alteration he went down and told the vicar so much, and, assuring himself he must needs be within doors, besides, his jealous condition easily egging and persuading him on, at last he traced out the truth and our hard fortune; and so, hastily dispatching away the vicar, unable longer to keep in his torment, he instantly came running into our chamber; where finding me at my wit's end, and my colour quite lost (for the discovered business had left me like a dead body), confirming his suspicion, he began to pry up and down the room. Imagine, good Gerardo, to what extremity I was brought, that, though my imminent danger was so near, I had not the power or strength to run into some place of safety. My husband, having espied Leandro, ran at him with his sword: but he, perceiving beforehand his danger, had presently gotten to the light, and (putting it out) had means to slip by the thrust; but his persecutor, running blindly on, stopped not till he had closed with him, so that I might now perceive they were both grappled together, though my faint heart durst now no longer stay to expect the issue; and supposing the worst, running suddenly down to the

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to take me along with them to the aforesaid city; whither as soon as I arrived, making sale of those few jewels I wore at my ears, neck, and hands, with the monies I might for some time relieve my necessities. Heaven likewise was pleased to afford me the happiness and company of certain virtuous gentlewomen, with whom after I had some few days remained, I dispatched a secret messenger to Osuna, charging him strictly to inform himself of my unfortunate affairs, and giving him likewise a letter for my Leandro, if (to my grief and suspicion) he had been that night taken prisoner, which indeed could not otherwise be, considering how subject I left him to my husband's clutches and cries. All which effected, and the messenger returned, I understood by Leandro's lines what had passed from the very instant that my fright sent me packing: at which time, as my husband and he were struggling together, Leandro perceiving that, if either he got the advantage, himself was sure to be slain, or that the other with his noise might call up the watch, so that his danger was every way equal, relying wholly upon his natural defence of life, and forced as it were to a desperate course, he stabbed my husband with a poniard he had on, whereof within few hours he died. Leandro took sanctuary in the first church he could find open: where being by divers persons laid wait for, as a stranger they persecuted him, and the Justice of the place taking notice of the business, causing a strong guard to watch about the church, hindered his sally: yet his friend the vicar stuck close to him as had the case been his own, resisting their going about to take him from the holy refuge, which indeed at first they sought to have done *de facto*. My soul even melted when I read these woful passages, as well for having lived so long in my husband's company, as in respect also of the tender affection he always bore me; and lastly, considering him by my light proceeding so unhappily made away, could not but in a breast of marble have caused a lamentable effect.

"But my passion shall not prolong my story, which (not longer to trouble you or afflict myself) I much desire to end. And therefore, noble Sir, considering my being alone for want of my lover, and the impossibility of soldering my error, determining to seek his protection that was the cause of it, I wrote to him a second letter, desiring him by all means to leave the place where he was, and come to me, making known unto him (the better to dispose him to the journey) my great affliction: which he no sooner received, when not without great danger, furthered by his friend the vicar, he accomplished my desire. But Heaven or my adverse fortune permitted not that it should take effect; for Leandro had no sooner set footing on the threshold of my door, when encompassed by officers (though he did all he might to defend himself) he was seized on and carried to prison: so far prevailed the vigilant sagacity of my husband's kindred, who, following him that night he left Osuna, and keeping aloof till he was alighted, had leisure to prepare officers, that following him to my lodging, he was no sooner come thither, (I hearing his voice and rising to let him[1] in) but he was beset with clamour and noise. Wherefore, seeing my new danger, instantly crossing over[2] turrets and tiles of houses, I got me into safety; in which I was not a little happy, for they left no place in my house unsearched, induced by their suspicions of Leandro's coming thither.

"To declare the torment this second disaster bred in me were to begin a new tragedy; and therefore leaving it as superfluous, you shall hear the rest of our success. My courage was not lost, rather, after some few considerations, began more to increase, since now in person I might see my Leandro, and, by coming disguised and at unseasonable times to one of the prison gates, speak to him; where I had full notice of all these particulars: withal he told me how contentedly he lived, and was lodged with you in your chamber, till such time as your removal from prison made us both (without flattery) less

[1] *him*] So Dyce. The early editions have *me*.
[2] *over*] So Dyce. The early editions have *our*.

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happy. With this poor comfort at the aforesaid place we gave some little ease to our griefs, though fortune, not satisfied with what we had already suffered, so disposed our affairs that our enemies had notice of our private conference: yet there wanted not some friends who by way of anticipation did let Leandro know how fit it was for him not to let me perish, but provide for my safety: which he presently put in practise, taking order to send me as secretly as might be with this letter of his to the city of Almeria, with which (recommending me to the care and company of certain gentlewomen his kindred) he committed me to a cousin-germans of his to accompany me in the journey, and serve me in any occasions by the way; who performed the trust given to his charge so faithfully that, had I not by Heaven's good providence and your noble courage been relieved, I had either by this time been by him slain, or deprived of mine honour by his barbarous lust.

"Here the distressed Violante ended her so long-wished-for story by Gerardo, which made present way to his thanks, who, as full of admiration as the strangeness of those accidents required, perceiving the graceful dame begin to sigh afresh, commiserating her solitude and the being by her base companion left, his noble heart not suffering him to do less, regardless of life's hazard, he resolved to accompany her till such time as she might safely arrive at her wished journey's end. Within a day or two they came to the city of Almeria, where Violante, delivering the letter of her imprisoned lover to his kinswomen, was by them joyfully received: and Gerardo, thinking now he had fully complied with all humanity, (not without tears and a loving embrace from the sad dame) took leave and parted." pp. 308–314. From a later part of the novel we learn "the sentence of Violante's lover, the new Leandro, whom, after a tedious imprisonment, the incensed Judges at last sentenced to end his life in our king's service at the garrison of Larache." p. 425.

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PROLOGUE

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,—
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;—
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you 'll say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way
Which we avoid;—to tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary;
The stream that guides ye, easy to attend;
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not; nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war:
To assure you anything, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: if she lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still
And sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to say,
You are worthy judges, and you crown the play.

PROLOGUE.] Printed at the end of the play in the Ff.
9 *stream that guides*] *streams that guide* Edd. '78, Web.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON HENRIQUE, an uxorious lord, cruel to his brother.

DON JAMIE, younger brother to DON HENRIQUE.

ASCANIO, son to DON HENRIQUE by JACINTHA.

BARTOLUS, a covetous lawyer, husband to AMARANTA.

LEANDRO, a gentleman who wantonly loves the lawyer's wife.

ANGELO MILANES, ARSENIO, } two gentlemen, friends to LEANDRO.

OCTAVIO, a disbanded captain, supposed husband to JACINTHA.

LOPEZ, the SPANISH CURATE.

DIEGO, his sexton.

ANDREA, servant to DON HENRIQUE.

Assistant, which we call a Judge.

Algaziers, whom we call Sergeants.

4 Parishioners.

Apparitor.

Officers.

Witnesses.

Singers.

Servants.

WOMEN.

VIOLANTE, supposed wife to DON HENRIQUE.

JACINTHA, formerly contracted to DON HENRIQUE.

AMARANTA, wife to BARTOLUS.

EGLA, a Moor, servant to AMARANTA.

SCENE—*Cordova.*

The principal actors were—

JOSEPH TAYLOR.	WILLIAM EGLESTONE.
JOHN LOWIN.	THOMAS POLARD.
NICHOLAS TOOLIE.	ROBERT BENFEILD.

Dramatis Personæ] not given in F1. *Persons Represented in the Play.* F2. In the description of the characters Dyce departs considerably from earlier editions. I have followed F2 with slight changes in order. All the names, with the exception of Lopez, Andrea, and Egla, are borrowed from various stories in the English translation of *Gerardo.*

Don Henrique] Always used as of two syllables, not three, as in Spanish.

Don Jamie] The accent is, except in one case (I. i. 33), always considered as falling on the second syllable.

Ascanio] *by Jacinta* added by Dyce.

Leandro] Described as *A young gentleman of good estate* by Dyce.

Angelo Milanes] See Introduction as to this character. *Angelo, Milanes* (as two characters) F2, Edd. '78 to Dyce. *Milanes.* Theo.

two gentlemen friends to Leandro] So Theo. *Three Gentlemen Friend to Leandro.* F2. *three Gentlemen, friends to Leandro.* Edd. '78, Web. *his friends.* Dyce.

Octavio] *a disbanded captain,* added by Dyce. The name in the novel is Segundo Octavio.

Andrea] The character was added by Weber.

Algaziers] Called here and wherever they occur in the play "Alguazils" by Edd. '78, Web.

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THE SPANISH CURATE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter ANGELO MILANES *and* ARSENIO.

Ars. Leandro paid all.
Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should: he has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.
Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,
That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in heaven; or, if they take a taste
Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befaln
To his father in the other world, I ask not;

1. s.d. Angelo Milanes] See Introduction as to this character. Angelo, Milanes Ff., Theo., Edd. '78 to Dyce.

2–4] "This sentiment is shadowed out from one of the select sentences of Seneca and Publ. Syrus:

'Heredis fletus sub personâ risus est.'

Which Ben Jonson has thus very closely translated in his *Fox*:—

'Tut! forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor. [Act I. sc. i.]'" Theo.

Cf. "our mourning is like the mourning of an Heyre, who then laughes inward, when hee weepes most outward." Nashe, *Christs Tears*, T 4.

3 *heir*] So F2, etc. *heirs* F1.

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I am sure his prayer is heard: would I could use one
For mine, in the same method!
Ars. Fie upon thee!
This is profane.
Mil. Good doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet:
I am sure Leandro does.
Ars. He is the owner
Of a fair estate.
Mil. And fairly he deserves it;
He 's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties: he that 's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgement: this invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet converse.
Ars. Don Jamie, the brother
To the grandee Don Henrique, appears much taken
With his behaviour.
Mil. There is something more in 't:
He needs his purse, and knows how to make use on 't.
'Tis now in fashion for your Don that 's poor
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant
That can supply his wants; and howsoe'er
Don Jamie 's noble born, his elder brother
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since
Increased by marrying with a wealthy heir
Call'd Madam Violante, he yet holds
A hard hand o'er Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.
Ars. Yet, 'tis said,

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He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without issue, Don Jamie
Inherits his estate.
Mil. Why, that 's the reason
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord
Be sick of the elder brother, and in reason
Should flatter and observe him, he 's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.
Ars. What 's the young lad
That all of 'em make so much of?
Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best-condition'd youth I ever saw yet;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and so modest,
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesy. He 's the son
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;
And she that once was call'd the fair Jacintha
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,
Though in their fortunes faln, they are esteem'd of
And cherish'd by the best. Oh, here they come:
I now may spare his character; but observe him,
He 'll justify my report.

Enter DON JAMIE, LEANDRO, *and* ASCANIO.

Jam. My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
Asc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth
To be both rude and saucy.
Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desired:—
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival

43 *sick of the elder brother*] i.e. the worse for his brother; it would be better for him if his brother were dead: cf. "sick of the uncle," B. Jonson's *Epicœne*, I. i. 'Sick of' is frequently used for 'sick with love of,' as in *Wit without Money*, III. i. 294.
44 *observe*] i.e. treat with obsequious attention. Dyce.
53 *cast*] i.e. dismissed.
54 *the fair*] So Theo., etc. *th' faire* Ff.
59 s. d. Don Jamie] So Dyce. Here and in all other directions, earlier editors, following the folios, read "Jamie."

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In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine: I 'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my son; and, though I want myself,
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder master.
Asc. I beseech you
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for; nor the fashion
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant,
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base abject mind. I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a gentleman: give me leave
To think myself one. My father served the king
As a captain in the field; and, though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;
I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his profession; and, if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
In the service of my country, should I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command!
There I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To stop my passage.
Jam. Thou art a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely spoken: for this answer
I love thee more than ever.

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Ars. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.
Lean. You make him blush:—it needs not, sweet Ascanio;
We may hear praises when they are deserved,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind; and, if, till you are fit
To bear arms in the field, you 'll spend some years
In Salamanca, I 'll supply your studies
With all conveniences.
Asc. Your goodness, signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me:
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: what, then, can I pay,
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart
Bound to your service? With what willingness
I would receive, good sir, your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me; but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,
To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their steward and their nurse: the bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em;
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Ars. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.

102 Ars.] All former eds. "Ang." See Introduction on "The Characters Angelo and Milanes."
106 *Our*] So F2, etc. *Or* F1.

Mil. Here, sweetheart; [*Gives* ASCANIO *money.*]
I wish that it were more.
Lean. When this is spent, [*Gives money.*]
Seek for supply from me.
Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remember'd! [*Gives money.*] Nay, take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a royal
For one whole year.
Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness!
Hen. So, sir; is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?
Jam. A slip, sir?
Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your bastard.
Jam. You are foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke me:
I shall forget your birth, if you proceed,
And use you, as your manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.
Hen. So brave? pray you, give me hearing:
Who am I, sir?
Jam. My elder brother; one
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example. Let him use his harsh
Unsavoury reprehensions upon those
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land

130 s. d. Gives Ascanio money.] Direction first given by Web., as also that in l. 133. Neither he nor Dyce, however, has any direction for Leandro, but it seems probable that he also is intended to give.

131 *wish that it*] So F1, Edd. '78 to Dyce. *wish it* F2, Theo., who removes *sweetheart* from the previous line to this one.

134 *exhibition*] i.e. allowance of money.

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Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder: let that be
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a censurer
Of me or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means, sir?
Jam. From the will
Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,
Nor give 't, upon your purse.
Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?
Jam. I am sure it shall; I 'll sink else;
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,
Than a courtesy from you.
Hen. 'Tis well: you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the list of your acquaintance.
Lean. Pray you, hold;
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own defence: I am no gull
To be wrought on by persuasion; nor no coward
To be beaten out of my means; but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants. You may be
As sparing as you please; I must be bold
To make use of mine own, without your license.
Jam. Pray thee, let him alone; he is not worth thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, is for my good:
I think there 's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better steward than I have of him.
Hen. Your steward, sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I am given to large expense,
And therefore lays up for me: could you believe else,

156 *or of my*] So F1, Edd. '78, etc. *or my* F2, Theo.
166 *acquaintance.*] *acquaintance'* F1.
174 *mine own*] So F1, Dyce. *my own* F2, Theo. to Web.
178 *That has*] So F2, etc. *That ha's* F1.

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That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;
That all must come to me, if I outlive him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,
However you prove melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou art dead,
I am sure I shall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like opposed meteors.
Ars. Give them line and way;
My life for Don Jamie!
Jam. Continue still
The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take use upon use; and cut the throats of heirs
With cozening mortgages; rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like so many skeletons
For want of food; and, when that widows' curses,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was raked up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double pistolet
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass
To keep your ghost from walking.
Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,

191 *sack*] So F2, etc. *Seck* F1. 197 *husband*] i. e. manager.
201 *use*] i. e. interest. 209 *double pistolet*] a gold coin worth about 30s.

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To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your iron chests; and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,
As she was used, before she was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you
Go home sick and distemper'd: if it does,
I 'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.
Hen. You have said, sir:
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;
Rest confident I will; and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb. [*Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: all plagues go with him!
Let 's talk of something else. What news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?
Mil. Faith, it is said
That the next summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? let us discourse
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,
What the Archduke's purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my lords the States prepare; what course
The Emperor takes against the encroaching Turk;
And whether his moony standards are design'd
For Persia or Polonia: and all this
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse
Fit for the council it concerns: we are young,

217 Pluto's] An instance of the common confusion between Pluto and Plutus. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 197, where the Cambridge editors print 'Plutus.'

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And, if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome women.
Mil. And that 's one
Almost as general.
Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.
Lean. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited dressings; some the plump
Italian bona-robas; some the state
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
A merry friend of mine, that once in London
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,
A common gamester too, that in one night
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herself,
She kiss'd him drunk in the morning.
Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, gallants),
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form
Disdains comparison with any she
That puts in for a fair one; and, though you borrow
From every country of the earth the best
Of those perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the scale.
Lean. You talk of wonders.
Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;
And, as the world deserved not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose copy she hath lost too, she 's shut up,
Sequester'd from the world.
Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a gem? I am fired.
Jam. One Bartolus,

249 *conceited*] i. e. fanciful.
250 *bona-robas*] i. e. courtesans. "Florio's definition is as follows: '*Buona-*

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A wrangling advocate.
Ars. A knave on record.
Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my estate.
Jam. Some business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: in few words,
Though rich, he 's covetous beyond expression;
And, to increase his heap, will dare the devil
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you must multiply
His eyes an hundred times; of these none sleep;
He that would charm the heaviest lid must hire
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost. So, farewell, signiors. [*Exit.*
Ars. Leandro! in a dream? wake, man, for shame!
Mil. Train'd into a fool's paradise with a tale
Of an imagined form?
Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forged tale would not wrong his friend:
Nor am I so much fired with lust as envy,
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap
So sweet a harvest: half my state to any,
To help me to a share!
Ars. Tush, do not hope for
Impossibilities.
Lean. I must enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.
Ars. Give it o'er.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.
Lean. I have strange engines
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil:
Dissuade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your fortune:
If you come off, we 'll praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our laughter. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A room in the house of OCTAVIO.

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Jac. You met Don Henrique?
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: how did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd:
Can you with one hand prop a falling tower,
Or with the other stop the raging main
When it breaks in on the usurpèd shore,
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left
To move him to compassion.
Jac. Is there a justice,
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not sunk unto the centre?
Oct. Good Jacintha,
With your long-practised patience bear afflictions;
And, by provoking 't, call not on Heaven's anger.
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.
Jac. The bad man's charity.
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him! or the relief I seek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!
Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but increase your sorrow; and tame silence,
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto

1 *bring*] So F2, etc. *brings* F1.
13 *centre*] i. e. the fixed point once supposed to exist in the centre of the

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Hath eased your grieved soul, and preserved your fame,
Must be your surgeon still.
Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myself, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable;
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,
Discharged to me, and I barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.
Oct. I suffer with you
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,—
High Heaven ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,
Children that pay obedience to their parents
Shall never beg their bread.
Jac. Here comes our joy.

Enter ASCANIO.

Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, mother,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize
In a few hours; the owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here 's gold; good store too;
Nay, pray you, take it.
Jac. Men's charities are so cold,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what means
Thou cam'st by such a sum.
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employ'd so well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Raised by Heaven's mercy to me, not my merits,
Bestow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.
Jac. Buy thee brave clothes with it,

47 *jealousy*] i. e. suspicion.

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And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?
Asc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I am sure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor say, of all aërial fowl,
The stork 's the emblem of true piety;
Because, when age hath seized upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.
Shall I, then, that have reason and discourse,
That tell me all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,
And know, nay, see, you want? Holy saints keep me!
Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know myself the mother to such goodness?
Oct. Come, let us dry our eyes; we 'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little steward.
Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc. I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you and serve you.
[*Exeunt.*

57 *brave*] i.e. fine, rich.

62 *stork*] "*Plinie* in his Naturall Historie saith, that the young Storke, when he seeth the olde is so weake & ouer-growen with yeeres that he cannot flie, not onely prouideth victuaile for his nourishment, but to sollace, carrieth him about on his backe: which curtisie, the *Græcians* called *Antipelargein*, keeping his picture in their houses, to giue thereby example and president of duetie to their children." R. Greene, *The Royal Exchange*, 1590. D3. (*Works*, Ed. Grosart, VII. 269). I find in Pliny merely "Ciconiae nidos eosdem repetunt: genitricum senectam invicem educant." (*H. N.* x. 32.) Cf. also Plutarch's *Morals* (Holland's trans. 1603, p. 954, l. 26). See Erasmus, *Adagia*, Basle, 1574, p. 255, Suidas, s.v. ἀντιπελαργεῖν, and S. Basil, ed. Migne, I, col. 176.

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SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* VIOLANTE.

Viol. Is it my fault, Don Henrique, or my fate?
What 's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;
And why, then, am I barren?
Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that which is the crown of all our wishes,
The period of human happiness,
One only child, that may possess what 's ours,
Is cruelly denied us?
Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great estates, to want those pledges which
The poor are happy in: they, in a cottage,
With joy behold the models of their youth;
And, as their root decays, those budding branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end,
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,
Since Heaven denies us issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travail
To an unthankful brother, that insults
On my calamity.
Viol. I will rather choose
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.
Hen. Such an evasion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.
Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,

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If our own sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,
Prevent such free elections: with this my brother 's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me as a master.
Viol. I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A royal of it. No quirk left, no quiddit,
That may defeat him?
Hen. Were I but confirm'd
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a son,
That shall inherit for us.
Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

33-4] So 1718, Theo, etc. The Ff divide after *To.*
36 *royal*] See note on I. i. 134. 36 *quirk*] i. e. quibble.
36 *quiddit*] i. e. subtlety.
37 *confirm'd*] i. e. confident, certain.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

The street, before the house of LOPEZ.

Enter LEANDRO *disguised,* MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Mil. Can anything but wonder——
Lean. Wonder on;
I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentlemen?
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou look'st most sillily.
Mil. Like a young clerk,
A half-pined puppy, that would write for a royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean. Peace! ye are fools,
More silly than my outside seems; ye are ignorant;
They that pretend to wonders must weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of access can this get? or, if gotten,
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Methinks, a young man, and a handsome gentleman,
(But, sure, thou art lunatic,) methinks, a brave man,
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.

i. s. d. Enter Leandro disguised] So Web., Dyce. Enter Leandro (with a letter writ out) Ff. "This is a stage-direction transcribed from the prompter's book, and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro should go on furnished with such a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate." Theo., who,

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Lean. Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;
I 'll love in serge, and will out-go your satins.
To get upon my great-horse, and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle, where I may have fair play.
Ars. But how get in?
Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
You are ne'er the nearer now?
Mil. We do confess it.
Lean. Weak simple men! this vicar to this lawyer
Is the most inward Damon.
Ars. What can this do?
Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.
Lean. So.
Ars. A poor thin thief. He help? he? hang the vicar!
Can reading of an [homily] prefer thee?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and he 'll pray for thee.
Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I say this vicar,
This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,
For so they call the lawyer. On his nature
(Which I have studied by relation,
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)
Will I work cunningly and home; understand me.
Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune;

19 *Thus as I am*] So F2, etc. *Thus I am* F1.
22 *great-horse*] "The great-horse (anciently the *destrere*) is the tournament and war-horse, in opposition to the palfrey and hunting-nag." Web.
23 *The sign of such a man*] i. e. like a picture or imitation of some great man or other. Cf. *The Elder Brother*, IV. i. 2, iii. 155, and *Wit without Money*, II. iii. 14.
25 *tune*] *time* Theo.
31 *now?*] *now*, F1. *now.* F2 to Dyce.
33 *inward*] i. e. intimate.
36 *homily*] Supplied by Theo. The Ff print a dash.

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Difficilia pulchra, that 's my motto, gentlemen :
I 'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her,
Or——

Enter LOPEZ *and* DIEGO.

Mil. Peace! the vicar. Send ye a full sail, sir!
Ars. There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance?
Lean. A fool's head, if I fail: and so, forsake me;
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready.
[*Exeunt* MILANES *and* ARSENIO.
Lop. Thin world, indeed!
Lean. [*Aside.*] I 'll let him breathe, and mark him.
No man would think a stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pig-belly.
[*Retires.*]
Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.
Die. And poor sextons.
Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose;
Those that enjoy our lands choke our devotions;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.
Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes, with reverence.
Lop. When was there a christening, Diego?
Die. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children, master!
The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our ploughshares.
They eat nothing here but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:
There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,

47 *ye*] So Ff, Theo. *you* Edd. '78 to Dyce. The substitution of *you* for *ye* by the editors will not be referred to hereafter.
48 *penance?*] So Ff to Web. *penance*— Dyce.
49 *Lean.*] So F2, etc. Om. F1 (the speaker's name having got into the stage direction, see next note).
50 s. d. Exeunt Milanes and Arsenio] So F2, etc. exit lea (after *penance?*) F1.
53 s. d. Retires] First given by Web.
65 *Takes . . . . blunts*] So Ff to Web. *Take . . . . blunt* Dyce.
67 *some poor*] *some few poor* Theo.

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Once in seven year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pined butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christening neither.
Lop. Your gallants, they get honour,
A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar;
And the camp christens their issues, or the courtezans;
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there 's nothing got by burials.
Lop. Diego, the air 's too pure, they cannot perish:
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis!
Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs?
Lop. That 's not i' th' canons:
I would it had! 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange, they are starved too, yet they will not die here,
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by wholesale, master,
And take the doctors, too, in their grave counsels,
That there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then!
Lop. Peace, Diego!
The doctors are our friends; let 's please them well;
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.
Die. We must, certain;
An air that is the nursery of agues;
Such agues, master, that will shake men's souls out,
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plasters.
Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.
Die. The dead does well at all times,

60 *butter-prints*] a cant term for children

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Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em ;
Those are rich marl, they make a church-yard fat ;
And make the sexton sing ; they never miss, sir.
Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that makes us frolic.
Die. Would I could see 'em!
Lop. And, though I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.
Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am [a] dunce, Diego.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. [*Aside.*] A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em. [*Comes forward.*]
Lop. Who 's that? look out; it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.
Die. My friend, your business?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.— Bless your good learning, sir!
Lop. And bless you also!—
He bears a promising face; there 's some hope toward
Lean. I have a letter to your worship. [*Gives letter.*]
Lop. Well, sir;
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well, sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a snap, sir; h'as a cozening countenance:
I do not like his way.

98 *English surfeits*] *Surfeit* means "dysentery." See C. Creighton, *History of Epidemics in Britain*, II. 775. Whether any particular type of the disease was called "*English* surfeits" I cannot say.
102 *makes us*] So F1. *make* F2, 1718, Theo., etc.
105 *am* [*a*] *dunce*] So Dyce. *am dunce* Ff. *am a dunce* 1718 to Web.
107 s. d. Comes forward] First given by Web.
108 *look*

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Lop. Let him go forward:
Cantabit vacuus; they that have nothing, fear nothing.
All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.
[*Reads.*
Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—*and, although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me*—Better and better: the devil a man know I yet—*and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: and so, Heaven keep you! Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*
Alonzo Tiveria! very well:
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.
Lean. You look, sir, as if ye had forgot my father.
Lop. No, no, I look as I would remember him;
For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, sir.
Alonzo Tiveria?
Lean. The same, sir.
Lop. And now i' th' Indies?
Lean. Yes.
Lop. He may be anywhere,
For aught that I consider.
Lean. Think again, sir:
You were students both at one time in Salamanca,
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.
Lop. Ha?

119 *Cantabit vacuus*] "This hemistich is the beginning of a verse in Juvenal's *Satires* [x. 22], Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator." Theo.

121 *And, when, etc.*] Seward (or Theobald, it is not clear which) considered that this line should be given to Diego.

121 s. d. Reads] Letter Read. Ff. Reads the Letter. Theo. to Web.

122 *Cordova*] "Qy. did not Fletcher write here 'Corduba' as in I. i. 15 and I. i. 259?—This letter is taken, nearly verbatim, from the novel of *Gerarde:* see p. 110." Dyce.

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Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.
Lop. Would I could!
Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips too.
Lop. Very likely;
You did not hear him say to whom? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.—
Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.
Die. Remember?
Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova Hispania!
And Signior Tiveria! what are these?
He may as well name ye friends out of Cataia.
Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, my friend?
You have no letters for me?
Lean. Not any letter;
But I was charged to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir?
Die. Ha? have I friends, and know 'em not? My name is Diego;
But, if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir),
Or any kindred that you have—— For Heaven-sake, master,
Let 's cast about a little, and consider;
We may dream out our time.
Lean. It seems I am deceived, sir:
Yet, that you are Don Lopez all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, sir;
And you the sexton Diego: such I am sent to;
The letter tells as much. May be, they are dead,

148–9] "Leandro uses 'gossips' in the sense of—familiar acquaintances: Lopez chooses to understand it in that of—sponsors in baptism." Dyce.

150 *oft-times*] So F2, etc. *often-times* F1.

155 *Cataia*] The ancient name for China: by some, however, distinguished from it. Dyce quotes from Abbot's *Briefe Description of the whole worlde, etc.*, 1599, "*De Cathaio et China.* Next-beyond Tartaria, on the North-east part of Asia, lyeth a great country, called *Cathaie* or *Cathaia*; the boundes whereof extend themselves, on the North and East to the uttermost seas, and, on the South, to *China*" (sig. B 2).

In the map of China in John Speed's *Prospect of the most famous parts of the World*, 1631, the part of China north of the Great Wall is called "Cathaya, the chief kingdom of Great Cam." There is probably here an allusion to the use of "Catalan" as a cant term for a thief or sharper. (See Nares's *Glossary*.)

167 *been some time*] Mr. Fleay suggests *been* [*so*] *some time*.

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And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money, to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity:
But, since you are not he——
Lop. Good sir, let me think;
I pray ye, be patient; pray ye, stay a little:
Nay, let me remember; I beseech ye, stay, sir.
Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sir.
Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.
Die. Pray ye, consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lean. He 's old indeed, sir.
Die. With a goodly white beard
(For now he must be so; I know he must be);
Signior Alonzo, master.
Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. H'as been from hence about some twenty years, sir.
Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.
Die. You say most true sir;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty:
A fine straight-timber'd man, and a brave soldier.
He married—let me see——
Lean. De Castro's daughter.
Die. The very same.
Lean. [*Aside.*] Thou art a very rascal!
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or anything.
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.
Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country:

172 *else; for to that*] So Edd. '78, etc. *else. For that* F1. *else. For to that* F2. *else—For to that.* Theo.
176–7] So F2, etc. In F1 the speech of Lopez begins at *Pray ye, stay a little.* Both Ff. print l. 177 as two lines dividing after *patient.*
180 *I shall remember*] *you will remember* Theo.
191 *De Castro's*] *De-Castro's* Dyce. So also in l. 193.

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Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him:
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man, why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? we had all one soul, sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——
Lean. Farm, sir:
You say most true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman:
She was married very young; I married 'em;
I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——
Lean. [*Aside.*] Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!
Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name 's Leandro.
Lean. It is, indeed, sir.—
[*Aside.*] Gra'-mercy, letter! thou hadst never known else.
Die. I have dandled ye, and kiss'd ye, and play'd with ye,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danced ye,
And swung ye in my bell-ropes—ye loved swinging.
Lop. A sweet boy!
Lean. [*Aside.*] Sweet lying knaves! what would these do for thousands?
Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter!—
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his country?
Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return,
He has sent me over to your charge.
Lop. And welcome;
[illegible]

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To plant me in the favour of some man
That 's expert in that knowledge: for his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custody:
I have the money ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, ye are most welcome.
The law you have hit upon most happily:
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer ye;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I 'll do ye faithful service, sir.
Die. [*Aside to* LOPEZ.] He 's an ass,
And so we 'll use him; he shall be a lawyer.
Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again——Before, Diego,
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil 's hungry.
[*Exit* DIEGO.]
Lean. Pray ye, sir, unlade me.
Lop. I 'll refresh ye, sir:
When ye want, you know your exchequer.
Lean. [*Aside.*] If all this get me but access, I am happy.
Lop. Come; I am tender of ye.
Lean. I 'll go with ye.—
[*Aside.*] To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retired sweet life,
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,

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Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believed both young and handsome,
As lilies that are cased in crystal glasses,
Makes up the wonder; shew it abroad, 'tis stale,
And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more slubber'd.
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or evening terraces, to take opinions,
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses?—
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?
Ama. You know your own disease,—distrust and jealousy:
And those two give these lessons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my honesty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, husband,
Serves all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours,
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their contraries they are set off and burnish'd.
If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,
Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.
Bar. Peace! ye are too loud.
Ama. You are too covetous;
If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.
Bar. Peace, Amaranta!
Ama. They have content, rich clothes; and that secures 'em,
Binds to their careful husbands their observance;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh——

7 *And still, the more*] F2, etc. *And still and the more* F1.

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Bar. Thou shalt too.
Ama. And freely may converse with proper gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour——
Bar. You are now too far again: thou shalt have anything:
Let me but lay up for a handsome office,
And then, my Amaranta——

Enter EGLA.

Ama. Here 's a thing now,
Ye place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what she fails in I must do myself:
A foil to set my beauty off; I thank ye.
You will place the devil next for a companion.
Bar. No more such words, good wife.—What would you have, maid?
Egla. Master Curate, and the sexton, and a stranger, sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.
Bar. A stranger?
Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.
Bar. Prithee, no more of that.
Ama. Pray ye, go out to 'em;
That will be safest for ye; I am well here;
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.
Bar. No, no, thou shalt not: 'tis some honest client,
Rich and litigious, the curate has brought to me.
Prithee, go in, my duck: I 'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.
Ama. I am commanded.
One day you will know my sufferance.
[*Exit with* EGLA.
Bar. And reward it.
[*Locks the door.*]

34 *proper*] i. e. handsome.
38 s. d. Enter Egla] So Web., Dyce. Enter Woman-Moore. F1 to Edd. '78. And so always in stage directions.

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So, so; fast bind, fast find.—Come in, my neighbours;
My loving neighbours, pray ye, come in; ye are welcome!

Enter LOPEZ, LEANDRO, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. Bless your good reverence!
Bar. Good day, good Master Curate.
And, neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business?
And, pray ye, be short, good friends; the time is precious.—
Welcome, good sir.
Lop. To be short, then, with your mastership,
For I know your several hours are full of business,
We have brought ye this young man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face.
Bar. It seems so, neighbours:
But to what end?
Lop. To be your pupil, sir;
Your servant, if you please.
Lean. I have travell'd far, sir,
To seek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning!
My house a little cottage, and scarce able
To hold myself and those poor few live under it:
Besides, you must not blame me, gentleman,
If I were able to receive a servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;
For in these times——
Lop. Pray, let me answer that, sir:
Here is five hundred ducats, to secure him;

56 *fast bind, fast find*] "Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II. v. 53." Dyce.
64 *face.*] So Ff. With dash, as an unfinished sentence, Theo. to Dyce.
72 *gentleman*] So F1, Web., Dyce. *Gentlemen* F2 to Edd. '78.
76 *Here is*] So Ff, 1718, Theo., Dyce. *Here are* Edd. '78, Web.
76 *five hundred*] So F1 to Web. *three hundred* Dyce, who compares II. i. 232 and l. 92 below. Lopez seems, however, to be referring to the money already given him by Leandro, which was apparently five hundred ducats (II. i. 175). He means, I think, "You need not be suspicious, for these five hundred ducats which I have just received from Leandro show him to be a person of substance." The three hundred which was intended for Bartolus was apparently an additional sum kept by Leandro in his own possession and afterwards handed over by him to the lawyer directly (cf. l. 119 below).

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He cannot want, sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold and coin.
Bar. And that 's an honest pledge:
Yet, sure, that needs not; for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.
Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, sir,
In which, I understand, you live a master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship,)
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with: other acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir;
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty ducats;
As I grow riper, more: three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning and my master:
My diet I 'll defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to learning.
Bar. I do, strangely;
Yes, and I like it too—[*aside*] thanks to his money.
Die. Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too!
Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir.
Bar. So it seems.
His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,
Neighbour: he 's like to prove.
Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.
His parents, when they know your care——
Bar. Come hither.
Die. An honester young man your worship ne'er kept;
But he is so bashful——
Bar. Oh, I like him better.—
Say I should undertake 'e, which, indeed, sir,

81 *And* (*for*, etc.] So F2., etc. *And for . . .* (*In which* F1.
95–6 *I do . . . too*] So Theo. to Dyce. As one line Ff, 1718.
96 *thanks to his money*] Given by Theo. (Sew. conj.) to Diego.
100 *prove.*] So Ff. With dash, as an unfinished sentence, Theo. to Dyce. 'Prove' was occasionally used alone for—turn out well. Cf. *Cent. Dict.*, s. v. II. 4.
105 *'e*] *ee* F1. *ye*, F2, Theo. *you* Edd. '78 to Dyce.

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Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my affairs and my small house, sir,
(For I see some promises that pull me to ye,)
Could you content yourself, at first, thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?
For I have not many lodgings to allow ye,
And study should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh ye;
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights too,
According to your labour.
Lean. Anything, sir,
That 's dry and wholesome: I am no bred wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: but I must desire ye
To keep within your confines.
Lean. Ever, sir;—
There is the gold;—and ever be your servant;—
Take it, and give me books: may I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.
Lop. Do, study hard.—Pray ye, take him in, and settle him;
He 's only fit for you: shew him his cell, sir.
Die. Take a good heart; and, when ye are a cunning lawyer,
I 'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.
Bar. Come, sir, with me.—Neighbours, I thank your diligence.
Lop. I 'll come sometimes, and crack a case with ye.
Bar. Welcome. [*Exeunt* BARTOLUS *and* LEANDRO.
Lop. Here 's money got with ease: here, spend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the founder.
Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example!
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,

116 *bred wanton*] i. e. "one tenderly and delicately brought up,—a fondling, a pet,—an effeminate person." Dyce. *bred-wanton* Ff.
119 *There is*] Theo., Web., Dyce. *There 's.* Ff, 1718, Edd. '78.
125 *I'll sell my bells*] There is perhaps allusion to a story told of Tarlton's obtaining the parsonage of Shard. "A madder parson was never: for he threatned to turne the bellmettle into lyning for his purse; which he did: the parsonage and all, into ready money." *Tarlton's Jests*, in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, ii. 194.
127 *crack a case*] i. e. discuss a law-case.
128 s. d. Exeunt Bartolus and Leandro] So Edd. '78. Exit. F1 to Theo.

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And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania!
Lop. It will do well: let 'em but send their moneys,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I 'll know 'em instantly; nay, I 'll be akin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.
Let him law there: long as his ducats last, boy,
I 'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I 'll turn trade, master,
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking trade.
Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego?
Die. And handle her case, master; that 's a law-point,
A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles,
A hidden point were worth the canvassing.
Lop. Now, surely, surely, I should love him, Diego,
And love him heartily; nay, I should love myself,
Or anything that had but that good fortune;
For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm; and, though I call him worshipful,
I wish him a canonized cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——
Die. He is too demure, sir.
Lop. If he do sting her home——
Die. There 's no such matter;
The woman was not born to so much blessedness:
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.
Lop. Let 's leave it to the will of fate, and presently,
Over a cup of lusty sack, let 's prophesy.
I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope: and, whilst he lasts, we 'll lay it on.
[*Exeunt.*

136 *akin*] So Edd. '78, Web. *a kin* F1. *kin* F2, 1718, Theo., Dyce.
139–41 *I'll turn trade . . . stinking trade*] So Theo. to Dyce. Two lines dividing after *living* Ff, 1718.
142 *chop upon*] i.e. fall in with.

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SCENE III.

A street.

Enter DON JAMIE, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Jam. Angelo Milanes, did you see this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes.
Jam. And you, Arsenio?
Ars. Yes; he 's gone, sir,
Strangely disguised; he 's set upon his voyage.
Jam. Love guide his thoughts! he 's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close, Don Lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!
He 's the most arrant beast!
Mil. He may be more beast.
Jam. Let him bear six and six, that all may blaze him!
The villainy he has sow'd into my brother,
And from his state the revenue he has reach'd at,
Pay him, my good Leandro! take my prayers!
Ars. And all our wishes! plough with his fine white heifer!
Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold!
Let it out-live his books, his pains; and, hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,
Let it blaze out the more!

Enter ANDREA.

What news, Andrea?
And. News I am loath to tell ye; but I am charged, sir.

iii. s. d.] *Enter* Jamy, Millanes, Arsenio. Ff, 1718, Theo. Enter . . . Arsenio, and Angelo. Edd. '78, Web., Dyce. See Introduction on "The Characters Angelo and Milanes."
1 *Angelo Milanes,*] Dyce conj. *Angelo, Millanes,* Ff, 1718, Edd. '78 to Dyce. *Milanes,* Theo.
4 *Jam.*] So Theo. (Sew. conj.), etc. Om. Ff, 1718.
8] "The allusion is both to the branches of a stag's horns and to the terms

Your brother lays a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his house, upon your danger.
I am sorry, sir.
Jam. Faith, never be: I am glad on 't.
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:
'Twill shortly spew him out. [*Exit* ANDREA.]
Come, let 's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend; and let 's lodge near him,
Be still at hand: I would not for my patrimony,
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster:
Come, let 's away; I am stark mad till I see him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the house of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Ama. Why will ye bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet;
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too?
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. I' faith, I will not, wife.
Ama. I will not try ye.
Bar. He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings: in an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——
Ama. Now ye lay fire,
Fire to consume your quiet.

23 s. d. Exit Andrea] So Dyce. Om. F1 to Web.
27 learn'd] So 1718, etc. learned Ff.

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Bar. Didst thou know him,
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet thee?
Thou mayst wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, 's o' th' law, how to live after,
And not on lewdness. On my conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading what sex she is.
Ama. I do not like it, sir.
Bar. Dost thou not see, fool,
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
What delicate meats?
Ama. You had best trust him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do!
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come; he 's so modest,
He never speaks: there 's part of that he gave me:
He 'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately;
Even as he eats, he studies: he 'll not disquiet thee.
Do as thou pleasest, wife.
Ama. [*Aside.*] What means this woodcock?
[*Knocking within.*
Bar. Retire, sweet; there 's one knocks.
[*Exit* AMARANTA.]
Come in!

Enter Servant.

Your business?
Serv. My lord Don Henrique would entreat ye, sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has business of some moment.
Bar. I 'll attend him.—[*Exit* Servant.]
[*To* AMARANTA *within.*] I must be gone: I prithee, think the best, wife;
At my return, I 'll tell thee more: good morrow.—

16 *after*] i. e. after the law. Qy. read *after 't?*
19 *reading what sex she is*] So Ff, 1718, Dyce. *reading of what sex she is* Theo., Edd. '78. *reading, what, etc.* Web. *Nor, than by reading, of what, etc.* Dyce conj.
28 *woodcock*] i. e. simpleton.
29 s. d. Exit Amaranta] First given by Dyce.
29 s. d. Enter Servant] "Qy. Andrea?" Dyce.
32 s. d. Exit Servant] First given by Dyce.
33 s. d. To Amaranta within] First given by Dyce.

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[*To* LEANDRO *within.*] Sir, keep ye close, and study
hard: an hour hence
I 'll read a new case to ye.
Lean. [*within*] I 'll be ready. [*Exit* BARTOLUS.

Re-enter AMARANTA.

Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study——There 's the place:
I 'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune;
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter LEANDRO.

Lean. He 's gone out.
Now, if I could but see her! she is not this way.
How nastily he keeps his house! my chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,
It is so damp: I shall be mortified
For any woman, if I stay a month here.
I 'll in, and strike my lute: that sound may call her.
[*Exit.*

Enter AMARANTA.

Ama. He keeps very close. Lord, how I long to see
him!— [*Music and singing within.*]
A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I 'll hear that.

Song to the lute by LEANDRO *within.*

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel.

---

35 s. d. To Leandro within] First given by Dyce.
36] The Ff have "Leandro within" as s. d. after *ye.*
38 *pelting*] i.e. paltry, contemptible.
49] After this line F1 has "Enter Amaranta. Lute and Song." In F2 there is "Lute and Song" (followed by the song), after which comes "Enter

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Oh, then, speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a word that 's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.
Now I am more desirous.
Lean. [*peeping in—Aside.*] 'Tis she, certain.
Ama. [*Aside.*] What 's that that peeps?
Lean. [*Aside.*] Oh, admirable face!
Ama. [*Aside.*] Sure, 'tis the man.
Lean. [*Aside.*] I will go out a little. [*Advances.*]
Ama. [*Aside.*] He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.
How still he stands!
Lean. [*Aside.*] I am strucken dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!
Ama. [*Aside.*] How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams round! how manly his face shows!
He comes on: surely, he will speak. He is made most handsomely.
This is no clerk-behaviour. Now I have seen ye,
I 'll take my time. Husband, ye have brought home tinder. [*Drops her glove and*] *exit.*
Lean. Sure, she has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind: my lips were lock'd upon me:
This is divine, and only served with reverence.
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
[*Takes up the glove.*]
Thou blessèd innocence, that guards that whiteness,

65 s. d. peeping in] So Theo., etc. (Leandro peeping.) (after *desirous*) Ff.
67 s. d. Advances] First given by Web.
75 s. d. Drops her glove] First given by Theo.
76] So Edd. '78, etc. As two lines dividing after *me* Ff, Theo.
79 *lock'd upon me*] So Dyce. *lock upon me* F1. *lockt up here* F2, 1718 to Web.
81 s. d. Takes up the glove] First given by Web.
82 *guards*] So F2, etc. *gaurds* F1.

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Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relic;
A relic when I pray to it may work wonders.
[*A noise within.*
Hark! there 's some noise: I must retire again.
This blessèd apparition makes me happy:
I 'll suffer, and I 'll sacrifice my substance,
But I 'll enjoy. Now, softly to my kennel. [*Exit.*

84 *relic when . . . it may*] So Ff. *Relick, when . . . it, may* Theo. to Dyce. This is evidently a case of the suppression of the relative, the phrase being equivalent to "relic which when."

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the house of DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* BARTOLUS.

Hen. You know my cause sufficiently?
Bar. I do, sir.
Hen. And, though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus,
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,
That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.
Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;
Your bended honesty we shall set right, sir;
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, sir;
And you shall see how heartily I 'll handle it;
Mark, how I 'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, sir;
You give good fees, and those beget good causes;
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer: the Assistant sits to-morrow,
And he 's your friend: your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.
Hen. He shall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he must not:
Line your cause warmly, sir; the times are agueish;
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious!
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.
Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, sir;

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And take your choice of what man's lands you please, sir,
What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges;
They are all your own. I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.
Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear anything.
Hen. They shall swear truth too.
Bar. That 's no great matter: for variety,
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd after.
I will serve process, presently and strongly,
Upon your brother, and Octavio,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, sir,
And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;
Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses:
I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses——
Hen. There shall want nothing.
Bar. Then begone: be provident;
Send to the judge a secret way,—you have me?—
And let him understand the heart——
Hen. I shall, sir.
Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I 'll study;
And at my hour but mark me! Go; be happy;
Go, and believe i' th' law.
Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An open space in the city, near the house of LOPEZ.

Enter LOPEZ, DIEGO, *four* Parishioners, *and* Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me; I will not stay amongst ye:
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye?

45 s. d. Exeunt] Exeunt severally. Dyce.

ii. s. d. An open space, etc.] So Dyce. "Weber marked this scene 'A Room in the House of Lopez,'—wrongly; see l. 176,—*Go home*, etc., which is addressed by Arsenio to Lopez." Dyce.

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Ye have neither faith nor money left to save ye:
Am I a fit companion for such beggars?
First Par. If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabb'd, sir——
Lop. No, no; ye are rotten.
Die. [*Aside.*] Would they were, for my sake!
Lop. I have 'nointed ye and tarr'd ye with my doctrine,
And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy:
I will avoid ye.
Sec. Par. Pray ye, sir, be not angry;
In the pride of your new cassock, do not part with us.
We do acknowledge ye a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons;
A short slice of a reading serves us, sir;
We do acknowledge ye a quiet teacher;
Before you 'll vex your audience, you 'll sleep with 'em;
And that 's a loving thing.
Third Par. We grant ye, sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker;
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.
Lop. I will not stay, for all this: ye shall know me
A man born to a more beseeming fortune
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.
Fourth Par. We will increase your tithes; you shall have eggs too,
Though they may prove most dangerous to our issues.
First Par. I am a smith; yet thus far, out of my love,
You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for:
I am sure I prick five hundred in a year, sir.
Sec. Par. I am a cook, a man of a dried conscience;
Yet thus far I relent,—you shall have tithe-porridge.

12 *avoid ye*] Here F1 has the direction "Two chaires set out."
12–3 *angry; . . . cassock,*] *angry, . . . Cassock*, Ff. *angry, . . . Cassock;* Theo. to Web. *angry . . . cassock;* Dyce.
14 *ye a*] So F1, Edd. '78, etc. *ye are a* F2, 1718, Theo.
28] The supposed aphrodisiac properties of eggs are frequently referred to.
30 *prick*] i. e. hurt in shoeing so as to lame.
33 *tithe-porridge*] So Dyce. *tith porrage* F1. *tith Pottage* F2, 1718 to Web. The two words were practically synonymous. Cf. Esau's "messe of porrige" in Nashe's *Strange Newes*, sig. I4.

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Third Par. Your stipend shall be raised too, good neighbour Diego.
Die. Would ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poor sextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such capons!
Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door, neighbours;
You may go in, and drive away the daws.
Lop. My surplice with one sleeve you shall find there,
For to that dearth of linen you have driven me;
And the old cut-work cope that hangs by gymitrie:
Pray ye, turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours,
Half puffed away with the churchwardens' pipings,
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: if ye find anything
Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye;
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
First Par. Pray ye, be not so hasty.
Die. I 'll speak a proud word to ye:
Would ye have us stay?
Sec. Par. We do most heartily pray ye.
Third Par. I 'll draw as mighty drink, sir——
Lop. A strong motive;

41] So Theo., etc. As two lines divided after *church*, Ff, 1718.
45 *cut-work*] i.e. open-work in linen.

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The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.
Third Par. And I 'll send for my daughter.
Lop. This may stir too:
The maiden is of age, and must be edified.
Fourth Par. You shall have any thing. Lose our learnèd vicar!
And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego!
Die. Yet all this will not do. I 'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true: if ye will have us stay,
If you will have the comforts of our companies,
You shall be bound to do us right in these points,
You shall be bound, and this the obligation;—
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And do not seek to draw out our undoings;
Marry tried women, that are free and fruitful;
Get children in abundance, for your christenings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.
Lop. Let weddings, christenings, churchings, funerals,
And merry gossipings, go round, go round still;
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And die immediately, their sons may shoot up.
Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'tis natural;
But be sure their daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still. Your queasy young wives,
That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There 's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to bed, then die when they please.
These things consider'd, countrymen, and sworn to——
Sec. Par. All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.
Third Par. We must die, and we must live, and we 'll be merry;
Every man shall be rich by one another.

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Sec. Par. We are here to-morrow, and gone to-day.
For my part,
If getting children can befriend my neighbours,
I 'll labour hard but I will fill your font, sir.
First Par. I have a mother now, and an old father;
They are as sure your own, within these two months——
Fourth Par. My sister must be pray'd for too; she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do you see how melancholy?
Do you mark the man? do you profess ye love him,
And would do anything to stay his fury?
And are ye unprovided to refresh him;
To make him know your loves? fie, neighbours!
Sec. Par. We 'll do anything.
We have brought music to appease his spirit;
And the best song we 'll give him.
Die. Pray ye, sit down, sir;
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well.—Proceed, neighbours:
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners;
Ye had Puritan hearts awhile, spurn'd at all pastimes;
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set: proceed, neighbours.

SONG.

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground;
Our learnèd old vicar will stay.

[*Chorus.*] Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

---

92 *I will*] F1, Theo., etc. *I'le* F2, 1718.

109–28] This was first given in F2. There is no indication of any song in F1. Placed by Edd. '78 in a foot-note. At Mr. Fleay's suggestion the second verse is here printed as a chorus. There is no indication in the folio that it is so intended, but it differs metrically from the other verses to an extent which can only be explained on this assumption. It was, I presume, intended to be repeated after each verse, and I have therefore added directions to this effect.

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The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.
[*Chorus:*—Let the pig, etc.]

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.
[*Chorus:*—Let the pig, etc.]

We 'll labour and swink, we 'll kiss and we 'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We 'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learnèd old vicar.
[*Chorus:*—Let the pig, etc.]

Enter ARSENIO *and* MILANES.

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it!.

Mil. Lord, how it looks! has he not bought some prebend?

Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,
Merry at heart. He spies us.

Lop. Begone, neighbours;
Here are some gentlemen: begone, good neighbours,
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour;
No more words, but begone. These two are gentlemen;
No company for crusty-handed fellows.

Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.

Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay with ye.
Begone; no more: I take your pastimes graciously.
[*Exeunt* Parishioners *and* Singers.]
Would ye with me, my friends?

Ars. We would look upon ye;
For, methinks, ye look lovely.

Lop. Ye have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?

125 *swink*] i. e. toil. The word is still in dialectal use.
132] F1 here gives the direction "The Bar and Book ready on a Table."
136 *crusty-handed*] i. e. hard-handed.
139 s. d. Exeunt, etc.] So Dyce. Om. F1. Exeunt Parishioners. F2 to Web

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Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, sir;
You look like travell'd men: may be, some old friends,
That happily I have forgot; some signiors
In China or Cataia; some companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.
Ars. They are mad, sure.
Lop. Ye came not from Peru?—Do they look, Diego,
As if they had some mystery about 'em?
Another Don Alonzo, now!
Die. Ay, marry,
And so much money, sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will!
Lop. They have gracious favours.—
Would ye be private?
Mil. There 's no need on 't, sir;
We come to bring ye a remembrance from a merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.
Ars. No, sir,
I do not think ye do.
Lop. A new mistake, Diego;
Let 's carry it decently.
Ars. We come to tell ye,
You have received great sums from a young factor
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,
Robb'd him, and run away.
Die. Let 's keep close, master;
This news comes from a cold country.
Lop. By my faith, it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? do you shrink now, goodman curate?
Do I not touch ye?
Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left: we do beseech ye, sir——
Mil. You 'll hang, both.
Lop. One may suffice.

146 *China or Cataia*] See note on II. i. 155.

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Die. I will not hang alone, master;
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!
The devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From Nova Hispania: we shall hang at home now.
Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion:
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye;
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne'er endanger ye.
Lop. Command us, master,
Command us presently, and see how nimbly——
Die. And, if we do not handsomely endeavour——
Ars. Go home, and, till ye hear more, keep private;
Till we appear again, no words, vicar:
There 's something added. [*Gives money to* LOPEZ.]
Mil. For you too. [*Gives money to* DIEGO.]
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly: if ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to lose 'em.
Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A court of Justice.

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,

167 *Plague*] *A Plague* Theo. 168 *pepper*] i. e. annoy, harm.
176 *keep private*] So Ff, 1718, Web., Dyce. *keep you private* Theo. *keep ye private* Edd. '78.
177 *no words, vicar*] So Ff, Dyce. *no words, good vicar* Theo., Edd. '78, Web.
178 s. d. Gives money to Lopez . . . to Diego] So Dyce. Giving money. Web., who first gave the direction.
183 s. d. Exeunt] So F1 to Web. Exeunt, on one side, Lopez and Diego; on the other, Arsenio and Milanes. Dyce.
1 *court*] The Ff have the direction, "A Bar. Table-booke, 2 chairs, & paper standish set out," which Theo. and Edd. '78 give at the head of the scene.

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That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge: but we, that know ourselves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against us.
Jac. I am confident
There is no man so covetous that desires
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope
There can be so much justice left on earth,
Though sued and call'd upon, to ease us of
The burthen of our wrongs.
Oct. What thinks Ascanio?
Should we be call'd in question, or accused
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?
Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and sweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.
Oct. Happy simplicity!
Jac. My dearest and my best one!

Enter DON JAMIE *and* BARTOLUS.

Don Jamie!
Oct. And the advocate that caused us to be summon'd.
Asc. My lord is moved; I see it in his looks:
And that man in the gown, in my opinion,
Looks like a proguing knave.
Jac. Peace! give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with process?

3 *thoughts*] So F1 to Web. *thought* Dyce (probably a misprint).
12 *less hope*] This seems to mean "without hope." "hopeless."

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Bar. My lord, you are not lawless.
Jam. Nor thou honest;
One that not long since was the buckram scribe,
That would run on men's errands for an asper,
And, from such baseness having raised a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar:
So poor in practice, too, that you would plead
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings. But, since you turn'd rascal——
Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave. In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language.—
[*Aside.*] Or I 'll miss of my ends.
Jam. Were 't not in court,
I would beat that fat of thine, raised by the food
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly;
I would, my man of law: but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course.—
[*Aside.*] Would every enemy I have would beat me!
I would wish no better action.
Oct. 'Save your lordship!
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the court?
Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the Assistant's pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve us.

31 *lawless*] i. e. not subject to law.
32 *buckram scribe*] i. e. low class attorney.
33 *asper*] "Is a Turkish coin, in value about three farthings." Theo.

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Enter Officer, *the* Assistant, DON HENRIQUE, *and* Witnesses.

Offi. Make way there for the judge!
Jam. [*Aside.*] How? my kind brother?
Nay, then, 'tis rank; there is some villainy towards.
Assist. 'Tis sessions purchased at your suit, Don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beseech
The honourable court I may be heard
In my advocate.
Assist. 'Tis granted.
Bar. [*Clearing his throat.*] Hunch, hunch——
Jam. [*Aside.*] That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,
Though ne'er so good and honest.
Bar. If I stood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,
(To both which I profess myself a stranger,)
It would be requisite I should deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect
Contemns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolved of 't by his confessor,
If that in open court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.

57 s. d. Enter, etc.] Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses. Ff. Order changed by Web.
60 'Tis] So F1. *This* F2 to Dyce.
61 s. d. Clearing his throat.] Added by Ed.

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Jam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;
He look'd on her, and loved her.
Jac. You good angels,
What an impudence is this!
Bar. And used all means
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: but in vain;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promised marriage; and before
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd
To take her as his wife.
Assist. Give them their oath.
Jam. They are incompetent witnesses, his own creatures,
And will swear anything for half a royal.
Offi. Silence!
Assist. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this strong assurance,
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering duly
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly descended and allied, but she
Without a name or family, secretly
He purchased a divorce, to disannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The Lady Violante.
Jac. As you sit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The substitute of that impartial judge,
With whom or wealth or titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to speak

And, if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanced,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied.
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;
To think of them is a disease; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny
(For innocence cannot justify what 's false),
But all the advocate hath alleged concerning
His falsehood, and my shame in my consent,
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, Don Henrique; and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I 'll paint it on thy cheeks. Was not the wrong
Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falsehood and my shame?
But, now so many years I had conceal'd
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won
This gentleman, to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife)——
Assist. 'Tis strange.
Give him an oath.
Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.
Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,
To be so careless of me and my fame,
(For all respect of thine, in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost,) in open court
To publish my disgrace, and on record
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,
I think can find no precedent. In my extremes
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorc['d] me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,

145] In F1 occurs the direction, "Chess-boord and men set ready."
150 *Divorc['d] me*] So Dyce. *Divorce me* F1 to Web.

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It cannot yet deny that this thy son—
Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out—
Is thy legitimate heir.
Jam. Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give
Your sentence, grant me hearing.
Assist. New chimeras?
Jam. I am, my lord, since he is without issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this forged by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere imposture, and conspiracy
Against my future fortunes.
Assist. You are too bold.—
Speak to the cause, Don Henrique.
Hen. I confess
(Though the acknowledgement must wound mine honour)
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,
Or with me or against me, is most true;
The latter part my brother urged excepted;
For what I now do is not out of spleen,
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: and I beseech your lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my family, to succeed me,
The stranger issue of another's bed.
By proof, this is my son: I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive sentence of the court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me to take him home.
Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that 's left me,
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all. Rather than part
With my Ascanio, I 'll deny my oath,
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure
What punishment soe'er the court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,

152 *thy*] So Ff, Dyce. *my* 1718 to Web.
167 *latter*] So Theo. to Web. *later* Ff, Dyce. Cf. *N. E. D.*

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Or play'd the impudent whore.
Assist. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of justice.
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;
And 'twill stand with your honour to do something
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will.—Break up the court!—
It is in vain to move me; my doom 's pass'd,
And cannot be revoked. [*Exit with* Officer.
Hen. [*giving money to* BARTOLUS] There 's your reward.
Bar. [*Aside.*] More causes, and such fees! Now to my wife; I have too long been absent—Health to your lordship! [*Exit. Exeunt* Witnesses.]
Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud:
Indeed it does not.—I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my father.—Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me, being a stranger; and, if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.
Jam. Since it was determined
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But something I will do.
Hen. Pray you, take leave
Of your steward, gentle brother, the good husband
That rakes up all for you.
Jam. Very well; mock on:
It is your turn; I may have mine. [*Exit.*
Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Ascanio.
Asc. Do not fear it:

196 s. d. with Officer] Added by Dyce.
s. d. giving money to Bartolus] Added by Web.

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I every day will see you; every hour
Remember you in my prayers.
Jac. My grief 's too great
To be express'd in words.
Hen. [*giving money to* JACINTHA] Take that, and leave us;
Leave us without reply.
[*Exeunt* JACINTHA *and* OCTAVIO. ASCANIO *offers to follow them.*]
Nay, come back, sirrah;
And study to forget such things as these,
As are not worth the knowledge.
Asc. Oh, good sir,
These are bad principles!
Hen. Such as you must learn,
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: and what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the house of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Where is my wife?—'Fore Heaven, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day.—My Amaranta!—
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings:
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,
A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:
Oh, 'tis a blessèd thing to have rich clients!—
Why, wife, I say!—How fares my studious pupil?
Hard at it still? ye are too violent;
All things must have their rests, they will not last else;
Come out and breathe.
Lean. [*within*] I do beseech you, pardon me;

217 Jac.] So Edd. '78, etc. Jam. F1. Oct. F2, Theo.
218 s. d. giving money, etc.] Added in F2.
219 s. d. Exeunt, etc.] So Dyce. Exit. (after *words*) (referring to Jam. and Oct. respectively, see note on l. 217) Ff, Theo. Exit Jac. Asc. offers to follow. (after *sirrah*) Edd. '78, Web. Asca. offers to follow. (after *knowledge*) F2, Theo.

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I am deeply in a sweet point, sir.
Bar. I 'll instruct ye:
I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.

Enter AMARANTA.

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance! I have done strange wonders:
There 's more a-hatching too.
Ama. Have ye done good, husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.
Bar. Good enough, chicken:
I have spread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,
My modest thing? hast thou yet spoken to him?
Ama. As I pass'd by his chamber, I might see him;
But he is so bookish!
Bar. And so bashful too;
I' faith, he is; before he will speak, he will starve there.
Ama. I pity him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Ama. And, if he please to take the air o' th' gardens,
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not——
Bar. He shall not trouble thee; he dare not speak to thee.—
Bring out the chess-board!—Come, let 's have a game, wife.

Enter EGLA *with a Chess-board* [*and then exit*].

I 'll try your mastery; you say you are cunning.
Ama. As learnèd as ye are, sir, I shall beat ye.

Enter LEANDRO.

Bar. Here he steals out; put him not out of countenance;
Prithee, look another way; he will be gone else.—
Walk and refresh yourself; I 'll be with you presently.
Lean. I 'll take the air a little.

15 *done good, husband*] So 1718, etc. *done, good husband* Ff.
18 *fluttering*] So F2, etc. *fittering* F1.
27 s. d. and then exit] Added by Web., Dyce.
33 *a little*] Here follows a direction "Play at chess." F2 to Web.

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Bar. 'Twill be healthful.

[LEANDRO *goes to the door, and stands there peeping at them while they play at chess.*]

Ama. Will ye be there? then, here, I'll spare ye that man.

Lean. [*Aside.*] Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting!

Ama. What think ye, sir, to this? have at your knight now!

Bar. 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service.—
Prithee, look off; he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. [*Aside.*] But ye do, and burn too.
What killing looks she steals!

Bar. I have you now close;
Now for a mate!

Lean. [*Aside.*] You are a blessèd man,
That may so have her. Oh, that I might play with her! [*Knocking within.*

Bar. Who 's there? I come.—You cannot scape me now, wife.— [*Knocking again.*
I come, I come!

Lean. [*Aside.*] Most blessèd hand that calls him!

Bar. Play quickly, wife.

Ama. Pray ye, give leave to think, sir.

Re-enter EGLA.

Egla. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business. [*Exit.*]

Lean. [*Aside.*] The devil blow him off!

Bar. Play.

Ama. I will study;
For, if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me.
[*Knocking again.*

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Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay.—Leandro,
Pray thee, come near.
Lean. I am well, sir, here.
Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, sir.
Lean. [*coming forward*] God forbid, lady!
Ama. Pray, come nearer.
Lean. Yes, forsooth.
Bar. Prithee, observe these men, just as they stand here,
And see this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.
Lean. No, indeed, sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn: I 'll come back presently.—
Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.—
Have an eye, pupil. [*Exit.*
Ama. Can ye play at chess, sir?
Lean. A little, lady.
Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this mate, and win the game too?—
[*Aside.*] H'as noble eyes.—Ye dare not friend me so far?
Lean. I dare do any thing that 's in man's power, lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.
Ama. [*Aside.*] This is no lawyer's language.—I pray ye, tell me
Whither may I remove (ye see I am set round)
To avoid my husband?
Lean. I shall tell ye happily;
But happily you will not be instructed.
Ama. Yes, and I['ll] thank ye too: shall I move this man?
Lean. Those are unseemly: move one can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.
Ama. Pray ye, tell quickly;

54 s. d. coming forward] Added by Dyce.
67 *Whither*] So F2, etc. *Whether* F1. The words were hardly differentiated.

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He will return, and then——
Lean. I 'll tell ye instantly:
Move me, and I will move any way to serve ye;
Move your heart this way, lady.
Ama. How?
Lean. Pray ye, hear me:
Behold the sport of love, when he is imperious!
Behold the slave of love!
Ama. Move my queen this way?—
[*Aside.*] Sure, he 's some worthy man—Then, if he hedge me,
Or here to open him——
Lean. Do but behold me;
If there be pity in you, do but view me;
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——
Ama. He will come presently.
Now play your best, sir: though I lose this rook here,
Yet I get liberty.
Lean. I 'll seize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred hundred kisses:
The god of love warm your desires but equal!
That shall play my game now.
Ama. What do you mean, sir?
Why do you stop me?
Lean. That ye may intend me:
The time has blest us both; Love bids us use it.
I am a gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it:
I bring a whole heart to ye; thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows——
[*Kisses her.*]
Ama. Take that! ye are too saucy!
[*Hits him over the head with the chess-board.*]

75 *How?*] So F1 to Web. *How!* Dyce.
88 *intend me*] i.e. attend to me.
89 *has*] So F2, etc. *h'as* F1.
94 *spring*] *Sping* F1. 94 s. d. Kisses her] First given by Web.
95 s. d. Hits, etc.] No stage direction F1 to Theo. Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down the men. Edd. '78, Web. Throws the chess-board at his head. Dyce. Cf. p. 115, ll. 33-4.

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Lean. How, proud lady? 95
Strike my deserts?
Ama. I was to blame.

Re-enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. What, wife, there!
Heaven keep my house from thieves!
Lean. [*Aside.*] I am wretched!
Open'd, discover'd, lost to my wishes!
I shall be hooted at.
Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean. [*Aside.*] This proud thing will betray me. 100
Bar. Why these lie here? what anger, dear?
Ama. Why, none, sir,
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle:
I made my liberty, avoided your mate, 105
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;
Indeed, he put me strangely to it: when presently,
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to shew ye; 110
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,
And there the noise was.
Bar. Thou art grown a master:
For all this, I shall beat ye.
Lean. [*Aside.*] Or I [you,] lawyer;
For now I love her more: 'twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her: 115
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet;
But you shall have a sounder, if I live, lawyer:
My heart aches yet; I would not be in that fear——
Bar. I am glad ye are a gamester, sir; sometimes,
For recreation, we two shall fight hard at it. 120

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Ama. He will prove too hard for me.
Lean. [*Aside.*] I hope he shall do:
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady.
Bar. I have been atoning two most wrangling neighbours;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let 's go in and eat; truly, I am hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon.
Bar. Do as ye please: we shall expect ye at supper.—
He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.
Ama. [*Aside.*] You 'll get no little head, if I do not look to ye.
Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity——
Ama. I was to blame to be so rash; I am sorry.
[*Exeunt.*

122 *line that*] I can offer no explanation of these words. In F1 the passage is printed,

(*good Lady,*
But your Ches-board is to hard for my head, line that

Can it be that the words "line that" are merely a proof-reader's correction requiring *good Lady* to be put into the line below, where there would be room for it?

123 *atoning*] i. e. reconciling.

127 *He has got a little heart now; it seems*] So Edd. '78, etc. *He ha's got . . . heart, now it . . .* F1. *He has got . . . heart, now it . . .* F2, 1718, Theo.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the house of DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE, VIOLANTE, *and* ASCANIO.

Hen. Hear but my reasons.
Vio. Oh, my patience! hear 'em!
Can cunning falsehood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth?
Extenuate this woful wrong, not error?
Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my brother,
I should take any course.
Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.
Was 't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tired with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my face that you were fruitful,
Hugg'd in the base embraces of another?
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation, to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to ye,
Yet know myself no mother?

2 *excuse*] So F2, etc. *excuse?* F1.
3–4 *truth? Extenuate*] So Ff. *Truth T'extenuate* Theo. to Web. *truth* [7°] *extenuate* Dyce. Perhaps we should read *excuse? . . . truth Extenuate. . .*
4 *woful wrong*] So Ff, Web., Dyce. *wilful wrong* Theo., Edd. '78. Dyce after quoting Mason's opinion in favour of the old reading remarks, "Still, I am inclined to believe that Theobald was right."

The note on this passage in Theobald's edition was the last which he wrote. From here onwards the edition was superintended by Seward, with the help of some marginal notes left by Theobald.

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Hen. What can I say?
Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?
Will that content ye?
Vio. If it could make void
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, Don Henrique,
You shall know that I find myself abused;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And, while I look upon this basilisk,
Whose envious eyes hath blasted all my comforts,
Rest confident I 'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.
Asc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty
I ever will appear: and far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard
That dames of highest place, nay, queens themselves,
Disdain not to be served by such as are
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy
To be employ'd, when you please to command me,
Even in the coarsest office. As your page,
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or, if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour; which now, as a son,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a son!
Asc. Forgive me:

21 Hen. *What can I say?*] So Web. (Mason conj.), Dyce. As part of preceding speech in Ff, and, with *you* for *I*, Sew., Edd. '78. "The present arrangement was proposed by Mason, and is supported by the circumstance, that, in F1, the next line does not begin with a capital, and that the disputed words begin a new line. If they were only a continuation of Violante's speech, such a break in the line would have been unnecessary." Web.

28] An allusion to the common belief that the basilisk could kill by its glance.

28 *envious eyes*] *venomous eyes* Sew.

28 *hath*] So F1. *have* F2, etc.

41 *office. As*] Web., Dyce. *Office, as* Ff. *Office? As* Sew., Edd. '78.

42 *fill*] i. e. pour out.

43 *pantofles*] So F2, etc. A kind of slippers. *pontafles* F1.

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I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.
Vio. Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left to appease you?
Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!
While that this bastard stays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.
Hen. What am I faln to?
Vio. I will not eat nor sleep with you; and those hours
Which I should spend in prayers for your health
Shall be employ'd in curses.
Hen. Terrible!
Vio. All the day long, I 'll be as tedious to you
As lingering fevers; and I 'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;
Or, if you do but slumber, I 'll appear
In the shape of all my wrongs, and, like a Fury,
Fright you to madness: and, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I have friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That 's offer'd to our noble family
In what I suffer.
Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a husband
And piety of a parent!
Asc. I am taught, sir,
By the instinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no distaste e'er find you; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you see many images of yourselves,
Though I, like some false glass that 's never look'd in,
Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden feet

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Over your threshold: only give me leave,
Though cast off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions; 'tis all I sue for:
And so I take my last leave.
Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay, almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a father. Thou shalt not go
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that
To guard thee from necessities. [*Gives a purse.*]
May thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes
Than thou wert born to!—Scorn me not, Violante:
This banishment is a kind of civil death;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly:—
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,
Send to me for supply. [*Exit* ASCANIO.
Are you pleased now?
Vio. Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber
At the parting of my torment and your shame.
'Tis well: proceed; supply his wants; do, do;
Let the great dower I brought serve to maintain
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother:
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.
Hen. Is all I do misconstrued?
Vio. I will take
A course to right myself, a speeding one;
By the blest saints, I will! If I prove cruel,

88 *'tis*] So Ff, 1718, Dyce. *it is* Theo. to Web.
95 s. d. Gives a purse] Added by Dyce.
96–7] So Ff, Edd. '78, Web. *for thine innocence Deserves to be the heir*, etc., Sew., who proposed as an alternative the substitution of *arrive* for *deserve*. If the old reading is correct, *deserve* must mean "obtain by desert," a meaning which I cannot find elsewhere in English of this date.
105 s. d. Exit Ascanio] First given by Sew.
107] Here in F1 occurs the direction, "Bed ready, wine, table Standish & Paper."

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The shame to see thy foolish pity taught me
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me:
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I 'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.
Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so: you know I am your creature;
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.
I 'll join with you in anything.
Vio. In vain:
I 'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.
Hen. I will not cross you.
Vio. Do not.—[*Aside.*] They shall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguiled,
A viper trod on, ~~or an~~ aspic, 's mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter LOPEZ, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you. By mine order,
I love Leandro for 't.
Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.
Lop. He shall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he use any.
I am honey'd with the project: I would have him horn'd
For a most precious beast.
Ars. But you lose time.
Lop. I am gone. Instruct you Diego: you will find him

126 *aspic, 's mild*] Edd, '78, etc. *Aspick's, mild* Ff, Sew.
126 s. d. Exeunt] Exeunt severally. Dyce.

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A sharp and subtle knave; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I 'll fetch him with a vengeance. [*Exit.*
Ars. If he fail now,
We 'll give him over too.
Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the house of BARTOLUS.

Enter AMARANTA *with a note, and* EGLA.

Ama. Is thy master gone out?
Egla. Even now the curate fetch'd him
About a serious business, as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat straight,
Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well: he went out, Egla,
As luckily as one would say, "go, husband:"
He was call'd by Providence. Fling this short paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him:
He is monstrous vex'd and musty at my chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Egla. If I do, I 'll hang for 't. [*Exeunt.*

13 *flesh'd*] "i. e. trained on, inured,—hardened." Dyce. It is not clear to whom "he" in ll. 12, 13, refers. If, as seems to me probable, to Leandro, "flesh'd" may be used in its sense as a hunting-term,—he has had a taste of blood to excite him to the chase.

14 *And . . . credit*] In F1 this line ends a page and is followed by the catch-word *Have*. Possibly something has dropped out here.

6 *go, husband*] Apparently a catch phrase, possibly taken from some game.

12 s. d. Exeunt] Exeunt severally. Dyce.

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SCENE IV.

A street, near the house of OCTAVIO.

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Oct. If that you loved Ascanio for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity that restores him
To his birth-right and the honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good fortune.
Jac. Grieve, Octavio?
I would resign my essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him
Might prove a curse to me. My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with Don Henrique's nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam Violante: can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven
For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a son of mine?
Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will look unto his safety.
Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.
Oct. Here comes Don Jamie,
And with him our Ascanio.

Enter DON JAMIE *and* ASCANIO.

Jam. Good youth, leave me:
I know thou art forbid my company,
And, only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.

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I still would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.

Jam. Is 't possible?

Asc. The lady whom my father calls his wife
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forced him
To turn me out of doors.

Jac. By my best hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A saving charity.

Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; pray you, share:
My father 's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied: but, sure, the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*To* DON JAMIE.] From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——

Jam. New miracles?

Serv. She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune,
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you:
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of
A second offer. [*Exit.*

Jam. [*Aside.*] Though there were an ambush
Laid for my life, I 'll on, and sound this secret.—
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;
But stir not forth; some great design 's on foot:
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,
I see you not, give me dead.

41 s. d. Servant] "Qy. 'Andrea'?" Dyce.
41 s. d. To Don Jamie] First given by Web.
41 *From my lady*] Mr. Fleay would read [*This*] *from my lady.*
[illegible] In support

Asc. We will expect you ;
And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard you !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in the house of DIEGO. *Table with writing materials.*

Enter LOPEZ *and* BARTOLUS.

Bar. Is 't possible he should be rich ?
Lop. Most possible ;
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor sexton ;
Honest, poor Diego.
Lop. I assure ye, a close fellow ;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir.
Bar. A notable good-fellow too.
Lop. Sometimes, sir ;
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thousands ?
Lop. Heaven knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange : but, we see, by endeavour,
And honest labour——
Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many : 'tis the progress.
Bar. Ye say true : but he loved to feed well also,
And that, methinks——

53. s. d. Exeunt] Exeunt, on one side, Oct., Jac., and Asc. ; on the other Don Jamie. Dyce.

6 *good-fellow*] "In this place means a boon companion, a bottle-friend, as the answer demonstrates." Edd. '78.

6] After this line F1 has the direction, "Diego ready in Bed, wine, cup."

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Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the graves he made: at home he lived
Like a chameleon, suck'd the air of misery,
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.
Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick, say ye?
Lop. Oh, very sick!
Bar. And chosen me executor?
Lop. Only your worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?
Lop. There 's none, sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things in such extremities.
Who draws the good man's will?
Lop. Marry, that do I, sir;
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, sir:
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel ye.
An honest man; but such men live not always.
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love; yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred;

17 *And there*] *And where* (taking this line with the following one) Theo. (marginal correction, rejected by Sew.). Dyce approved of the conj., without however adopting it. The Ff have *charge: There . . .*

20] The chameleon was supposed to live upon air (cf. Pliny, *H. N.* viii. 51).

20 *the air*] So Sew. etc. *th' ayre* Ff.

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Rich men can want no heirs, sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir:
But we shall take a care.
Lop. Will ye come near, sir?—
Pray ye, bring him out.

DIEGO *is brought in on a bed, attended by* MILANES, ARSENIO, *and* Parishioners.

Now ye may see in what state——
Give him fresh air.
Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find ye in so weak a state.
Die. Ye are welcome;
But I am fleeting, sir.
Bar. Methinks he looks well;
His colour fresh and strong; his eyes are cheerful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do ye note that?
Die. My learn'd sir, pray ye, sit. I am bold to send for ye,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do you hear that?
Ars. [*Aside to* DIEGO.] Play the knave finely.
Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.
Bar. Pray ye, do not trouble him;
You see he 's weak, and has a wandering fancy.
Die. My honest neighbours, weep not I must leave ye;

41 s. d. Diego is brought in on a bed] So Dyce. Enter Diego (in a Bed), Ff. The Curtain is drawn. Diego is discovered in a bed, and brought forward. Web., who had marked at the beginning of the scene, "a curtain in the background."
42 *fresh air*] In F1 is given the direction "Bed thrust out."
49 *Do you*] So F1. *Do ye* F2.
50 s. d. to Diego] First given by Web.

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I cannot always bear ye company:
We must drop still; there is no remedy.—
Pray ye, Master Curate, will ye write my testament,
And write it largely it may be remember'd?—
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.—
[*To* BARTOLUS.] Your worship I do make my full executor;
You are a man of wit and understanding.—
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. [*Drinks.*]—I would, before these neighbours,
Have ye to swear, sir, that you will see it executed,
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours:—
Let not that trouble ye; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.
Die. Then set me higher;
And, pray ye, come near me all.
Lop. We are ready for ye.
Mil. [*Aside to* DIEGO.] Now spur the ass, and get our friend time.
Die. First, then, [LOPEZ *writes.*]
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be served first, they are seldom cozen'd)——
Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.
Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,
And pray it may be mended. To the poor of it,
(Which is to all the parish,) I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural:
Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,
Their children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thousand ducats.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.

59 s. d. To p. . . . First given by Edd. '78

Die. To your worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir;
But there be more to serve.
Bar. [*Aside.*] This fellow coins, sure.
Die. Give me some more drink. [*Drinks.*]—Pray ye, buy books, buy books,
You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.
Run not the parish mad with controversies,
Nor preach not abstinence to longing women,
'Twill budge the bottoms of their consciences.
I would give the church new organs, but I prophesy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th' parish.
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel;
And, to paint true orthography, as many;
They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:
Pray you, set that down. To poor maidens' marriages——
Lop. Ay, that 's well thought of; what 's your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.
Bar. [*Aside.*] No end of this will?
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram,
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,
But the sails cut according to their burthens.

88 *Give me some more drink*] *Give me more drink*, Sew.
89 s. d. Drinks] First given by Dyce.
92 *Nor preach not abstinence*] So F1, Dyce. *Nor preach abstinence* F2. *Nor preach up abstinence* Sew. to Web.
93 *budge*] So F1. *burge* F2, 1718. *purge* Sew. to Dyce. I can see no sense in any of these. Should it not be rather *bulge*, a form of "bilge," to cause to leak; taking *bottoms* to mean "ships"?
97–8 *orthography, as many; They*] So Dyce. *Orthography as many, They*

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To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.
Ars. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good gentlemen;
And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,
A legacy you have need of more than money;
I know you want good diets and good lotions,
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny-pipes, and mouldy pepper; take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please, and be cozen'd with 'em:
I should bequeath ye executions also;
But those I'll leave to th' law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You will give no more?
Die. I am loath to give more from ye,
Because I know you will have a care to execute:
Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.

113] *Commodities*] Allusions to the practice made by money-lenders of cheating gentlemen in straits for money by getting them to take up commodities are very frequent. It was an evasion of the laws against usury. See Wilson's *Discourse upon Usury*:—"I haue neede of money, and deale wyth a broaker; hee aunswereth me that hee cannot helpe me with moneye, but yf I list to haue wares, I shall speede. Well! my necessitie is great; he bryngeth mee blotting paper, pakthreede, fustians, chamlets, haukes bels & hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine aduantage, askyng what he thinketh willbe my losse; he aunswereth, not paste twelue pounde in the hundred. When I come to receiue, I do finde *that* I lose more then twentye in the hundred." [Ed. of 1572, O3^{v}, O4.] Web., quoting from Reid.

See also *Measure for Measure*, IV. iii. 5, Greene's *Looking-Glasse for London and England*, lines 341–348 (*Works*, ed. Grosart XIV., p. 21. Also p. 37), and, for an exposition of the whole matter, Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (1608) Ch. iv. "Of Ferreting. The Manner of vndooing Gentlemen by taking vp of commodities."

114 *Roast pork*] See Dekker's *Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light*, 1620, an enlarged edition of the work above-mentioned. A gentleman took up "sixteene pound in Ioynts of Mutton and quarters of Lambe ready rosted, and sould them for three pound." (Sig. D 3.)

114 *Jews-trumps*] i. e. Jews harps.

115 *penny-pipes*] i. e. I suppose, penny-whistles.

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Bar. [*Aside.*] If he be worth all these, I am made for ever.
Die. I give to fatal dames that spin men's threads out,
And poor distressèd damsels that are militant,
As members of our own afflictions,
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work in.
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and knaves in:
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.
Lop. Are ye not weary?
Die. Never of well-doing.
Bar. These are mad legacies.
Die. They were got as madly.
My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres,——
I have no heirs——
Bar. [*Aside.*] This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.
Die. Three ships at sea too.
Bar. You have made me full executor?
Die. Full, full, and total: would I had more to give ye!
But these may serve an honest mind.
Bar. Ye say true,
A very honest mind; and make it rich too,
Rich, wondrous rich. But where shall I raise these moneys?
About your house I see no such great promises:
Where shall I find these sums?
Die. Even where you please, sir;
You are wise and provident, and know business:
Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I am reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands? what do you make me?
Die. You have sworn to see it done; that 's all my comfort.

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Bar. Where I please? This is pack'd, sure, to disgrace me.
Die. Ye are just and honest, and I know you will do it;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abused, betray'd! I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffled, and bored, it seems!
Ars. No, no; ye are fool'd.
Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly:
Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir,
And have their worships' noses wiped; 'tis healthful.
We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys
In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha!—some more drink, for my heart, gentlemen!— [*Drinks.*]
This merry lawyer—ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—
I think this fit will cure me—this executor——
I shall laugh out my lungs——
Bar. This is derision above sufferance; villainy
Plotted and set against me!
Die. Faith, 'tis knavery;
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,
Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper,—
Would he trust you? do you deserve——

146 *pack'd*] "i. e. combined, conspired." Web.
150 *baffled*] i. e. insulted and tricked.
150 *bored*] i. e. much the same as baffled, befooled.
153 *have their worships' noses wiped*] i. e. be cheated, gulled. Cf. Nares' *Gloss.* *Wipe* alone, in l. 155, has a similar meaning.
155 *quiddit*] i. e. law-subtlety.
156 s. d. Drinks] First given by Dyce.
165 *maggot-pate*] So Ff, Web., Dyce. *maggot, rat* Sew., Edd. '78. "This may mean a fellow who has many maggots in his brain; and is a happy description of a roguish attorney." Mason. But this would seem to mean "full of crochets or whims," which, in spite of V. ii. 43, hardly applies to Bartolus.
169 *states*] i. e. estates.
170 *do you deserve*] So F2, etc. Given to Diego in F1.

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Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer,
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I am cheated,
How grossly and maliciously made a May-game!
A damnèd trick!—My wife, my wife!—some rascal——
My credit, and my wife!—some lustful villain,
Some bawd, some rogue, some crafty——
Ars. Fool, has found ye:
This 'tis, sir, to teach ye to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring oar in all men's actions.
Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. God yield ye, and God thank ye! I am fool'd, gentlemen!
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!—
Vicar, remember, vicar!—Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal!——
Die. I do remember, sir.
Pray ye, stay a little; I have even two legacies,
To make your mouth up, sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets;
Quake, and remember, rogues; I have brine for your buttocks! [*Exit.*
Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!
Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,
Rare damnèd stuff.
Ars. Let 's after him, and still vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.

177 *My credit, and my wife!*] Cf. "my ducats and my daughter," *Mer. of V.* II. 8. 16, and "O my girl, my gold," *Jew of Malta*, II. i. 56–7. I do not suggest a reminiscence.

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Mil. Well, Diego, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, boy.
Ars. Go; let 's crucify him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A street.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Lean. I have told ye all my story, and how desperately——
Ama. I do believe. Let 's walk on; time is precious,
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing;
The open air 's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell ye.
Lean. I 'll do anything:
I am so overjoy'd, I 'll fly to serve ye.
Ama. Take your joy moderately, as it is minister'd,
And as the cause invites: that man 's a fool,
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crotchets and strange fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold ye to that, and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye.
Pray ye, let 's step in, and see a friend of mine;
The weather 's sharp: we 'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: a private fine house 'tis, sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!
Ama. All your mind 's of doing:
You must be modester.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII.

A street before the house of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS, *who knocks at the door.*

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, there!
Open, I say, and do not anger me!
I am subject to much fury. When, ye dish-clout,
When do ye come? asleep, ye lazy hell-hound?
Nothing intended but your ease and eating?—
Nobody here?—Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!—
No tongue to answer me?—Prithee, good pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to th' door, and let me in.—Nor he neither?
Ha! not at 's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?
I 'll make ye hear! [*Knocks violently.*] The house of ignorance!
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I am metamorphosed!
[*Unlocks the door, and exit into the house.*

Enter LOPEZ, ARSENIO, MILANES, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.
Mil. He shall be hang'd first; we'll be sticklers there, boys.
Die. The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty,
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!
Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.

vii. s. d. who knocks at the door] Added by Dyce.
6 *intended*] i. e. attended to.
12 s. d. Knocks violently] First given by Dyce.

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Mil. Let him cast till his maw come up; we care not.
You shall be still secured.
Die. We 'll pay him home, then.
[*A great noise within.*
Hark, what a noise he keeps within!
Lop. Certain,
H'as set his chimneys o' fire, or the devil roars there.
Die. The codexes o' th' law are broke loose, gentlemen.
Ars. He 's fighting, sure.
Die. I 'll tell ye that immediately.
[*Exit into the house.*
Mil. Or doing some strange outrage on himself.
Ars. Hang him! he dares not be so valiant.

Re-enter DIEGO.

Die. There 's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And stinks withal. [*Noise still.*
Lop. Nobody?
Die. Not a creature;
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest:
The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all,
And how the glasses, through the rooms!
Ars. My friend, sure,
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on 't.
Lop. See, where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles!
The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles!

Re-enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Made every way an ass? abus'd on all sides?
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me?
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at?

21 *cast*] i. e. (with a quibble) vomit.
23 *Certain*] Mr. Fleay would read *For certain*.
26 s. d. Exit into the house] So Dyce. Exit F1 to Web.
35 *brustles*] So F2, Edd. '78, etc. *brussels* F1. *bustles* Sew. *See where the Seal comes, how he foams and bustles!* Sympson conj., approved by Mason. The word may mean "crackle," which is hardly satisfactory here, or it may be a form of "bristle" which seems, at any rate later, to have been used in the sense of "bluster".

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A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads?
I will run from my wits!
Ars. Do, do, good lawyer,
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil. Here she comes home: now mark the salutations.
How like an ass my friend goes!
Ars. She has pull'd his ears down.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what garden, lady?
Or to what cousin's house?
Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandall'd;
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen——
Bar. To church?
Ama. Yes; and ye keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!
There 's your delight again; pray, take him to ye;
He never comes near me more to debase me.
Bar. How 's this? how 's this? Good wife, how has he wrong'd ye?
Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me:
I blush to think how people fleer'd and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance: this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal justle me;
And still I push'd him on, as he had been conning.
Bar. Ha! did ye push him on? is he so stupid?

45–6] Cf. "it [i. e. my name for you] shall be cousin, or rather coz; that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their mad-caps that man 'em to the garden." Dekker, *Honest Whore, Pt. I*, I. ii. (near end).
54 *how has*] So F1, Edd. '78, etc. *how, has* F2, Sew.
56 *fleer'd*] So F2, etc. *fleere* F1.
58 *observance*] "i. e. obsequious attention" Dyce. Surely rather "manners, etiquette."

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Ama. When others were attentive to the priest,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: then first began the bagpipes,
The several stops on 's nose made a rare music,
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem:
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. [*Aside.*] As cunning as she is sweet! I like this carriage.
Bar. What did he then?
Ama. Why, then he talk'd in his sleep too,—
Nay, I 'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face!—
And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fix'd to him;—
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?—
Talk['d] of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations and excommunications,
Warrants and executions, and such devils,
That drove all the gentlemen out o' th' church by hurries,
With execrable oaths they would never come there again.
Thus am I served and mann'd!
Lean. I pray ye, forgive me:
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon ye.
Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an ass,
A lawyer's ass, to carry books and buckrams!
Bar. But what did you at church?
Lop. At church, did ye ask her?—
Do you hear, gentlemen? do you mark that question?—
Because you are half an heretic yourself, sir,
Would ye breed her too? This shall to the Inquisition.
A pious gentlewoman reproved for praying!
I 'll see this filed; and you shall hear further, sir.
Ars. Ye have an ill heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen;
There be those youths will search it.

[illegible] *Talk'd of*] So Web. (Mason conj.) to Dyce. *Talk* Ff to Edd. '78.

Die. You are warm, signior,
But a faggot will warm ye better: we are witnesses.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay, certain,
I do believe h'as rather no religion.
Lop. That must be known too. Because she goes to church, sir?
O monstrum informe, ingens!
Die. Let him go on, sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he is hanged and rotten,
May there be abbess.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen:
I do not forbid the use, but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do ye make of form?
Bar. [*Aside.*] They will undo me;
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me:
I must make fair way, and hereafter——Wife,
You are welcome home; and henceforth take your pleasure;
Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye;
My eyes are open now, and I see my error.—
[*Aside.*] My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it;
The whole conveyance now I smell: but *basta;*
Another time must serve.—You see us friends now,
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;
I have been too foolish, I confess.—No more words,
No more, sweet wife.
Ama. You know my easy nature.
[*Exit into the house.*]
Bar. Go, get ye in. You see she has been angry:

92 *h'as*] So F2, Sew. *has* F1. *h'has* Edd. '78. *he has* Web.
94 *O monstrum, &c.*] "A mutilated quotation from Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 658." Dyce.
99 *ye*] So F1. *you* F2.
101 *hereafter——Wife*] So Dyce, and, without Aside, Sew. to Web. *hereafter, Wife,* Ff. "He means that he would carry things fairly at present

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Forbear her sight a while, and time will pacify ;
And learn to be more bold.
Lean. I would I could !
I will do all I am able.
Bar. Do, Leandro.
[*Exit* LEANDRO *into the house.*
We will not part but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well said !
Now ye are reasonable, we can look on ye.
Bar. Ye have jerk'd me ; but, for all that, I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To-morrow to a breakfast ; I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.
Ars. Now ye are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from ye,
And now we will come to ye.
Bar. Give me your hands, all :
You shall be welcome heartily.
Lop. We will be,
For we 'll eat hard.
Bar. The harder, the more welcome ;
And, till the morning, farewell : I have business.
Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus.
[*Exit* BARTOLUS *into the house.*
'Tis a brave wench,
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.
Go, we 'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.
Die. I 'll clap four tire of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.
Ars. Well, Leandro,
Thou hast had a strange voyage ; but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.
Mil. Let 's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.
Lop. A match, a match ! 'twill whet our stomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

114 s. d. into the house] Added by Dyce.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the house of DON HENRIQUE.

Enter VIOLANTE *and* Servant.

Serv. Madam, he 's come.
Viol. 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not startled?
Or confident? or fearful?
Serv. As appear'd,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And cared not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better.
Reach me a chair. So: bring him in; be careful
That none disturb us. [*Exit* Servant.]—I will try his temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I 'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other engines.

Re-enter Servant *with* DON JAMIE.

Serv. There 's my lady.
Viol. Leave us.
[*Exit* Servant.]
Jam. You sent for me?
Viol. I did: and does the favour,
Your present state consider'd, and my power,
Deserve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,
Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn;
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd:

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And so, farewell.
Viol. [*Aside.*] He bears up still; I like it.—
Pray you, a word.
Jam. Yes; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a suitor. Now, your pleasure?
Viol. You are very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud:
I was not made to feed that foolish humour
With flattery and observance.
Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little form, join'd with respect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wisdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I have found and proved
My greatest enemy. I am still the same;
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new-cerused face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you.
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so, that I ever read of.
In stature you are a giantess; and your tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,
Or he can never reach you: this, by the way,
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that served her.
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your soul,—if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.
Viol. I laugh at this. Proceed.
Jam. This soul I speak of,

26] In F1 is found the direction, "A Table ready covered with Cloath Napkins Salt Trenchers and Bread."
33 *new-cerused*] So Edd. '78, etc. *new cervis'd* F1. *new cerus'd* F2, Sew.
38 *Jacob's staff*] an instrument used for taking the altitude of the sun.
41 *were decorum*] i. e. were proper. *with decorum* Sew. (Sympson conj.).

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Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices; but there 's no corner
An honest thought can take up: and, as it were not
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend
All wicked plots, you have taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,
Because he should be like you; and, I hope,
Will march to hell together. I have spoken;
And, if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward; or, if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for, though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat for 't, be assured I cannot
Use other language.

Viol. You think you have said now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame ass; and, when most spurr'd and gall'd,
Were never master of the spleen or spirit
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead; dead, woman!
But, being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee and contemn thee.

Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it;
For, had you kneel'd, and whined, and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despised you.
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers
And does command me; and, upon the sudden,
I feel a kind of pity growing in me

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Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you have suffer'd, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.
Jam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amazed:
Our injuries are equal in his bastard:
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And, though the name of husband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am sensible and tender of a wrong,
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets
That durst oppose me.
Jam. Is it possible?
Viol. [*kissing him*] By this kiss! Start not. Thus much, as a stranger,
You may take from me; but, if you were pleased
I should select you as a bosom friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus. [*Kisses him.*]
Jam. Keep off!
Viol. Come near;
Nearer, into the cabinet of my counsels:
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burdens which wise men
Boldly shake off: be mine, and join with me;
And, when that I have raised you to a fortune,—
Do not deny yourself the happy means,—
You 'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And swear I am most fair.
Jam. [*Aside.*] What would this woman?—
The purpose of these words? speak not in riddles;
And, when I understand what you would counsel,
My answer shall be sudden.
Viol. Thus, then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the same;
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,

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Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: and, were he removed——
Viol. You once again were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be denied: I was ice before,
But now ye have fired me.
Viol. I 'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct, you bring our bark into
The port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death.
But, you 'll say, he 's your brother: in great fortunes,
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For, sure, I think, out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desired to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs must learn,
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think you,
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)
That none may live that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we are red
With murther, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be scarlet.
Viol. And that 's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done:

120 *you bring*] So F1. *you, wee'l bring* F2, Edd. '78 to Dyce. *we'll bring our bark* (om. *you*) Sew.

123] In F1 is found the direction, "Dishes covered with papers in each ready."

138 *murther*] So Ff, Sew. *murder* Edd. '78 to Dyce.

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If undiscover'd, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys anything in Rome)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or, if it be known, truss up our gold and jewels,
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn——
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere admirable!
Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The mere imagination.
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to yourself
Say it is done already. I will shew you,
Ere the sun set, how much you have wrought upon me:
Your province is only to use some means
To send my brother to the grove that 's neighbour
To the west port of th' city; leave the rest
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,
But now will do. This kiss, with my confession,
To work a fell revenge a man 's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of BARTOLUS. *The table set out, and stools.*

Enter BARTOLUS, *with* Algazeirs *and a* Paritor *in disguise.*

Bar. You are well enough disguised: furnish the table;
Make no show what ye are, till I discover;

146] So Edd. '78, etc. As two lines, dividing after *Spain.* Ff, Sew.
153 *is only*] "Qy. '*only is*'?" Dyce.
155 *of th' city*] So Ff, Sew. *o' th' city* Edd. '78, Web. *of the city* Dyce.
157–9] The punctuation is Seward's. Both Ff as follows:
But now will doe: this kisse, with my Confession,
To worke a fell revenge: A mans a foole,
If not instructed in a Womans Schoole.
159 s. d. Exeunt] Exeunt severally. Dyce.
ii. s. d. The table set out, and stools] So Ff to Edd. '78. A Table set out for Breakfast. Web. A table for breakfast, and stools. Dyce.
Algazeirs] a corruption of "Alguazils", which latter form is substituted here and elsewhere by Edd. '78 and Web.
Paritor] i. e. Apparitor.
in disguise] Added by Web.

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Not a soul knows ye here: be quick and diligent.
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,
But what the sauce will be——I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,
And grease their gums for eating heartily
This month or two: they have play'd their prizes with me,
And with their several flurts they have lighted dangerously;
But, sure, I shall be quit. I hear 'em coming.
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,
And do it handsomely: you know where to have it.
[*Exeunt* Algazeirs *and* Paritor.]

Enter MILANES, ARSENIO, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO.

Welcome, i' faith.
Ars. That 's well said, honest lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcome, all; all over!
And let 's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, sir:
An hour of freedom 's worth an age of jugglings.
Die. I am come too, sir, to specify my stomach
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.
Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd, my merry Diego,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego,
Even fill'd till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And, if it founder then——

7 *grease their gums*] "An allusion to the common trick of ostlers to grease the gums of horses in order to prevent them from eating." Web. Cf. *Mad Lover* I. 2, *A Wonderfull . . . Prognostication for . . .* 1591, C 4 (Nashe, ed. Grosart II. 163), and Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, III. 299).

7–8 *heartily This . . . two: they*] So punctuated (substantially) F2 to Dyce. *hartily; This . . . two they* F1.

8 *play'd their prizes*] See the *Humorous Lieutenant* V. ii. To play a prize, in fencing, was to take part in a contest for one of the three degrees, a master's, a provost's or a scholar's. Web. "equivalent here to—played their feats, pranks." Dyce.

9 *flurts*] So Ff. Sew.. Dyce. *flirts* Edd. '78. Web.

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Bar. I 'll tell ye, neighbours;
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me——
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No; when I consider'd
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen:
I do confess I could not sleep to think on 't;
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth does work so, honest mirth.
Now, should we have meant in earnest——
Bar. You say true, neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distaste and sourness,
Such fond imaginations in your brains, sir,
For things thrust home in earnest——
Bar. Very certain;
But I know ye all for merry wags, and, ere long,
You shall know me too in another fashion;
Though y' are pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th' burthen.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel:—
And, pupil, you shall come too; ne'er hang backward;—
Come, come, the woman 's pleased, her anger 's over;
Come, be not bashful.
Ama. [*Aside.*] What does he prepare here?
Sure, there 's no meat i' th' house, at least none dress'd:
Does he mean to mock 'em? or some new-bred crotchet
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness;
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,

22 Bar.] So F2. etc. om. F1. but *I'll tell* begins a new line.

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Sure, they are enough to right themselves; and let 'em;
I 'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.
Bar. Bring in the meat there, ha!—Sit down, dear neighbour[s];
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I say.
Ama. What do you mean by this, sir?
Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.
Ama. You know there 's none i' th' house to answer ye,
But the poor girl; you know there 's no meat neither.
Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you smoke else:
There 's men and meat enough.

Re-enter Algazeirs *with covered dishes, which they place on the table, and* Paritor.

Set it down formally.
Ama. [*Aside.*] I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on 't. [*She removes their swords.*]
Bar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat to make the room smell of 'em:
Only a dish to every man I have dedicated;
And, if I have pleased his appetite——
Lop. Oh, a capon,
A bird of grace, an 't be thy will! I honour it.
Die. For me some forty pound of lovely beef,
Placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.—

48 *ha!*] So Dyce. *ha?* Ff, Sew. *hoa!* Edd. '78, Web.
48 *neighbour[s]*] So Dyce. *neighbour* F1 to Web.
55 s. d. Re-enter, etc.] So Dyce. Enter Algazeirs with dishes. Ff, Sew. Enter Alguazils, with dishes. Edd. '78, Web.
56 *lewd*] i. e. wicked, vile.
56 s. d. She removes their swords] Placed here by Dyce. She takes their swords and puts them aside (after *enough* in l. 55). Web., who first gave the direction.
61 *of grace*] Properly "of grease," i. e. fat, fit for killing. Cf. *N.E.D.* s.v. grease *sb.* 1b.
61 *an 't be*] So Edd. '78, etc. *and be* Ff, Sew.
63 *brewis*] i. e. broth.

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Wait diligently, knaves.
Mil. [*lifting the cover*] What rare bit 's this?
An execution! bless me!
Bar. Nay, take it to ye,
There 's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough, sir,
But a good stomach will endure it easily;
The sum is but a thousand ducats, sir.
Ars. [*lifting the cover*] A capias from my surgeon, and my silk-man!
Bar. Your careful makers; but they have marr'd your diet.
Stir not; your swords are gone; there 's no avoiding me;
And these are algazeirs,—do you hear that passing-bell?
Lop. [*lifting the cover*] A strong citation! bless me!
Bar. Out with your beads, curate,—
The devil 's in your dish,—bell, book, and candle!
Die. [*lifting the cover*] A warrant to appear before the judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.
Bar. Ye need not;
Your fear, I hope, will make ye find your breeches.

65 s. d. lifting the cover] So Dyce. They lift up the napkins, and discover an execution under each. Web.

68 *endure*] So F1 to Web. *endue* Dyce (Mason conj.). "'Endue' is the correction of Mason, who confirms it beyond all doubt by the following passage in *Love's Pilgrimage*, act ii. sc. 2,—

> 'Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new hand-saw,
> I could *endue* now like an estrich,'

where *both the folios* have 'endure'." Dyce. I cannot myself see that this does confirm it; so, as the Ff reading makes perfect sense, I have let it stand. Probably there was confusion between the words. "Endue" means—to digest, and is a term of falconry.

70, 74, 76 s. d. lifting the cover] So Dyce.

70 *capias*] i. e. a writ in a civil action directing that the defendant be taken into custody.

71 *makers*] Seward has a long note on such phrases as "a tailor made him." Cf. "gentlemen of the maker," i. e. feigned gentlemen, G. Harvey, *Works*,

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All. We are betray'd!
Bar. Invited: do not wrong me.
Fall to, good guests; you have diligent men about ye;
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave; you rid, you spurr'd him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him:
Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,
A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, Don Diego,
And excommunications for the learnèd curate;
A masque of all your Furies shall dance to ye.
Ars. You dare not use us thus?
Bar. You shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to prison,
To prison, without pity, instantly;
Before ye speak another word, to prison.
I have a better guard without, that waits.—
Do you see this man, Don Curate? 'tis a paritor,
That comes to tell ye a delightful story
Of an old whore ye have, and then to teach ye
What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, sir!
What legacy would ye bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail,) to fly my fury?
Lop. Oh, gentle sir——
Bar. Dost thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate curate?
Lop. Let me go, sir—
Bar. I 'll see thee hang first.
Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark softly.
Bar. No, no bribery;
I 'll have my swinge upon thee.—Sirrah rascal,
You lenten-chaps! you that lay sick, and mock'd me,
Mock'd me abominably, abused me lewdly,

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I 'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou stealest,
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he was buried with,
Steal'st from his grave: do you smell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No psalm of mercy shall hold me from hanging thee.—
How do ye like your breakfast? 'tis but short, gentlemen,
But sweet and healthful.—Your punishment, and yours, sir, [*To* AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.]
For some near reasons that concerns my credit,
I will take to myself.
Ama. Do, sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;
But, since ye dare provoke me to be foolish——
Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for your usage:
Before the world I justify her goodness;
[*Draws his sword.*]
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my sword's point,—that lying man, that base man,—
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!
Bar. What have I here?
Lean. A gentleman, a free man;
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,
And found it strong as fate. Leave off your fooling;
For, if you follow this course, you will be chronicled
For a devil, whilst a saint she is mention'd.
You know my name, indeed: I am now no lawyer.

113 *stealest*] So F1 to Web. *steal'dst.* Dyce (Mason conj.). "Bartolus is speaking of past transactions." Mason.
114, 115 *Steal'st*] *Stealest* F1 to Web. *Steal'dst* Dyce.

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Enter DON JAMIE *and* Assistant.

Die. [*Aside.*] Some comfort now, I hope; or else, would I were hang'd up!
And yet, the judge! he makes me sweat.
Bar. What news now?
Jam. I will justify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth, and will make proof of.
Assist. I will be ready at the appointed hour there:
And so, I leave ye.
Bar. Stay, I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good sir, intend this business,
And let this bawling fool.—No more words, lawyer,
And no more angers; for I guess your reasons:
This gentleman I 'll justify in all places,
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it.
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife; she is fair and virtuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour;
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissension, lawyer;
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;
For, if you do, I 'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall——I 'll bring witness,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villainies——
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.
Bar. Nay, good sir, noble sir——
Jam. Be at peace, then, presently;
Immediately take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with that gentleman,—
H'as honour'd ye too much,—and do it cheerfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heaven-sake, too!

[illegible] Assistant] See note on III. i. [illegible]

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Bar. I am friends—
[*Aside.*] There is no remedy; I must put up all,
And, like my neighbours, rub it out by th' shoulders—
And perfect friends.—Leandro, now I thank ye,
And there 's my hand, I have no more grudge to ye;
But I am too mean henceforward for your company.
Lean. I shall not trouble ye.
Ars. We will be friends too.
Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us farther;
For all your devils, we will bolt.
Bar. I grant ye;
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for 't.
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentlemen,
Come not to me to breakfast.
Die. I 'll be baked first.
Bar. And, pray ye, remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave ye.
Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for ye,—
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool ye,—
For all, for every one.
All. We are all your servants.
Die. All, all, for anything. From this day forward,
I 'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.
Jam. I am glad you come off fair.
Lean. The fair has blest me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A grove near the west part of the city.

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are appointed
By Don Jamie to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.
Asc. Believe 't, he is too noble

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To purpose anything but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he proved only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all misery.
Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter DON HENRIQUE *and* DON JAMIE.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him Don Henrique?
Jac. Now I fear: be silent.
[*Retires with* OCT. *and* ASC.]
Hen. Why dost thou follow me?
Jam. To save your life;
A plot is laid for 't: all my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.
Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice, then. I am sent hither
To meet her that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abused thus
With weak credulity! She, for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love
You brake a contract to which Heaven was witness;
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have exposed a sweet and hopeful son
To all the miseries that want can bring him

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To give whom entertainment savages
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger); this dissembling woman,
This idol whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or, dead, to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.
Hen. 'Tis false. I defy thee,
And stand upon my guard.
Jam. Alas, 'tis weak!
Come on!

Enter, disguised, LEANDRO, MILANES, ARSENIO, BARTOLUS, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO, *with* Servants. *They seize* DON HENRIQUE.

Since you will teach me to be cruel
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.—
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.
[*They seize and bind* OCTAVIO, ASCANIO, *and* JACINTHA.]
Oct. My lord!
Asc. In what have we offended?
Jam. I am deaf;
And, following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason.—See her ring,
The first pledge of your love and service to her,
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny yourself,
Bestow'd on me (and with a prodigal hand),
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect
Of her most bloody building! and to fee
These instruments, to bring materials
To raise it up, she bade me spare no cost,
And, as a surplusage, offer'd herself
To be at my devotion.

38 s. d. disguised] Added by Dyce.
38 s. d. Diego, with Servants] So Web., Dyce. Diego, Octavio, Iacinta, Ascanio, and Servants. F1 to Edd. '78.
38–40 s. d. They seize Don Henrique. They . . . Jacintha] So Dyce. Henrique, Octavio, Ascanio, and Jacintha are seized and bound (after *offended* in l. 41). Web., who was the first to give a direction for the arrest of any of the characters.

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Hen. Oh, accursed!
Jam. But be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear
That she is innocent, that she dotes on ye;
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will shew only,—she herself shall give
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Appears my Violante? speak, my dearest,
Does not the object please you?
Viol. More than if
All treasure that 's above the earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,
Were laid down at my feet. Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canst deserve me!
Jam. I am forward;
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant *and* Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say "they are not."
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon.
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You, sir, that
Would have me mother bastards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own;
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain

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As I turn off a slave that is unfit
To do me service, or a horse or dog
That have outlived their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heaven.
Hen. I do deserve this;
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, mistress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on these bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine: but, as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Assist. [*Aside.*] Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Jam. Let him live, then,
Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No, Jamie;
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,
And let them fall so.
Assist. Unheard-of cruelty!
I can endure no longer.—Seize on her!
[*They seize* VIOLANTE.]
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, Jamie?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold yourself to hell,
I should make up the bargain?—Live, dear brother,

90 *the bastard*] So all eds. Possibly we should read *thy bastard.*
102 *Seize on her!*] Mr. Fleay considers these words to be a stage-direction.

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Live long and happy! I forgive you freely:
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair inheritance; and, howe'er harsh language,
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever loved you. All my labours
Were but to shew how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld itself in this false glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.
These are the murtherers, my noble friends;
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won to come disguised thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of grief and shame to speak: but what I 'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And, howsoever I have lived, I 'll die
A much-changed man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.
Hen. That 's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.
Assist. All is come out,
And finds a fair success. Take her, Don Henrique;
And once again embrace your son.
Hen. Most gladly.
Assist. Your brother hath deserved well.
Hen. And shall share
The moiety of my state.
Assist. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill instrument you have been to him:
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,
As you 'll deserve my pardon.
Bar. I 'll change my copy:

109 *service*] *service* F1.
117 *state*] i. e. estate.

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But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
Assist. Curate, and sexton,
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,
And what 's past is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death; yet, that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assist. The strict discipline
Of the church will teach you better thoughts.—And, signiors,
You that are bachelors, if you ever marry,
In Bartolus you may behold the issue
Of covetousness and jealousy, and of dotage
And falsehood in Don Henrique. Keep a mean, then;
For be assured, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a woman's will. [*Exeunt.*

154-5] So Sew., etc. In the Ff these two lines are in italics and set in.

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Live long a
To have don
A fair inherita
Call'd on by yo
my heart I e
e but to shev
it beheld its
d abuse you
ving young
state wer
herers,
of her b
hus.
I a
wha
e;

EPILOGUE

THE play is done, yet our suite never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends. If aught have faln amiss,
Oh, let it be sufficient that it is,
And you have pardon'd it! (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be so neat
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

5–7] The brackets were added by Seward and retained by all later editors.
7 *mended.*) *Those*] So Sew., etc. *mended; Those* Ff.

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WIT WITHOUT MONEY

EDITED BY R. B. MCKERROW

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(Q1) *Wit without Money. A Comedie, As it hath beene Presented with good Applause at the private house in Drurie Lane, by her Majesties Servants.*

Written by { *Francis Beamount, and John Flecher.* } *Gent.*

London Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1639. 4to.

(Q2) *Wit without Money*, &c. (as above). *The second Impression Corrected. London, Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in St. Pauls-Church-Yard*, 1661. 4to.

In the folio of 1679.

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WIT WITHOUT MONEY

DATE.—That this play was completed after August, 1614, is shown by the reference to the dragon which appeared in Sussex during that month (II. iv. 53), while, on the other hand, the allusion to the New River, opened in 1613 (IV. v. 61), forbids us to place it much later than this date. We shall, I think, not be far wrong if we attribute it to the autumn or winter of 1614.

TEXT.—The text is in many places evidently corrupt, the punctuation of Q1 being especially erratic.

The copies of this quarto differ among themselves, owing to their being made up of corrected and uncorrected sheets indiscriminately. Of the two copies in the British Museum that designated 643. g. 21, which I here refer to as (A), contains the greater number of sheets which had not received the final corrections. The other copy, 644. d. 22, called here (B), has therefore been used in the collation. In a very few cases where important differences occur, the readings of both are given.

The second quarto seems to have been printed from a roughly corrected copy of the first. The punctuation has been to some extent improved and a half line necessary to the sense has been added, besides a few single words (I. i. 97, 105, 107), but there is nothing to lead us to attribute any authority to the alterations.

The folio text was printed from Q2. The only cases in which it agrees with the first quarto while differing from the second are those of obvious misprints in the latter, as at I. i. 225 and V. ii. 65.

In the present edition the text of the first quarto has been followed wherever it seemed possible to do so. In many passages, however, I have felt bound to admit conjectural emendations of other editors which I cannot consider altogether satisfactory, but which are at any rate better than the utter nonsense of the original.

ARGUMENT.—The scene is London. Valentine, an eccentric spendthrift, despises wealth and holds that a man can and should live by his wits alone. When the play opens he is supported by the bounty of three persons, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain, who are suitors to a rich widow, Lady Heartwell, and to whom he seems to be acting in the capacity of general adviser and tutor in fashionable behaviour. Valentine's uncle, Lovegood, is in despair at the way in which his nephew's property is being neglected and is anxious to find some means to reclaim him from his habits of extravagance. He thinks that it would be an excellent thing if he could be persuaded to marry Lady Heartwell. Valentine, however, despises all women and especially widows.

The suitors send Valentine to Lady Heartwell to plead their cause. During the interview he speaks most slightingly of women in general, but by his evident honesty and frankness produces a good impression, while, on the other hand, the widow attracts him by her spirited defence of her sex.

Lovegood now manages to suggest to the suitors that Valentine is tricking them and is wooing the widow for himself. Enraged at this, they upbraid him with his treachery and he in anger returns all their gifts, leaving himself penniless and even without clothes. Lovegood now makes him an offer of assistance if he will change his mode of life, but Valentine still refuses. At

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this moment he receives an anonymous gift of clothes and money. The gift comes from the widow.

Valentine pays another visit to her, in which he rids her of the suitors who are annoying her, and further increases her good opinion of himself.

Lovegood now induces the widow to believe that it is generally reported that she has married Valentine. She goes in indignation to reproach him for having given rise to such a false report, and he offers to marry her in reality.

The underplot is supplied by a somewhat similar story of Francisco, Valentine's brother, who, being assisted by Isabella, Lady Heartwell's sister, falls in love with her and induces her to marry him.

SOURCE.—No source is known. The story, such as it is, was probably of the dramatist's own invention. In E. Koeppel's *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont's und Fletcher's*, it is suggested that Valentine's speech against widows (II. ii. 89, etc.) is a reminiscence of Chaucer (*Merchant's Tale*, v. 161 ff.), but to me the connection seems very doubtful.[1]

The symmetry of arrangement of the characters is also pointed out. "Auf der einen Seite zwei verarmte Brüder, auf der anderen zwei reiche Damen, eine Witwe und ihre Schwester; Schlussgruppe; zwei Ehepaare."

AUTHORSHIP.—That Fletcher was the sole author is not, so far as I am aware, now questioned. The editors of 1778 say, however, that the play was then universally considered to be the joint work of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Weber held that this view is supported by internal evidence.

EDITIONS.—*(1) 1639. This, the first quarto, was entered in the Stationers' Register for Master Crooke and William Cooke on the 25th April 1639, together with Night walters (*i. e.* Walker), Opportunity, Loves Cruelty, and The Coronation.

*(2) 1661. 4to. This quarto is a page for page reprint of Q1.[2]

*(3) 1679. In the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, where it is the eighth play, occupying pp. 148–165.

(4) n.d. Wit without Mony, A Comedy, (With Alterations and Amendments, by some Persons of Quality.) As it is now Acted at the Queen's Theatre In the Hay-Market, By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. London: Printed for, and are to be Sold by John Morphew near Stationers Hall. 4to. (Dyce Collection.) The alterations are numerous but not important. Edd. '78 state that this edition was published about 1708. It has a prologue, in which the play is assigned to Fletcher alone, and an epilogue.

(5) 1711. In the seven-volume octavo edition.

(6) 1718. Wit without Money, a Comedy. Written by Mr. Francis Beaumont, and Mr. John Fletcher. London, Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black Swan without Temple-Bar. 1718. This edition is, I presume, a reprint from that of 1711. It is of no value.

[1] If the play was not written until 1615 the author may possibly have derived a few hints from A. Niccholes' *Discourse of Marriage and Wiving*, which contains a chapter 'Whether

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*(7) 1750. The Theobald-Seward-Sympson edition. Vol. II. This play was edited by Seward. Some marginal notes had been left by Theobald, who had also before his death made some progress with arranging the play as verse.

It appears in the following later editions of the collected works.

*(8) 1778. Vol. II. (9) 1811. Vol. I. of B. and F. Vol. II. of the whole.
*(10) 1812. Vol. II. (11) 1840. Vol. I. *(12) 1843. Vol. IV.

The editions marked * have been used in the preparation of the present one. The only texts which I have attempted to collate fully are the two quartos, the folio, and Dyce's edition. The readings of other editions are only given when they seem to be of some interest. I have not necessarily recorded readings of Q2 and F which are obvious misprints.

In the quartos and the folio the play was printed as prose, by Seward and all later editors as verse.[1] Seward made very numerous and daring alterations in order to bring it into metrical form and is especially free in the use of extraordinary contractions, for example, "She looks as sharp-set as a sparrow hawk," (V. iv. 14) becomes in his edition, "She looks as sharp set 's 'Sparrow-hawk." The editors of 1778 commented severely on Seward's freedom in this respect and printed a long list of extraordinary forms used by him. This note and list were reprinted by Weber. They themselves entirely redivided the lines in many places, and both Weber and Dyce made numerous alterations in this respect. The changes are so numerous that it would have been quite impossible to record them in the collations.

I have adhered throughout, with two short exceptions, to Dyce's arrangement of the lines. Not that it seems to me perfect, but because to me the play appears, at least in great part, so imperfectly metrical that any attempt at a perfect arrangement would be but wasted labour. It is of course true that there are long passages of fairly regular verse, but there are also passages which I am quite unable to regard as anything but slightly rhythmical prose. Certain characters such as Shorthose the clown and the men-servants rarely speak in regular verse. The notes will show to what an extent Dyce has had to substitute contracted for uncontracted forms, and *vice versa*, to obtain even the imperfectly metrical result which he has achieved.[2]

It would perhaps have been better to print the play partly as verse and partly as prose, and with any other author this would have been the natural course, but Fletcher's verse has a tendency to shade off so gradually into prose that it is exceedingly difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. This fact has rendered extremely difficult the task of deciding how to place and number the short lines. I shall, I fear, be charged with having taken an unjustifiably liberal view of what Fletcher might intend to form a single line of verse. I can only plead the improbability of any two persons dividing the lines in this play in a precisely similar manner.

Coleridge's remarks on the treatment of this play by the earlier editors may not be without interest here, even though one may doubt the utility of the comparison which he proposes: "The editors, and their contemporaries in general, were ignorant of any but the regular iambic verse. A study of the Aristophanic and Plautine metres would have enabled them to reduce B. and F. throughout into metre, except where prose is really intended." (*Lit. Rem.* 1836, Vol. II. 302.)

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Beeston's company of boys] at St. James." Herbert's *Office-book*, quoted in Malone's *Shakspeare* (ed. Boswell), iii. 239.

(2) 10 Aug., 1639. It was, with numerous others, appropriated to William Beeston at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, by the Lord Chamberlain. *See* Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poetry* (1879), II. 24.

(3) 16 Oct., 1660. Pepys thus refers to it. . . . "and so home with him [Mr. Moore] to the Cockpit, where, understanding that 'Wit without money' was acted, I would not stay, but went home by water."

(4) 22 April, 1663. Again from Pepys' Diary. "After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of 'Witt without mony,' which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crowns for myself and company."

(5) 26 Feb., 1671–2. It was acted at the Duke's old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by the King's Company. It was the first play performed after their migration thither owing to the burning of their own theatre in the preceding month.

A prologue was written for the occasion by Dryden. It is concerned only with the actors and makes no reference to the play. The part of Valentine was taken by "Major" Michael Mohun. Langbaine says that he saw it received with "very great Applause at this theatre, but it is uncertain whether he refers to the same performance." (*Acc. of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 216.)

(6) "About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with *alterations*, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, *amendments*, by some Persons of Quality. It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre." Edd. '78. For the full title of the printed play see above.

"Many years have now elapsed since the last representation of *Wit without Money*," Dyce.

According to Dr. Ward, a German translation of this play, by A. Seubert, has been published under the title of *Geist ohne Geld*.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE ALTERED VERSION PUBLISHED c. 1708

By various ways we study still to please,
With labour strive what once we did with ease:
And since the writers of this modern age
No more delight, or draw you to the stage,
Old Fletcher's labour'd scenes we now revive,
Whose wit and humour shall immortal live.
In his just characters you still may view
How in yourselves old follies you renew:
How Vice does lord it, modest Virtue starves,
Ignorance rules, and patient Merit serves:
How Miss endeavours to undo her cully,
And then 's both stript and ruin'd by her bully:
How tricking sharpers do the town surround:
Bubbles their fathers' ill-got gold confound:
Parsons ne'er practise what they daily preach,
Not by example, but by precept teach:
No pangs of conscience does the lawyer dread,
But for his fee will for both parties plead.
But these bold truths to speak I should forbear,
Since you your vices will no longer hear;
From satire change to a more humble strain,
Your smiles to court, your favours to obtain:
Let your encouragement this day be shown,
That with success our labours we may crown.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VALENTINE, a gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his estate.

FRANCISCO, his younger brother.

Master LOVEGOOD, their uncle.

A Merchant, friend to Master LOVEGOOD.

FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, companions of VALENTINE, and suitors to the widow.

LANCE, a falconer, and an ancient servant to VALENTINE's father.

SHORTHOSE, the clown, and servant to the widow.

ROGER, RALPH, and HUMPHRY, three servants to the widow.

Three Servants.

Musicians.

LADY HEARTWELL, a widow.

ISABELLA, her sister.

LUCE, a waiting gentlewoman to the widow.

Dramatis Personæ] *The Actors names* Qq, F. The descriptions were much cut down by Dyce. I follow in general Q1.

Valentine] So Q2, F. *Vallentine* Q1.

Harebrain] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *Hairbraine* Q2, F. In the play itself the spelling fluctuates in Qq, F. The form *Hairbrain* is used by Sew.: *Harebrain* by Edd. '78, etc.

Roger, etc.] In III. i. 5-7 one '*Walter*' is mentioned, who, however, does not seem to enter.

Three Servants] *Three Tenants* Web., referring to the tenants of Valentine who appear in Act I.

Isabella] So Dyce. *Isabell* Q1 to Web. In the stage-directions of Qq, F, the name appears indifferently as *Isabella* and *Isabell*. By Seward and the Editors of 1778 the former is used, but they retain *Isabel* in V. iii. 15, s.d. Weber and Dyce have *Isabella* in stage-directions throughout.

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WIT WITHOUT MONEY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.

Mer. When saw you Valentine?
Love. Not since the horse-race;
He 's taken up with those that woo the widow.
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.
Love. Alas, he 's sunk!
His means are gone; he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.
Mer. That 's strange.
Love. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states:
He cannot be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,

ACT I. SC. 1.] In the quartos and the folio the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes; the beginning of each act is, however, marked 'Scæna 1' (Qq) or 'Scena prima' (F). It was first divided into scenes by Weber, whose divisions were adhered to by Dyce and are also followed in this edition.

SCENE 1.] So Q1 to Sew., Web., Dyce. Om. Edd. '78. Similarly at the commencement of the remaining acts.

A street] The indications of locality throughout the play were first given by Weber.

s.d. Lovegood] So Web., Dyce. Vncle Q1 to Edd. '78. And so, both in directions and speakers' names, throughout the play.

1, etc.] The play was printed as prose in Qq and F. As verse by Sew. and later editors. See introductory note, p. 233.

2 Love] See note to 's.d. Lovegood' above.

7 *states*] i. e. estates—as frequently.

9 *there is*] So Sew., etc. *theres* Qq, F.

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But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs ;——
Mer. This is something dangerous.
Love. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers ; for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,—
God bless the founders ! These he would have vented
Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks ;
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.
Mer. That 's most certain.
Love. Yes, if he could stay there.
Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way rise again.
Love. It 's most impossible ;
He will not look with any handsomeness
Upon a woman.
Mer. Is he so strange to women ?
Love. I know not what it is ; a foolish glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits :
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
Make 'em or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,
As his impression serves ; for he affirms,
They are only lumps and undigested pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
And then they show.—The lovers ! let 'em pass.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Mer. He might be one ; he carries as much promise.
They are wondrous merry.

12 *estate, to*] *Estate's to* Sew.
16 *Maintaining*] So F, etc. *maintaine* Qq.
16 *kites*] "i. e. sharpers." Web.
18 *God bless the founders !*] Cf. note on *The Scornful Lady*, V. iv. 73 (Vol. I. p. 467).

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Love. Oh, their hopes are high, sir.
Fount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Last night, I heard.
Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions;
For this widow is as stately and as crafty,
And stands, I warrant you——
Hare. Let her stand sure;
She falls before us else. Come, let 's go seek Valentine.
[*Exit with* FOUNTAIN *and* BELLAMORE.]
Mer. This widow seems a gallant.
Love. A goodly woman;
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,
Reserved and great; Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her!
Love. There 's no hope of that, sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again.
Love. I would he had!
Mer. Seek means, and see what I 'll do
(However, let the money be paid in):
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations:
The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time for 't.
You told me of another brother.
Love. Yes, sir;
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drunk him up; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

40 *you*——] So F, etc. *you.* Qq.
41 s.d. Exit, etc.] So Dyce. Om. Q1 to Edd.'78. Exeunt. Web.
43–4 *state, Reserved and great; Fortune*] So Sew. to Dyce. *state, reserved, and great Fortune* Qq, F. In support of his reading Seward appeals to its superiority from the metrical point of view, but I much doubt whether the metre of this play is sufficiently regular to base any argument upon it.
48 *O'*] So F, etc. *A* Qq. So generally throughout the play.
50–3] The parentheses were added by Edd. '78, etc. Should not the passage be punctuated thus—

"*However, let the money be paid in,*
(I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations,)
The mortgage shall be rendered back; take time for 't."

In l. 50 we should perhaps read, as Qq, F, *However let*, i. e. in whatever way the money is paid. Punctuated as here by Sew., etc.
53 *The mortgage . . . for 't*] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. Q2, F.
57 *And a fine scholar*] So Q1, Sew., etc. *and fine Schollar* Q2, F.

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Enter LANCE *and two other* Tenants.

Mer. What are these?
Love. The tenants;
They 'll do what they can.
Mer. It is well prepared.—
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him;
He is deaf to his own good.
Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an 't please you.
Mer. Do, and do it home;
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,
When we meet next——
Love. Do but persuade him fairly;
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks too,
And what we can be able——
Mer. Y'are most honest;
You shall find me no less; and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, my friends!
Love. Pray Heaven it may, sir!
[*Exit* Merchant.
Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I 'll be mad with him,
And tell him that—I 'll not spare him——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still. Must we turn tenants now
(After we have lived under the race of gentry,
And maintain'd good yeomantry) to some of the city,
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard,
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gardens?
Must it be so?
Love. You must be milder to him.
Lance. That 's as he makes his game.
Love. Entreat him lovingly,

57 s.d. Enter Lance and two other Tenants] Enter three tennants Qq to

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And make him feel.
Lance. I 'll pinch him to the bones else.
Val. [*Within*] And tell the gentleman, I 'll be with him presently:
Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.
Lance. You 'll want clothes, I hope.
Val. [*Within*] Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I 'll read to him.
Love. He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but affright him not.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Phew! are you there?
Love. We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.
Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?
Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,
Nor master of these troubles.
Tenants. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake!
Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? other men,
With all their delicates and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: you, with a clove of garlic,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain
These tumblers!
Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, provided for you.
Who bought the silk you wear? I think, our labours;
Reckon, you 'll find it so: who found your horses
Perpetual pots of ale, maintain'd your taverns,

83 s.d. Within] So Dyce. Om. Q1 to Edd. '78. Entering. Web.
85 s.d. Enter Valentine] Placed after *hope* in l. 83 Q1 to Web.
93 *bang'd*] So Q2, F, etc. *baugd* Q1.
93 *th'*] In all such cases Dyce has *the*.
97 *Can mount like stallions*] So Q2, etc. Om. Q1.
101–2 *Who found your horses Perpetual pots of ale*] So Qq, F, Web.,

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And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we are puppies!
Your tenants base vexations!
Val. Very well, sir.
Lance. Had you land,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself and your poor tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thousand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclosed, there 's no good riding;
The Counter is full of thorns and brakes (take heed, sir)
And bogs; you 'll quickly find what broth they 're made of.
Val. Y'are short and pithy.
Lance. They say y'are a fine gentleman,
And of excellent judgement; they report you have a wit:
Keep yourself out o' th' rain, and take your cloak with you,
Which by interpretation is your state, sir,
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have money,
And may have means.

---

make his Maisters horse eate pies and rybs of beefe, and drinke ale and wyne' (ed. Viles and Furnivall for E.E.T.S., p. 15). Nevertheless the passage is hardly satisfactory, the horses would not want *perpetual* pots of ale—unless Lance means to imply that they were really for the hostlers. References to the practice of giving ale to horses do not seem to be numerous, though we find it used not infrequently in making up medicines for them.

103 *half-crown boxes*] "This high price for a seat at the theatre is also mentioned by Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair:* see J. P. Collier's *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry*, (1879) iii. 147." Dyce.

105 *are puppies*] So Q1. *are all puppies* Q2 to Dyce. I suspect *all* was caught from the line above.

107 *land,*] So Q1. *Land, sir,* Q2 to Dyce. Again I suspect borrowing from the preceding line. Lance is not elsewhere so polite.

115 *broth*] *both* Sew. (Sympson conj.).

118 *And of excellent judgement, etc.*] So F, Dyce. Om. *of* Qq. *and of Excellent Judgment, they report you've Wit* Sew. *And excellent judgment* [illegible]

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Val. I prithee, leave prating:
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go;
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,
And let them edify! away, sow hemp,
And hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,
Or you to me? am I your landlord, puppies?
Love. This is uncivil.
Val. More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings;
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.
Tenants. Your father's worship would have used us better.
Val. My father's worship was a fool.
Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine, i' faith; the old boy still.
Love. Fie, cousin!
Val. I mean besotted to his state; he had never
Left me the misery of so much means else,
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out these tenants:
They are as killing to my nature, uncle,
As water to a fever.
Lance. We will go;
But it is like rams, to come again the stronger:
And you shall keep your state.
Val. Thou liest; I will not.
Lance. Sweet sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so, good morrow. [*Exeunt* LANCE *and* Tenants.
Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your business, uncle.
Love. To your state, then.
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on 't; name it no more;
'T is that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me:
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands or livings,)

127 *And hang*] So Q1, Web., Dyce. *to hang* Q2 to Edd. '78.
130 *bacon-broth*] So Edd. '78. etc. *bacon broth* Q1 to Sew.

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Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon 't!
Caveat emptor; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on 't.
Love. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad, then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Love. And from means too.
Val. Means? why, all good men 's my means, my wit 's my plough,
The town 's my stock, taverns my standing-house,
And all the world knows there 's no want; all gentlemen
That love society love me; all purses
That wit and pleasure opens are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepared,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here?
Love. But, say these means were honest, will they last, sir?
Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Should I take aught of you? 'tis true, I begg'd now,
Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in 't.
Your mind 's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly;

151–2] I cannot explain the allusion in these lines.
154 *thinks . . . catch on 't*] i. e. thinks it to be a 'catch' or acquisition.
161 *taverns*] *Tavern's* Sew., Edd. '78.
161 *standing-house*] i. e. permanent establishment (?). Cf. "The beere that is vsed at noble mens tables in their fixed and standing houses, is commonly of a yeare old." Holinshed, *Chron.* (Descr. of Eng.), ed. 1587, I. 167 b.
164 *opens*] So Qq, F, Sew., Web. *open* Edd. '78, Dyce.
166–7 *remove; and when . . . eminent*] So Q2, etc. *remoove, and when I please to remoove; and when I please to be more eminent* Q1. It seems impossible to follow Q1 or to propose any satisfactory emendation. I think we have, however, a case of confusion, rather than of mere repetition.
167–8 *air, A piece is*] So F, etc. *aire, a peece, is* Qq.
169 *What need state here?*] i. e., I suppose,—How does one need property (estate) for this? Perhaps we should read, *What needs state here?*

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Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble: were my way
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I 'd shift it.
Are my acquaintance graziers? But, sir, know,
No man that I am allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first; nor is this forced,
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness:
And do you think I venture nothing equal?

Love. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What 's my knowledge, uncle?
Is 't not worth money? what 's my understanding,
My travel, reading, wit, all these digested;
My daily making men, some to speak,
That too much phlegm had frozen up; some other
That spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put
Their tongues to pensions; some to wear their clothes,
And some to keep 'em? These are nothing, uncle!
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers—not examining
How much or what 's done for them—it is wicked,
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants, *one carrying a cloak and a hat, the other a purse.*

First Serv. This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's love.

Val. Commend us to thy master, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.

First Serv. I shall do it, sir. [*Exit.*]

Val. I do not think of these things.

176 *hinds*] So Q2, etc. *hid* Q1.
178 *'tis true, I 'd shift it*] So F, Sew., Web., Dyce. *tis true I shifted* Qq. *this? 'Tis true, I shifted* Edd. '78.
183 *poisure*] i. e. weight. *poise* Dyce (conj.). Cf. I. ii. 76.
187 *my travel*] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. *my* Q2, F.
189 *other*] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. Q2, F.
196 *it is*] So Sew, etc. *tis* Qq, F.
197 *double*] So Q1, Sew., etc. *doule* Q2, F.
198 s.d. one carrying, etc.] Added by Dyce.
200 *Commend us*] So Sew., etc. *Commend's* Qq, F.
201 s.d. Exit] First marked by Dyce.

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Sec. Serv. Please you, sir,
I have gold here for you.
Val. Give it me. Drink that,
And commend me to thy master. [*Exit* Sec. Servant.]
Look you, uncle,
Do I beg these?
Love. No, sure; 'tis your worth, sir.
Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray, satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starved inheritance with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds and their issues
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if it were possible, to spend it then too,
For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know me.
Love. I would you knew yourself! but, since you are grown
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.
Val. How?
Love. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;

204 s.d. Exit Sec. Servant] So Dyce. Exeunt Servants. Web., who first gave the direction.

211] "This alludes to the practise of burning odoriferous woods, which was one of the most expensive luxuries in the houses of the great." Web.

216 *Andeluzia*] So F, etc. *Andeluria* Qq.

220 *For all your beans in Rumnillo*] So Qq, F, Dyce. . . . *Beasts in Rumney* Sew., Edd.'78 ('very plausible' Web.). . . . *benes in Rome-vile*, i. e., in canting language, "goods in London," Dyce (suggestion), referring to the Canter's Dictionary, at the end of Dekker's *English Villanies*, etc., ed. 1632. It has also been suggested that we should read *beeves*, a plausible emendation, for Romney Marsh was especially known as a grazing district. Mr. G. Thorn Drury points out that 'all the grass that Rumney yields' occurs in B. Jonson, *The Forest*, vi. He also suggests that for *Rumnillo. Now* we should perhaps read *Rumney. Lo, now.* It is perhaps worth mentioning that in the Latin of *The Charter of Romney Marsh*, 1597, the name appears indifferently as 'mariscus de Romenal' and 'mariscus de Romeney.'

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I 'll find the means.
Val. Pray, save your labour, sir;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better:
He has wit at will, the world has means; he shall live
Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.
Love. My last offer,
And then I am gone.
Val. What is 't? and then I 'll answer.
Love. What think you of a wife, yet to restore you?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.
Val. An you can find one that can please my fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn.
Love. Speak your woman.
Val. One without eyes, that is, self-commendations
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);
One without substance of herself; that woman
Without the pleasure of her life, that 's wanton;
Though she be young, forgetting it; though fair,
Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if
There may be such a woman.
Love. Yes, there may be.
Val. And without state too?

225 *find*] So Q1, F, etc. Om. Q2.
228 *for him*] So Q2, etc. *from him* Q1.
235 *An*] So Edd. '78, etc. *And* Q1 to Sew. So generally.
238 *they're . . . they're*] So Sew., etc. *they are . . . they are* Qq, F.
242–3] So (substantially) Q1 to Web. *One without substance of herself, that['s] woman; Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;* Dyce, from Heath (*MS. Notes*) and Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 301). Coleridge observes that

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Love. You are disposed to trifle.
Well, fare you well, sir: when you want me next,
You 'll seek me out a better sense.
Val. Farewell, uncle,
And, as you love your state, let not me hear on 't.
Love. It shall not trouble you. [*Exit* VALENTINE.]
I 'll watch him still;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.
Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may 't do her!
Prithee,
Speak softly; we are open to men's ears.
Luce. Fear not, we are safe; we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy;
You are as fair as she.
Isab. Who, I? I thank you;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence; she spreads satin,
As the king's ships do canvas, everywhere.
She may spare me her mizen and her bonnets,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me:
I am a carvel to her.
Luce. But a tight one.
Isab. She is excellent well-built too.

251 *a better sense*] Perhaps we should read *o' better sense*, i.e. in a more sensible frame of mind. 252 *state*] So Sew., etc. *estate* Qq, F.
253 s.d. Exit Valentine] First given (after l. 252) by Q2. Placed here by Dyce.
SCENE II.] So Web., Dyce. Om. Qq to Edd '78. And so in the case of

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Luce. And yet she 's old.
Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.
She plays and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of men's estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.
Luce. You are so bashful!
Isab. 'Tis not at first word "up and ride"; thou art cozen'd;
That would shew mad, i' faith: besides, we lose
The main part of our politic government,
If we become provokers. Then we are fair,
And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried;
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying.—Who are these?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Isab. Prithee, peace, then.
A well-built gentleman!
Luce. But poorly thatch'd.
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. H'as gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to study?
Fran. Not a farthing;

19 *and*] So Q1, Edd.'78 to Dyce. Om. Q2 to Sew. *and prove a right good merchant* (i. e. merchantman) Dyce conj.
22 *piddle*] i. e. trifle, dally.
26] Perhaps we should punctuate *'Tis reason I wait: my mean fortune——*
27 *'Tis not*] So Sew, etc. *It is not* Qq, F.
27 *up and ride*] a proverbial expression of obvious meaning.
29 *main*] So Q2, etc. *meane* Q1.

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Despatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him :
Here 's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.
Lance. You are fit for great men's services.
Fran. I am fit;
But who 'll take me thus? men's miseries are now
Accounted stains in their natures. I have travell'd,
And I have studied long, observed all kingdoms,
Know all the promises of art and manners :
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies.
Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?
Lance. I 'll sell the titles of my house else, my horse, my hawk;
Nay, 'sdeath, I 'll pawn my wife! Oh, master Francis,
That I should see your father's house fall thus!
Isab. An honest fellow!
Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,
That bred up all my name!
Isab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by——
Fran. Peace; I know you are angry, Lance,
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,
And, though you hold him slight, my most dear brother;
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs
(He were too excellent to live here else),
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you :
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.
Isab. A noble nature! dost thou know him, Luce?
Luce. No, mistress.
Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men.

50 *titles*] So Qq, F. *tiles* Sew. to Dyce. It is remarked by Sew. that the expression as emended by him occurs elsewhere in these plays (cf. *The*

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What a fair body and a mind are married there together!
Did he not say he wanted?
Luce. What 's that to you?
Isab. 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.
Luce. [*Aside.*] How she changes!—
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too——
Isab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thousand thousand—is there no knowing him?—
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are or poise,
Let them complain!
Luce. [*Aside.*] Her colour changes strangely.
Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;
Alas, poor gentleman! but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? Believe me, he is well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage:
Mark him, and mark him well.
Luce. 'Is a handsome man.
Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off;
Oh, Luce——but whither go I?
Luce. You cannot hide it.
Isab. I would he had what I can spare!
Luce. 'Tis charitable.

68 *and a mind . . . there together! Did he*] So Q1, Edd. '78, Web. *and mind are married; did he* Q2, F. . . . *a Mind.* . . . Sew. *are married there! Did he* Dyce.

70 s.d. Aside] First marked by Web. So also in lines 72, 90.

75 *shadows by,*] So Sew., etc. *shadowes, by* Qq, F.

76 *or poise*] i. e., I suppose, "or weigh," they leave no trace of their substance or weight.

78 *was made to mark his wants, to waken us*] So Edd. '78, etc. . . . *made,* . . . *wants to waken us* Qq, F, Sew. . . . *mark, his wants to waken us* Heath (conj.).

79–80 *but will that fledge him, keep him from cold? Believe me* . . .]

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Lance. Come, sir, I' ll see you lodged ; you have tied
my tongue fast.
I 'll steal before you want ; 'tis but a hanging.
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.
Isab. That 's a good fellow too, an honest fellow.
Why, this would move a stone : I must needs know——
But that some other time.
Luce. [*Aside.*] Is the wind there? 90
That makes for me.
Isab. Come, I forgot a business. [*Exeunt.*

88 s.d. Exeunt . . .] Placed here by Edd. '78, etc. Exit Lance. and Fran. (after *time* in l. 90) Q1 to Sew.
91 s.d. Exeunt] So Sew. etc. Om. Qq, F.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* LUCE.

L. Heart. My sister, and a woman of so base a pity!
What was the fellow?
Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.
L. Heart. Poor?
Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from whence neither.
L. Heart. What could she see?
Luce. Only his misery;
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.
L. Heart. Did she change much?
Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear, her love,) framed such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.
L. Heart. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did she speak to him?
Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.
L. Heart. Was he young?
Luce. Yes, young enough.
L. Heart. And look'd he like a gentleman?
Luce. Like such

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A gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.
L. Heart. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be.
Does she use means to know him?
Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose.
L. Heart. Oh, that 's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
But still be near her lodging. Luce, what you can gather
By any means, let me understand.—I 'll stop her heat,
And turn her charity another way,
To bless herself first.—Be still close to her counsels.—
A beggar and a stranger! there 's a blessedness!
I 'll none of that: I have a toy yet, sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.—
And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.—
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* VALENTINE.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her excellencies!
Bel. She has put us off this month now for an answer.
Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her,
Not say "good morrow" nor "good even," till that 's past.

20 *A gentleman would pawn*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *a Gentleman, that would pawn* Q2, F, Sew.
33 s.d. Exeunt] So Sew., etc. Om. Qq, F.
ii. 1 *look'd thee*] So Q1. *lookt for thee* Q2 to Dyce. Cf. 'I am looking birds' nests' II. iv. 85, also IV. v. 27.

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Val. She has found what dough you are made of,
and so kneads you.
Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?
I have told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, these widows.
Hare. If we had 'em.
Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
There be three kinds of fools—mark this note, gentlemen,
Mark it, and understand it.
Fount. Well, go forward.
Val. An innocent, a knave-fool, a fool politic;
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.
Bel. Will you allow no fortune?
Val. No such blind one.
Fount. We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.
Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons;
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to woo a widow?
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.
Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.
Val. Why, there you are fools still; crafty to catch
yourselves,
Pure politic fools; I look'd for such an answer.
Once more hear me: it is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the state you have be yours or no,
Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows
Are long extents in law upon men's livings,
Upon their bodies winding-sheets; they that enjoy 'em
Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?
Bel. Plain spoken.
Val. And plain truth: but, if you 'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves
(Not any part concerns your understandings,

20 *woo*] So Q1 to Web. *wed* Dyce (Mason conj.). Probably, but not certainly, right. See l. 26. 28 *Or*] So Q2, etc. *are* Q1.
29 *extents in law*] "An *extent* means—seizure (from the writ of *extendi facias*, by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value)."

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For then you are meacocks, fools, and miserable);
March off amain, within an inch of a fircug,
Turn me o' th' toe like a weathercock,
Kill every day a sergeant for a twelvemonth,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls;
And these will make a show.
Hare. And these are trifles?
Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made: methinks a man,
An understanding man, is more wife to me,
And of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?
And, when that 's done, what are we? crest-faln cowards.
What benefit can children be, but charges
And disobedience? what 's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? "I pray, die, father!"
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by th' sword in 's mistress' quarrel,—
A great joy to his parents! a daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-hamm'd serving-man;
His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off; there 's another:
And most are of this nature. Will you marry?

36 *then*] *there* Mitford conj.
36 *meacocks*] "i. e. dastardly fellows: the word is more particularly applied to submissive husbands." Dyce.
37 *March off amain*] So Q2, F, Sew., etc. *march of a maine* Q1.
37 *fircug*] So Q1 (B), Q2 to Edd.'78. *Furcug* Q1 (A), Dyce. *firelock* Theo. conj. *firecock* Web. *fire-plug* Mitford conj. *Curtius' gulf* Deighton conj. Compare a somewhat similar passage in *The Custom of the Country*, IV. iv. 64–5 (Vol. I. p. 560). The fact that *Furcug* was changed to *Fircug* in the corrected sheets of Q1, seems to me to indicate that the word is intentional and not a mere misprint. No such expression is known.
42 *nothings*] So Q2, etc. *nothing* Q1.
47 *wife*] So Sew. (Sympson conj.). *wise* Qq, F.
57 *in 's mistress*'] So Dyce. *in's Mistresses* Q1. *in his Mistresses* Q2 to Web.

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Fount. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.
Val. And this same widow?
Fount. If I may, and, methinks,
However you are pleased to dispute these dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She cannot, with all the art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there 's the antidote against a widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else;
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else;
And to all this, contempt of what she does;
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, so pity her
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,
But deadly hate her pride: if you could do these,
And had but this discretion and like fortune,
It were but an equal venture.
Fount. This is malice.
Val. When she lies with your land and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to bed
With all the state you have, you 'll find this certain.
But is it come to pass you must marry?
Is there no buff will hold you?
Bel. Grant it be so.
Val. Then choose the tamer evil; take a maid,
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours;
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth nothing;
There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing:*
A maid makes conscience

79 *without a faith, so pity her*] Qy. *without a "Faith, so pity her!"*? Cf. "Faith pity her and free her from her sorrows." *Span. Cur.* V. ii. 136.
87 *to pass*] "Qy. '*to this pass*'?" Dyce.
88 *buff*] Weber considered that the durability of the stuff afforded the

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Of half-a-crown a week for pins and puppets;
A maid content with one coach and two horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
With one faith, one content, one bed agreed,
She makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue:
A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.
Val. You are my friends,
And all my loving friends; I spend your money,
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still;
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal;
For which I 'll do you this commodity,—
Be ruled, and let me try her; I will discover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy——
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.
Val. 'Tis done, then.
I must want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,
The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let 's to dinner;
And when I am well whetted with wine, have at her!
[*Exeunt.*

94 *pins and puppets*] *pins and puppet-shows* Sew. *pins and pin-puppets* Sympson conj., i. e pin-cases. The word *pin-poppet* was still in use in the north of England when he wrote. 'Puppets' occurs in *The Elder Brother*, II. i. 86, in the sense of toys.

95 *A maid content*] So Q1. *a maid will be content* Q2, Sew. *A maid's content* Edd. '78 to Dyce, but it is obviously absurd to suppose that every maid even in Fletcher's time would be content with one coach and two horses which did not match.

98 *one bed agreed*] So Dyce (Mitford conj.). *one bed, aged*, Qq, F, Edd. '78, Web. *one Bed, one Good.* Sew. . . . *Egad* Mason conj.

99 *she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue*] *shee makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue;* Q1. . . . *the wise* . . . Q2, F. *thee wise* Symp. conj. (retaining *aged* above).

105 *your linen*] So Sew., etc. *her linnen* Qq, F.

106 *seal*] must mean, as Weber explains it, "seal bonds for money."

107 *commodity*] "i. e. benefit." Dyce.

113 *marry*] Mr. Fleay would read *marry* [*her*].

115 *Come*] So O2, etc. *comes* Q1.

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SCENE III.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. But art thou sure?
Luce. No surer than I heard.
Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother?
Luce. Yes; Shorthose told me so.
Isab. He did search out the truth?
Luce. It seems he did.
Isab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither. [*Exit* LUCE.]
If he be no worse, I never repent my pity.

Re-enter LUCE *with* SHORTHOSE.

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after,—
The gentleman i' th' black?
Short. I' th' torn black?
Isab. Yes, the same, sir.
Short. What would your worship with him?
Isab. Why, my worship
Would know his name, and what he is.
Short. 'Is nothing;
He is a man, and yet he is no man.
Isab. You must needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profession.
Isab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He 's a beggar;
Only the sign of a man; the bush pull'd down,
Which shows the house stands empty.
Isab. What 's his calling?
Short. They call him beggar.

1—60] Printed as prose by Weber.
2 Isab.] So Sew., etc. Hare. Qq, F.
3 Luce.] So Sew., etc. Hare. Q1, F. Om. Q2.
4 Isab.] So Sew., etc. Hare. Qq, F.

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Isab. What 's his kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Isab. His worth?
Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.
Isab. How does he live?
Short. Like worms; he eats old books.
Isab. Is Valentine his brother?
Short. His begging brother.
Isab. What may his name be?
Short. Orson.
Isab. Leave your fooling.
Short. You had as good say, leave your living.
Isab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.
Short. I 'll be hang'd first,
Unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell
What foolish people call him.
Isab. What?
Short. Francisco.
Isab. Where lies this learning, sir?
Short. In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.
Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool.
Short. Oh, that fool?
He lies in loose sheets everywhere, that 's no where.
Luce. You have glean'd since you came to London: in the country, Shorthose,
You were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb;
Here every tavern teaches you; the pint-pot
Has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance,
That gives you ale, so fortified your mazzard,
That now there 's no talking to you.
Isab. 'Is much improved;
A fellow, a fine discourser!
Short. I hope so:
I have not waited at the tail of wit
So long, to be an ass.

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Luce. But say now, Shorthose,
My lady should remove into the country?
Short. I had as lieve she should remove to heaven,
And as soon I would undertake to follow her.
Luce. Where no old charnico is, nor no anchovies,
Nor master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my lady such-a-one's chief chambermaid?
Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose,
Nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady?
Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer,
Carry this pottle to my father Shorthose"?
Isab. No plays nor galley-foists; no strange ambassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil,
And then come home again, and lie by th' legend?
Luce. Say she should go?
Short. If I say so, I 'll be hang'd first;
Or, if I thought she would go——
Luce. What?
Short. I would go with her.
Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart is——
Isab. Do not fright him.
Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise, a loud one too,

41 *charnico*] A kind of wine. The name is derived, according to Steevens, from that of a village near Lisbon.

45] "The custom of gallants drinking the healths of their mistresses on their knees is very frequently alluded to by our early writers." Dyce.

47] "In our authors' time, it was customary to send wine as a present from one room in a tavern to another, even to strangers." Weber. Cf. Dekker's *Guls Hornebooke*, Ch. VII. 'How a Gallant should behaue himself in a Taverne.' "Enquire what Gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the City fashion) send them in a pottle of wine; and your name, sweetned in two pittiful papers of Suger, with some filthy Apology cramd into the mouth of a drawer; but rather, etc., etc." Dekker, *Works*, ed. Grosart, II. 258–9.

48 *galley-foists*] "Mean here—Lord Mayors' barges. The galley-foist (city barge) was used when the Lord Mayor went in state to Westminster to be sworn into his office." Dyce.

50 *by th'*] *both* Q2.

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And from her own mouth; presently to be gone too;
But why, or to what end——
Short. May not a man die first?
She 'll give him so much time.
Isab. Gone o' the sudden?
Thou dost but jest: she must not mock the gentlemen.
Luce. She has put them off a month, they dare not see her:
Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.
Isab. Is this true, wench? gone on so short a warning?
What trick is this? she never told me of it:
It must not be.—Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I have been a careful friend unto you,)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we shall not go.
Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, *and* LANCE.

Val. Which way to live! how dar'st thou come to town,
To ask such an idle question?
Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.
Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st
Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handsome knowledge: who has spoil'd thee?
Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make himself sport,

57 *o' the*] So Dyce. *oth'* Q1 to Web. 59 *they*] *thy* Q2, F.
66 s.d. Exeunt] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. Q2, F.
iv. 6 *France*] So Q1 to Web. *frame* Dyce, who exclaims at the old reading.

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And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him:
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.
Val. Well said, old Copyhold.
Lance. My heart 's good freehold, sir, and so you 'll find it.
This gentleman 's your brother, your hopeful brother
(For there is no hope of you); use him thereafter.
Val. E'en as well as I use myself.—What wouldst thou have, Frank?
Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he says to you:
Oh, try your wits! they say you are excellent at it;
For your land has lain long bed-rid and unsensible.
Fran. And I 'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;
But what it may be by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.
Val. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou hast said, boy?
Fran. I said, a hundred pound.
Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee,
There 's no such sum in nature; forty shillings
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that 's a treasure:
I have seen five pound; but let me tell it, and
'Tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here 's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first fruits;
I 'll come down, and eat it out.
Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, sir, not love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.
Val. Leave thy prating:
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,

9 *by his copy*] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. *his* Q2, F.
13 *gentleman's*] So Q2, etc. *Gentleman* Q1.
14 *thereafter*] "i. e. accordingly." Web. 32 *'Tis*] It is Dyce.

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Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk, two of the reverent.
Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?
Val. How?
Lance. To get money first, that 's to live;
You have show'd him how to want.
Val. 'Slife, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question?
Three hundred three-pileds more, ay, and live bravely;
The better half o' th' town, and live most gloriously;
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests.—
Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into the world, Frank,
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar:
Ask how to live! write, write, write anything;
The world 's a fine believing world; write news.
Lance. Dragons in Sussex, sir, or fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurge.
Val. There 's the way, Frank:
And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom

39 *sparrow-hawk*] "The reader must remember that Lance was a falconer." Dyce.

45 *three-pileds*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet. Cf. "three piled people," *The Scornful Lady*, III. i. 92 (Vol. I. p. 407).

53 *Dragons in Sussex*] For a description of the creature in question see the sheet entitled "*True and Wonderfull. A Discourse Relating a Strange and Monstrous Serpent, or Dragon, Lately discouered, and yet liuing. To the great Annoyance and diuers Slaughters both of Men and Cattell; by his strong and violent Poyson: In Sussex, two miles from Horsam, in a Woode called St. Leonards Forrest . . . this present Month of August*, 1614." (Hazlitt, *Hbk.*, p. 585.)

According to the writer of this account, who, however, speaks "of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance," "the serpent or dragon as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart, a quantity of thickness in the midst, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red." . . . "He is of countenance very proud, and, at the sight or hearing of men or cattle, will raise his neck upright, and seem to listen and look about, with great arrogancy."

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With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour them
(Dearth upon dearth) like Leven taffaties;
Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.
Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple,
And clap it on Paul's; and, after these,
A *l'envoy* to the city for their sins.
Val. Probatum est; thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,—
There 's twenty nobles and two loads of coals:
Are not these ready ways? Cosmography
Thou art deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid,
I mean a midnight map, to scape the watches
And such long senseless examinations;
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot stay long.

57 *Leven*] *Levant* Sew. (Sympson's suggestion), but "the former term is evidently a familiar corruption of the latter." Dyce.

60-2] Printed as prose by Weber.

61 *on Paul's*] *on St. Paul's* Sew. *upon Paul's* Dyce conj. It will be remembered that the steeple of St. Paul's had been destroyed by lightning in 1561, and had never been rebuilt. Grantham church was famous for the height of its steeple. I do not find any record of its having been injured by the storms of 1613, but something seems to have been the matter with it in 1590, for in the *Fearefull and lamentable effects of two . . . Comets*, by Simon smelknaue, 1591 (or 1590), we have "and *Grantam* steeple by the assistance of learned Masons, may perhappes be taught to holde vppe his head manly againe" (sig. C). In 1628 both church and steeple were "in notorious decay and like to fall into utter ruin without speedy reparation." See E. Turnor's *Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham*, 1806, p. 2.

67 *a map from the Mermaid*] *a map o' the Mermaid* Sew. It must, however, mean, as remarked by Edd.'78 and Web., a map of the streets round about, by the aid of which one might be enabled to get away from the place. There was a tavern of this name in Cornhill, but Dyce considered that the one in Bread-street, Cheapside, was referred to, as being the best known. He quotes:

"At Bread-street's Mermaid having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry."

B. Jonson, *Epigrams*, 133, l. 37-8, *Works*, viii. 242, ed. Gifford.

"The earliest notice of this tavern occurs in The Expenses of Sir John Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family; '[1463-4) Payd for wyn at [illegible]

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Lance. You have read learnedly:
And would you have him follow these vagaries?
Did you begin with ballads?
Fran. Well, I will leave you:
I see my wants are grown ridiculous;
Yours may be so: I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourself, sir;
A providence I wait on.
Val. Thou art passionate;
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter SHORTHOSE, *with a bag.*

Short. Rest you merry, gentlemen.
Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.
Short. Pray, stay a while, and let me take a view of you; I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.
Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?
Short. No, you are not he; you are a thought too handsome.
Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal? why dost thou peep so?
Short. I am looking birds' nests: I can find none in your bush-beard.—I would speak with you, black gentleman.
Fran. With me, my friend?
Short. Yes, sure; and the best friend, sir, It seems, you spake withal this twelvemonth: gentleman, There 's money for you.

72 *vagaries*] So Dyce (Mason conj.), Heath (*MS. Notes*). *megeras* Q1. *megera's* Q2, F. *Chimeras* Sew. to Web.
78 *passionate*] "is here used ironically and is equivalent to—pathetic." Dyce. 80—120] Printed as prose by Weber.
80 *Rest you merry, gentlemen*] So Q2, etc. Om. comma Q1.
82–4] Printed as verse by Sew. (?) etc., except Weber, dividing after *you*.
88–90] Printed as verse by Sew., Edd. '78, dividing after *none*: as verse, dividing after *in* Dyce. I am very doubtful of the propriety of printing any of this scene as verse, with the exception perhaps of ll. 131—141.
87 *I am looking birds' nests*] i. e. looking for birds nests. Cf. II. ii. 1.
88 *you, black gentleman*] So Q2, etc. Om. comma Q1. Qy. *yon black gentleman?*
90 *twelvemonth*] So Q2, etc. *twelve moneths* Q1.

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Val. How?
Short. There 's none for you, sir;
Be not so brief; not a penny.—La, how he itches at it!—
Stand off; you stir my choler.
Lance. Take it; 'tis money.
Short. You are too quick too; first be sure you have it;
You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.
Lance. Take it, and say nothing.
Short. You are cozen'd too;
'Tis take it, and spend it.
Fran. From whom came it, sir?
Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on 't.
Fran. [*taking the bag*] I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you.
Short. Well, sir;
Then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd,
And your laundress to wash your boots white.
Fran. Pray, stay, sir:
May you not be mistaken?
Short. I think I am:
Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!
Fran. I would be loath to render, till I am sure it be so.
Short. Hark in your ear; is not your name Francisco?
Fran. Yes.
Short. Be quiet, then: it may thunder a hundred times,
Before such stones fall. Do not you need it?
Fran. Yes.
Short. And 'tis thought you have it.
Fran. I think I have.
Short. Then hold it fast; it is not fly-blown: you

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May pay for the poundage. You forget yourself:
I have not seen a gentleman so backward,
A wanting gentleman.
Fran. Your mercy, sir!
Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy:
Be merry with it, and be wise.
Fran. I would fain,
If it please you, but know——
Short. It does not please me:
Tell over your money, and be not mad, boy.
Val. You have no more such bags?
Short. More such there are, sir;
But few, I fear, for you: I have cast your water;
You have wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*
Lance. Be not amazed, sir;
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restorative,
And in good time it comes to do you good.
Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it.—
Yours be too quick, sir. [*To* VALENTINE.]
Fran. He named me, and he gave it me; but from whom?
Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it:
This can be but a preface.
Fran. Being a stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this?
Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes and manly understanding,
To find men's wants: good men are bound to do so.
Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than certainties;
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,
What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you see it showers in to you.

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You are an ass; lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this blazing star and that bo-peep,
Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!
What use of these, or what joy in annuities,
Where every man 's thy study and thy tenant?
I am ashamed on thee.
Lance. Yes, I have seen
This fellow: there 's a wealthy widow hard by—
Val. Yes, marry, is there.
Lance. I think he 's her servant;
I am cozen'd, if [not] after her; I am sure on 't.
Fran. I am glad on 't.
Lance. She 's a good woman.
Fran. I am gladder.
Lance. And young enough, believe.
Fran. I am gladder of all, sir.
Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.
Fran. I thank my money.
Lance. His money shall lie with me; three in a bed, sir,
Will be too much this weather.
Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things——
Lance. Trust to yourself, sir.
[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* LANCE.

Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Fount. Oh, Valentine!
Val. How now! why do you look so?

137 *bo-peep*] Perhaps is equivalent to trifling or foolish matter. The only senses recognized by *N.E.D.* are those derived from the children's game.

144–5 *servant; I am cozen'd, if [not] after her*] So Dyce (meaning "I am cozen'd if I did not see him following her as her servant"). *servant, I am cosend if after her, I am sure ont* Q1. *servant, or I am cousned else, I am sure ont* Q2, F, Sew. *servant; I am cozen'd, if—— After her! I am sure on't* Edd. '78, Web. The reading adopted by Dyce was suggested by Mason. It is unsatisfactory but is at least intelligible.

151 s.d. Exeunt Fran. and Lance] So Sew., etc. Exeunt Fran. and Vall. Qq, F.

151 s.d. Enter Fountain, Harebrain and Bellamore] So Theo., etc. Enter Fount. Bella. and Valentine. Qq, F.

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Bel. The widow 's going, man.
Val. Why, let her go, man.
Hare. She 's going out o' th' town.
Val. The town 's the happier;
I would they were all gone!
Fount. We cannot come
To speak with her.
Val. Not to speak to her?
Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour: either now, Valentine——
Fount., Hare. Now, now, now, good Valentine!
Val. I had rather
March i' th' mouth o' th' cannon: but, adieu;
If she be above ground—go, away to your prayers;
Away, I say, away!—she shall be spoken withal.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter SHORTHOSE *with one boot on*, ROGER, *and* HUMPHRY.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph. [*within*] Roger, help down with the hangings!
Rog. By and by, Ralph:
I am making up o' th' trunks here.
Ralph. [*within*] Shorthose!
Short. Well.
Ralph. [*within*] Who looks to my lady's wardrobe?—
Humphry!
Hum. Here.
Ralph. [*within*] Down with the boxes in the gallery,

157 *either now*] Bellamore, as Mason observes, means to say—Either now *or never*, but is interrupted by the impatience of his companions.
157 *Valentine*——] So Dyce. *Valle.* Q1., *Val.* Q2 to Web.
158 *Valentine!*] So Sew., Dyce. *Vall.* Q1. *Val.* Q2, F, Edd. '78, Web.

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And bring away the coach-cushions!
Short. Will it not rain?
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To stop this journey?
Rog. Why go now? why now?
Why o' the sudden now? what preparation,
What horses have we ready? what provision
Laid in i' th' country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys; there 's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty; and then
We must come up again.
Hum. What says the steward?
Rog. He 's at 's wit's end; for, some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey.
Oh, London, how I love thee!
Hum. I have no boots,
Nor none I 'll buy; or, if I had, refuse me
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag! men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
Chambering or wantonness, behind my gelding,
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
As if I were a running flippery,
I 'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me:
I 'll not be troubled with their distillations
At every half-mile's end: I understand myself,

9 *o' the*] So Dyce. *oth* Q1 to Web.
9 *sudden now? what*] So F, etc. *sudden, now what* Qq.
17 *mangy*] *maunjey* Q1.
20 *refuse me*] "The abbreviation of a profane oath,—May God *refuse* (i. e. reject) me!" Dyce.
28 *flippery*] So Qq, F. *frippery* Sew. to Dyce. Given by *N.E.D.* as a rare variant of frippery, but no other instance is adduced earlier than the nineteenth century. A frippery is an old clothes shop.
29 *girths*] So Edd. '78, etc. *girts* Q1 to Sew.
30 *distillations*] So Sew., etc. *distibations* Qq, F.

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And am resolved.
Hum. To-morrow night at Oliver's,
Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?
Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale we should have met at!
Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And [make] Tom Butcher weep: Æneas enters,
And now the town 's lost.

[*Enter* RALPH.]

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady is mad.
Short. I would she were in Bedlam!
Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em;
The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——
L. Heart. [*within*] Why, knaves there!
Where be these idle fellows?
Skort. Shall I ride with one boot?
L. Heart. [*within*] Why, where, I say?
Ralph. Away, away! it must be so.
Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days!
[*Exeunt.*

32 *Oliver*] This is, I suppose, the servant mentioned in III. i. 14.
37] So Dyce. *and Tom Butcher weepe* Eneas enters, *and now the townes lost.* Q1. . . *weep*, . . . Q2, F. *and make* Tom Butcher *weep*, Æneas *enters*, . . . Sew., Edd.'78 (no italics), Web. (*weep!*). Tom Butcher means, I presume, Tom the butcher, i.e. a naturally callous person.
38 *town's*] So Q9, F. *Town is* Sew. to Dyce.
38 s.d. Enter Ralph.] So Sew., etc. Om. Qq, F.
44 s.d. within] So Dyce. Om. Q1 to Web.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. By my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.
Isab. It may be so; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were minced, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.
Luce. I protest, mistress——
Isab. It will be your own one time or other.—Walter!
Walter. [*within*] Anon, forsooth.
Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach,
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service
To your good lady mistress—and my dog,
Good, let the coachman carry him.
Luce. But hear me.
Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you are so skilful,
That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,
And see my curls well carried—oh, sweet Luce!
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.
Luce. Pray you, be satisfied.
Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you.
There is a Roger, which some call a butler—
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce:

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To a long gallery: there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
Oh, do you blush, Luce?—a Friday night—
I saw your saint, Luce: "For t'other box of marmalade
All 's thine, sweet Roger!" this I heard, and kept too.
Luce. E'en as you are a woman, mistress——
Isab. This I allow
As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn served, and to your friend
To be a dog-bolt!
Luce. I confess it, mistress.
Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me,
And foolishly and childishly pursued it—
I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes—
For which mine honour suffers—your best ways
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: else, you peevish——
Luce. My power and prayers, mistress——
Isab. What 's the matter?

Enter SHORTHOSE *and* LADY HEARTWELL.

Short. [*Aside to* ISABELLA.] I have been with the gentleman; he has it;
Much good may do him with it!
L. Heart. Come, are you ready?
You love so to delay time! the day grows on.
Isab. I have sent for a few trifles; when those are come:
And now I know your reason.
L. Heart. Know your own honour, then.—About your business;
See the coach ready presently.—I 'll tell you more, then; [*Exeunt* LUCE *and* SHORTHOSE.

25 *a Friday night*] Mr. Fleay would read [*on*] *a Friday night*. As the text stands it should perhaps be read *o' Friday night*. Cf. *o' Sundays* (*a Sundaies* Q1), I. i. 151.
29 *sometimes*] So Q1, Edd. '78, Web. *sometime* Q2, F, Sew.
32 *dog-bolt*] A common term of reproach, the origin of which is uncertain.
41 s.d. Enter Shorthose and Lady Heartwell] Dyce reversed the order of the names.
42 s.d. Aside to Isabella] So Web., Dyce. To Isab. Edd. '78.

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And understand it well. You must not think me, sister,
So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:
Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity
Can coin such sums to give away as you have done!
In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
I am ashamed to find this in your years,
Far more in your discretion: none to choose,
But things for pity? none to seal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
(A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten shillings?
Isab. You search nearly.
L. Heart. I know it, as I know your folly;—one that knows not
Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
Unless it be in th' stocks? what kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?
Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.
L. Heart. Or, say the man had virtue,
Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.
Isab. And this you quit the town for?
L. Heart. Is 't not time?
Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am;
That 's all I have to answer. I 'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,
I 'll sit and laugh at; for, sister, 'tis not folly,
But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.
L. Heart. I am glad to hear you say so.
Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter SHORTHOSE *and* HUMPHRY *with riding-rods.*

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on 't:
Eat an egg now, and then we must away.
Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:—
May London ways from henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths
So housel all our hackneys, that they may feel
Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;
May it rain above all almanacks,
Till carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger
Ride, like Arion, upon a trout to London!
Hum. At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,
Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!
Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with puritans;
No meat, but legs of beef!
Hum. No beds, but wool-packs!
Short. And those so cramm'd
With warrens of starved fleas that bite like ban-dogs!
Let Mims be angry at their St. Bellswagger,

79 s.d. Enter, etc.] Re-enter Shorthose with Humphry, riding-rods in their hands. Dyce. riding-rods] i. e. switches, canes.

80 *she will on 't*] So Sew., etc. *she'le ont* Qq, F.

83 *from henceforth*] Om. *from* Sew. to Web.

85 *So housel all our hackneys*] "'housel our hackneys' evidently means—prepare our hackneys for the journey, as persons on their death-beds are prepared for their final journey by being houselled, i. e. having the eucharist administered to them." Dyce.

86 *compunction*] i. e. pricking, with a play on the metaphorical sense of the word and possibly on (extreme) unction. For first meaning, cf. "A sharpe naile . . . with which they pricke the horse . . . Such compunctions and tortures will euen cause the best . . . horse . . . to plunge." Markham, *Caval.*, 1617, II. 93 (from *N.E.D.*).

89 *like Arion*] So Sew., Edd. '78, Dyce. *like Bike Arion* Qq, F, Web. According to Dyce *Bike* is merely an accidental repetition of *like*, but it may be noticed that, in Qq, F, it was printed in italics and with a capital.

93 *wool-packs*] A joke at the expense of the Wool-pack Inn at St. Albans. (Bullen.)

96 *Mims*] A village near St. Albans.

96 *Bellswagger*] So Q1. *Bel-Swagger* Q2. *bel-swagger* Dyce. The allusion, which seems to have puzzled former editors, is made tolerably clear by the following passage in J. Taylor's *Part of this Summer's Travels* [1639?]—

> "at *Mims*, a Cockney boasting bragger
> In mirth, did aske the women for *Belswagger*,
> But strait the females, like the *Furies fell*,
> Did curse, scold, raile, cast dirt, and stones pell mell,
> But we betook us nimbly to our spurs,
> And left them calling us rogues, knaves, and curs:

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And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,
And all my lady's linen sprinkled
With suds and dish-water!
Hum. Not a wheel but out of joint!

Enter ROGER, *laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?
Rog. There is a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman,
And makes the rarest sport!
Short. Where, where?
Rog. Within here;
H'as made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,
So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing
A butt of malmsey for his mares!
Short. 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red-deer pies,
Made such an alms i' th' buttery——
Short. Better still.

With other pretty names, which I discern'd
They from their old fore-mothers well had learn'd.
The reason why they are with rage inflam'd,
When as they heare *Belswagger* nam'd,
Is (as report doth say) there dwelt a Squire,
Who was so full of love, (or lusts desire)
That with his faire tongue, Hippocritick-hood,
(By slanderous people 'twas misunderstood)
The women were so fruitfull, that they were
All got with childe, in compasse of one yeare,
And that Squires name, they say, *Belswagger* was,
And from that tale, the lying jeere doth passe,
Wherefore the women there will chide and swagger,
If any man do aske them for *Belswagger*."—Sig. A 3.

There is also an allusion to "Bell-Swagger Who oft at Mims did use his dudgeon Dagger:" in the same author's *Essence, Quintessence . . . of Nonsense upon Sence: or, Sence upon Nonsense*, 1653, A3^{v}, but the passage adds nothing fresh. According to *N.E.D.* Belswagger means—a swaggering gallant or bully: a whoremonger, pimp.

101. Hum.] So Edd. '78, etc. Short. Q1 to Sew.

Enter VALENTINE *and* LADY HEARTWELL.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!
Short. May he anger her into a fever!
[*Exit with* HUMPHRY *and* ROGER.
L. Heart. I pray tell me, who sent you hither?
For I imagine it is not your condition,
(You look so temperately and like a gentleman,)
To ask me these wild questions.
Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady,
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?
L. Heart. You have not known me, sure?
Val. Not much.
L. Heart. What reason
Have you, then, to be so tender of my credit?
You are no kinsman?
Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.
L. Heart. Pray, stay a little: proud?
Val. Monstrous proud.
I grieved to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;
But now I see 'tis true. You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill,
Or such a one as should now fall and worship you,
In hope of pardon: you are cozen'd, lady;
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune;
But——

109 s.d. Enter Valentine and Lady Heartwell] Dyce reversed the order.
111 *fever*] So Sew., etc. *feather* Qq, F.
111 s.d. Exit with Humphry and Roger] So Dyce. Exeunt. Qq, F, Sew. Exe. Servants. Edd. '78, Web.
113 *condition*] i. e. nature.

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L. Heart. You are a strange gentleman. If I were proud now,
I should be monstrous angry (which I am not),
And show the effects of pride; I should despise you;
But you are welcome, sir.
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it,
Is a lustre in us; and every good we have
Strives to show gracious: what use is it else?
Old age, like sear trees, is seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.
Val. This is well;
And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.
But to be place-proud——
L. Heart. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right,
Affronts and loss of honour: streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: are we so much below you,
That, till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You will make us beasts indeed.
Val. Nay, worse than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they swear, a mercer's Lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a tailor;
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish
That butter-milk can better.
L. Heart. Lord, how little
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? or, say my beauty

139-40 *if we deserve it, Is a lustre*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. . . . *deserve it, it is a lustre* Q2, F. *deserve it, it is, Sir, a Lustre in's*, Sew.
142 *Old age, like*] So Qq, F, Web., Dyce. *Old age, which like* . . . Sew. Edd. '78. *Old age, like sear trees, seldom seen affected, Stirs sometimes*, etc., Dyce conj.
143-4 *such acts His*] So Q1, Edd. '78, Web. *such acts as his* Q2, F.

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Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger.
Val. Thus they say too;
What though you have a coach lined through with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?
Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,
And pride of bum-beating? till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,
Till all their cases crack? why should this lady,
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,
And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps neglected,
Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings,
And young men's bodies read on like anatomies?
L. Heart. You are very credulous,
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,
And find I will not start. In us all meetings
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
Our very meditations, some will swear,
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably,)
Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
How to surprise that greatness or that glory;
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;

172 *bulks*] i. e. frameworks projecting from the front of shops. *N.E.D.*
173 *cases*] So Q1, Web., Dyce. *causes* Q2 to Edd. '78.
176 *naps*] So Sew. to Web., who states that the word 'seems equivalent to *napery*, signifying linen in general.' *napfes* Qq, F. *neives* (i. e. fists) Dyce (a plausible but rather violent emendation).
177 *pouncings*] "i. e. holes stamped or worked in clothes, by way of

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Nay, sir, it 's come to this, we cannot pish,
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were 't not possible
To take you without prospectives?
Val. It may be;
But these excuse not.
L. Heart. Nor yours force no truth, sir.
What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues
What hearts and what inventions! O' my conscience,
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory
To say you had done so. All you think are councils,
And cannot err: 'tis we still that show double,
Giddy, or gorged with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,
Let us entreat your good words.
Val. [*Aside.*] Well, this woman
Has a brave soul.
L. Heart. Are not we gaily blest, then,
And much beholding to you for your sufferance?
You may do what you list; we what beseems us,
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are served in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.
Val. [*Aside.*] Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women!
L. Heart. You are no whore-masters; alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious!

195 *prospectives*] So Qq, Dyce. *Perspectives* F to Web. The words have the same meaning—telescopes.
198 *O'*] So F, etc. *ah* Qq.
201 *councils*] So Edd. '78, etc. *Counsells* Qq. *counsels* F, Sew.
204 *confusions*] *conclusions* Q2, F.
206-7 *creatures . . . Let us*] So punctuated by Web., Dyce. *creatures next . . . mallice: lets* Q1. *creatures, next . . . malice: lets* Q2, F, Edd. '78. *Creatures, next to Devils in Malice: Let us* Sew.
207 *Let us*] So Sew., etc. *lets* Qq, F.
207 s.d. Aside] All asides in this scene were first marked by Edd. '78.
208 *not we*] *we not* Edd. '78, Web.
209 *beholding*] *beholden* Sew. to Web.
209 *sufferance*] So Sew., etc. *substance* Qq, F.
216 *impudence*] So F, etc. *impudencie* Qq.

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You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their secret sins increase our surgeons,
And lie in foreign countries for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you are not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed, like parrots,
Eaters of others' honours!
Val. You are angry.
L. Heart. No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too;
For, when men make me angry, I am miserable.
Val. [*Aside.*] Sure, 'tis a man; she could not bear it thus bravely else.—
It may be, I am tedious.
L. Heart. Not at all, sir:
I am content at this time you should trouble me.
Val. You are distrustful.
L. Heart. Where I find no truth, sir.
Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.
L. Heart. Some I have;
I were too near the nature o' God else.
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
L. Heart. Because they are monstrous foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. [*Aside.*] I was never answer'd thus.—Was you never drunk, lady?
L. Heart. No, sure, not drunk, sir; yet I love good wine,
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
Why do you ask that question?

219 *mere*] i. e. pure, absolute. 219 *veils*] So F, etc. *vales* Qq.
220 cf. "A woman, that is like a German clock, Still a-repairing, ever out of frame." *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 192-3
226 *giddy-eyed, like parrots*] So Qq. *giddie-eyed like Parrots*, F to Dyce, but I cannot find any evidence that parrots were considered to be especially giddy-eyed: they had then, as now, a reputation for ceaseless, senseless chatter.

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Val. For that sin
That they most charge you with is this sin's servant;
They say you are monstrous——
L. Heart. What, sir, what?
Val. Most strangely——
L. Heart. It has a name, sure?
Val. Infinitely lustful,
Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd your husband.
L. Heart. Let 's have it all, for heaven's sake; 'tis good mirth, sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.—
[*Aside.*] Will she not cry nor curse?
L. Heart. On with your story.
Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations
With sums of money, to that purpose.
L. Heart. Four husbands! should not I be bless'd, sir, for example?
Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I 'll make you merry, then: you are a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right one:
Go thy ways! truth, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.
L. Heart. It seems so,
Your commendations are so studied for.
Val. I came to see you,
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;
And I have found you excellent; I thank you:
Continue so, and show men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,

243 *monstrous*] So Q2, etc. *mostrous* Q1.
257 *a right one*] So Oa. F. Edd. '78. Web. *a right good one* Sew. [*good*]

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An honest man, (you are a good woman,)
And live hedged in from scandal; let him be too
An understanding man, and to that steadfast
('Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry);
And then you are fix'd. Farewell.
L. Heart. Pray, stay a little;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Heart. As I live, a fine fellow!
This manly handsome bluntness shows him honest.
What is he or from whence? Bless me, four husbands!
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature!
A proper gentleman!—I am not well o' th' sudden,—
Such a companion I could live and die with;
His angers are mere mirth.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Come, come, I am ready.
L. Heart. Are you so?
Isab. [*Aside.*] What ails she?—
The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;
I am as ready now as you desire, sister:
Fie, who stays now? why do you sit and pout thus?
L. Heart. Prithee, be quiet; I am not well.
Isab. For heaven's sake,
Let 's not ride staggering in the night: come, pray you, take
Some sweetmeats in your pocket, if your stomach——
L. Heart. I have a little business.
Isab. To abuse me,
You shall not find new dreams and new suspicions:
To horse withal!
L. Heart. Lord, who made you a commander?
Heigh-ho, my heart!
Isab. [*Aside.*] Is the wind come thither,
And coward-like do you lose your colours to 'em?
Are you sick o' th' Valentine?—Sweet sister,

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Come, let 's away; the country will so quicken you,
And we shall live so sweetly!—Luce, my lady's cloak!—
Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,
I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,
You have so knock'd this love into my head,
That I shall love anybody; and I find my body,
I know not how, so apt; pray, let 's be gone, sister;
I stand on thorns.
L. Heart. I prithee, Isabella,—
I' faith, I have some business that concerns me—
I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me;
[*Gives her a ring.*]
And I 'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Enter SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH.

Isab. I had rather go; but——
L. Heart. Come, walk in with me;
We 'll go to cards.—Unsaddle the horses.
Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE; FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN, *following.*

Love. Are they behind us?
Lance. Close, close: speak aloud, sir.
Love. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?
Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!
Love. For his own sake, do you think?
Lance. Most certain, sir;

304 s.d. Gives her a ring] Added by Web., Dyce.

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And in his own cause [he] bestirr'd himself too,
And won such liking from her, she dotes on him:
H'as the command of all the house already.
Love. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own friend; he has most need of her.
Love. I wonder they would put him——
Lance. You are in the right on 't;
A man that must raise himself; I knew he would cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has: he watch'd occasion,
And found it i' the nick.
Love. He has deceived me.
Lance. I told you, howsoever he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools!
Love. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him; yet——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen.
Love. We are upon a business; pray, excuse us.—
They have it home.
Lance. Come, let it work.—Good even, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.
Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.
Bel. Come, let 's go seek him:
He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?
Luce. Am I sure I live?

6 [*he*]] inserted by Sew., etc.
14 *i' the nick*] So Dyce. *ith' nicke* Q1 to Web.
16 *charge home*] So Q2, etc. *charge whom* Q1.
20 *let it work.—Good even, gentlemen*] So Edd. '78, etc. *let it worke*

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And I have clapt on such a commendation
On your revenge!
Isab. Faith, he is a pretty gentleman.
Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.
Isab. He talks the best, they say, and yet the maddest!
Luce. H'as the right way.
Isab. How is she?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if she cared not; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forced behaviours,
And find who is her Valentine.
Isab. Come, let 's go see her;
I long to prosecute.
Luce. By no means, mistress;
Let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows! Was 't not I
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gaped like bung-holes,
To utter sense? Where got you understanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves? who filed you in fit taverns?

2 *clapt*] So Q2, etc. *clap* Q1.
9 *prosecute*] Qq, F. *persecute* Sew. to Dyce. I think the old reading may stand, in the sense of "carry the matter further." *Persecute* in the sense

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Were those born with your worships? when you came
hither,
What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you,
Besides your small-beer sentences——
Bel. 'Tis well, sir.
Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,
Boot-hoses,
With penny-posies,
And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes,
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented
Your want of Breton's books?

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* LUCE, *behind.*

Fount. This cannot save you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps!
Bel. You may talk

8 *worships? when*] So Edd. '78, etc. *worships when* Q1 to Sew.

10 *Of moment matter to allow you*] "To *allow* frequently signifies to *approve*. Valentine asks what his companions brought from the university, of sufficient matter or consequence, which could in any degree prove their value, and procure them a favourable reception. I suspect we should read, '*Of moment or of matter.*'" Web.

11 *small-beer*] So Theo., Sympson, etc. *small bare* Q1. *small base* Q2, F. For "small-beer" cf. *The Elder Brother*, II. ii. 16. The expression was common.

13, 14] The lines were thus arranged by Edd. '78, etc. They supposed that "the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, etc." Dyce says that he inclines to believe, with Seward, that the text is imperfect here.

13 *boot-hoses*] "i. e. thick stockings, worn still by country people instead of boots." Web.

14 *penny-posies*] So Edd. '78, etc. *penny-poses* Q1 to Sew.

16] So Sew., etc. *but piping rites that knew you would be prising*, Qq, F. It was observed by Seward that *kites* is used, in I. i. 16, for "sharpers," and that *piping* is the noise which the kite makes when seeking his prey.

17 *Paul's Church-yard*] See note to II. iii. 26.

18 *Breton's*] So Sew., etc. *Brittanes* Qq, F. (It is noted by Sew. that Nicholas Breton is called "Britain" in Broome's *Merry Beggars* and "Briton"

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The stock we gave you out: but see, no further.
Hare. You tempt our patience; we have found you out,
And what your trust comes to: ye are well-feather'd
(Thank us); and think now of an honest course;
'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they are stale.
L. Heart. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he.
L. Heart. Be still and mark him.
Val. How miserable
Will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em!
But things have their necessities: I am sorry:
To what a vomit must they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I cast you off, you men of motley,
You most undone things, below pity, any
That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;
My name shall bar that blessing. There 's your cloak, sir;
[*Takes off, and throws to them, his cloak, &c.*]
Keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you
A fortnight longer from the fool:—your hat;
Pray, be cover'd:—
And there 's the satin that your worship sent me,
Will serve you at a sizes yet.
Fount. Nay, faith, sir.
You may e'en rub these out now.
Val. No such relic,
Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,
Purchased and paid for without your compassion,

20 *but see, no further*] "i. e. but see that you talk no further, after that stock is exhausted. Mason, not understanding the passage, proposed to read, '*But seek no further*,—that is, do not expect any further supply.'" Dyce.

22 *ye are*] *yeare* Q1. *yea'r* Q2. *ye're* F.

22 *well-feathered*] "i. e. well-clothed; alluding to the suit he had obtained from his companions." Web.

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And Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars,
And so I will maintain 'em.
Hare. So they seem, sir.
Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray, preserve it;
Do not displease me more, but take it presently.
Now help me off with my boots.
Hare. We are no grooms, sir.
Val. For once you shall be; do it willingly,
Or, by this hand, I 'll make you.
Bel. To our own, sir,
We may apply our hands. [*They take off* VALENTINE'S *boots.*]
Val. There 's your hangers;
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I am perfect;
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,
I am beholding to you.
Fount. No such matter.
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies?
I without you, or you without my knowledge?
Be rogues, and so be gone! be rogues, and reply not;
For, if you do——
Bel. Only thus much, and then we 'll leave you:
The air is far sharper than our anger, sir;
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.
Hare. Pray, have a care, sir, of your health.
[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.—
Exeunt, behind, LADY HEARTWELL *and* LUCE.

45 *And Christian breeches*] So Edd. '78, etc. *and Christian bleeches* Q1; *a Christian breeches* Q2, F, Sew. "Valentine calls his breeches 'Christian,' because Black-Friars, where they had been made, abounded with Puritans." Dyce.
46 *I will*] So Sew., etc. *Ile* Qq, F.
49 *mark*] Alluding to the coin so named, worth 13s. 4d.
50 *Do not displease me more*] Om. *me* Q2, F, Sew.
54 s.d. They take, etc.] Added by Web.
54 *hangers*] i. e. the straps by which the sword was suspended to the belt.
58 *beholding*] *beholden* Edd. '78. Web.

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Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!
'Tis cold, and I am very sensible;
Extremely cold, too; yet I will not off,
Till I have shamed these rascals.
I have endured as ill heats as another,
And every way; if one cold perish me,
Body, you 'll bear the blame on 't. I am colder here;
Not a poor penny left! [*Touching his pockets.*]

Enter LOVEGOOD *with a bag, and* LANCE.

Love. 'T 'as taken rarely;
And, now he 's flay'd, he will be ruled.
Lance. To him, tew him,
Abuse him, and nip him close.
Love. Why, how now, cousin?
Sunning yourself this weather?
Val. As you see, sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Love. But, cousin,
Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;
Your scruple may compound with those, I take it:
This is no fashion, cousin.
Val. Not much follow'd,
I must confess; yet, uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.
Lance. How came you thus, sir?
For you are strangely mew'd.
Val. Rags, toys, and trifles,
Fit only for those fools that first possess'd 'em,

73–4] So Dyce (from Gifford's *Ford*, ii. 207). *and euery way if one could perish my body, you'le . . .* Qq, F. *And almost every way that one can perish; My Body, you'll bear* cold, but they *the blame on't;* Sew. (doubtingly). *And every way, if one could perish, my body—— You'll bear the blame on't.* Edd. '78, Web.

75 s.d. Touching his pockets] Added by Web.

75 s.d. and Lance] Added by Dyce.

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And to those knaves they are render'd. Freemen, uncle,
Ought to appear like innocent old Adam,
A fair fig-leaf sufficient.
Love. Take me with you:
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings that make friends!
Love. I thought till now,
There had been no such living, no such purchase,
(For all the rest is labour,) as a list
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as you, sir,
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more
Than casting off your coats? I am strangely cozen'd.
Lance. Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
Till you be summ'd again; velvets and scarlets
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver,
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance;
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St. Alban's!
Val. Gentlemen,

88 *innocent old Adam*] So Web. (Mason conj.), Dyce. *innocents, old Adam* Q1 to Edd. '78.

89 *Take me with you*] i. e. let me understand you.

94 *Do not such men*] So Qq, Edd. '78 (who print *aim at more* in l. 96), Web. (without alteration in l. 96). *Do such men*, F., Sew., Dyce. Double negatives of this kind are, I think, too frequent to make a departure from the earlier reading quite justifiable.

95 *In lieu of*] i. e. in return for.

99 *interdiction*] *intrediction* Q1.

101 *summ'd*] "*Summ'd* is when a Hawk hath all her feathers, and is fit either to be taken from the Erie or Mew." Latham's *Faulconry* (Explan. of Words of Art), 1658, quoted by Dyce.

105] In times of severe plague in London the Michaelmas law-sittings were occasionally held elsewhere, in order to avoid the danger of infection in the

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You have spoken long and level; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer?
Love. Yes, sir.
Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raise me up again above your rents, uncle?
Love. All this I do believe.
Val. You have no mind to better me?
Love. Yes, cousin;
And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my power is master of.
Val. A match, then:
Lay me down fifty pounds there.
Love. There it is, sir.
Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this,
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hoped for.
Love. How?

Enter LUCE, *who lays down a suit of clothes and a letter, and exit.*

Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you are prone in sack, uncle.
Love. I thank you, sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while;

---

which the terms brought to Taverns, see Dekker's *Dead Tearme* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, IV. 24–5). They were also the chief seasons for the publication of new books.

108 *the twirling of your strings*] i. e. the strings of the "band" or collar. Cf. [If you would be taken for an eminent courtier] "I would have you learn

Away, I say, sir! let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he will seek you to-morrow.—
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!
Love. Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.
Val. Would I sweat too! I am monstrous vex'd,
and cold too;
And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in:
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge with
me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear.
[*Observing the suit of clothes.*]
What art thou?
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left
'em;
And if I should utter——what 's this paper here?
[*Reads.*]
Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman, Valentine.
Dropt out o' th' clouds, I think! they are full of gold
too!
Well, I 'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;
In the next house I 'll shift. [*Exit.*

129 In Qq Vncl. *Farewell sir.* ends a page and is repeated at the head of the next. The stage direction is only given on the second page. The catchword is correctly Val.
132 *fadge*] "i. e. suit." Weber.
133 s.d. Observing . . .] Direction first given by Weber.
135 s.d. Reads] First given by Web.
136 *clouds, I think! they*] So Dyce. *cloudes; I thinke they* Q1 to Web.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, *and* LANCE.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.
Love. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him;
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus:
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong corrosives must cure him.
Lance. H'as had a stinger
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.
Love. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better;
'Twill make him feel it.
Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?
Love. It must needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off; he is naked;
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging!—
His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,
Have him at that we hoped for.
Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,
To show his bounty in the pottage-ordinary.
Fran. Which way went he?
Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?

6 *must*] So Q2, etc. *most* Q1.

You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune
He spun it out himself, sir; there 's no pity.
Love. Besides, some good to you now from this misery.
Fran. I rise upon his ruins? fie, fie, uncle;
Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.
Love. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter VALENTINE, *richly dressed.*

Val. Morrow, uncle;— morrow, Frank, sweet Frank;—
And how and how, d'ye think now, how show matters?—
Morrow, bandog.
Love. How?
Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends?
Val. Th'art handsome, Frank,
A pretty gentleman; i' faith, thou lookest well;
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.
Lance. Sure, he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.
Love. New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.
Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.
Love. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.
Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle,
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal
(I thank you for 't); neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle;
And though I have no state, I keep the streets still,

28 s.d. richly dressed] So Dyce. In brave apparel. Web. Om. Q1 to Edd. '78.

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And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm (poor things, they serve me);
Can make a show too, if I list; yes, uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle!
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?
Love. I am amazed.
Lance. I 'll sell my copyhold;
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him,
No rat, nor no old woman?
Love. You are Valentine?
Val. I think so; I cannot tell; I have been call'd so,
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a sergeant fasting?
Did you ever know desert want? ye are fools:
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
(He would grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow him;
But out he must break glowingly again,
And with a great[er] lustre,—look you, uncle,—
Motion and majesty,——
Love. I am confounded.
Fran. I am of his faith.
Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,
Taking some one by the hand he loves best.—Leave them
To the mercy of the hog-market: come, Frank;
Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct thee.
Fran. Good morrow, uncle; I must needs go with him.
Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I shall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.
[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

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Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.
Sow mustard seeds, and they cannot come up so thick
As his new satins do, and cloths of silver:
There is no striving.
Love. Let him play a while, then,
And let 's search out what hand——
Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Fount. Come, let 's speak for ourselves; we have lodged him sure enough;
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.
Bel. We can have no admittance.
Hare. Let 's in boldly,
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,
We are all content.
Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars.
Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod-ivy he lies whistling;
For means nor clothes he has none, nor none will trust him;
We have made that side sure. [We'll] teach him a new wooing.
Hare. Say it is his uncle's spite.
Fount. It is all one, gentlemen;
'T 'as rid us of a fair encumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these?

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser:

79 *There is*] Sew., etc. *theres* Qq, F.
ii. s.d. Before Lady Heartwell's house] So Dyce. A Hall in Lady

But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so?
She is finely hurt to hunt.
Luce. Peace; the three suitors.
Isab. I could so titter now and laugh! I was lost, Luce,
And I must love, I know not what!—Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks!—
And we must into the country in all haste, Luce.
Luce. For heaven's sake, mistress——
Isab. Nay, I have done;
I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall teach you!
Fount. 'Tis her sister.
Bel. Save you, ladies!
Isab. Fair met, gentlemen:
You are visiting my sister, I assure myself.
Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.
Isab. Behold, and welcome.
You would see her?
Fount. 'Tis our business.
Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.
Luce. [*Aside to* ISABELLA] She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.
Isab. I 'll make her fret a thousand;
Nay, now I have found the scab, I will so scratch her!
Luce. She cannot endure 'em.
Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.—
Come, follow me, I 'll bring you to the party,
Gentlemen; then make your own conditions.
Luce. She is sick, you know.
Isab. I 'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle answer,—you are fools, then;
Nor stand off for her state,—she 'll scorn you all, then;
But urge her still, and, though she fret, still follow her;
A widow must be won so.
Bel. She speaks bravely.

16 *she is finely hurt to hunt*] . e., I suppose, she is already wounded and will hence be an easy prey, but possibly there is some corruption.
17 *I was lost, Luce, . . .*] "These words allude to the accusations of the widow against Isabella, before she herself fell in love." Web.
27 s.d. Aside to Isabella] Direction first given by Web.
31 *to the party*] So Edd. '78, etc. *toth party* Q1 to Sew. *parley* has been suggested.

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Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love men's company.—
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.
Luce. This will kill her.
Fount. You have show'd us one way, do but lead the t'other.
Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come, I 'll despatch you.
Luce. If you live after this——
Isab. I have lost my aim. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No; hang 'em, hang 'em!
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em!
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!
Val. I shall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I have done.
Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty;
It was the widow's man; that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go?
Fran. To give thanks, sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks! hast not thou parts deserves it?

43 *lead*] So Q2, etc. *lend* Q1.
45] "Luce means to say to Isabella, that her sister would be ready to destroy

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It includes a further will to be beholding;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you will go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;
I would to th' court with bears first. If it be
That wench I think it is, (for t'other 's wiser,)
I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon
(For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom,—
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her),
So lick'd, and stroked, flear'd upon, and flouted,
And shown to chambermaids, like a strange beast
She had purchased with her penny.
Fran. You are a strange man:
But do you think it was a woman?
Val. There 's no doubt on 't;
Who can be there to do it else? besides,
The manner of the circumstances.
Fran. Then such courtesies,
Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights, or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
"I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!"
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means. I pray, go with me,
Even as you love me, sir.
Val. I will come to thee;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopperies;
Despatch those ere I come.
Fran. You will not fail me?
Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.

10 *includes a*] So F to Dyce. *includes to a* Qq.
10 *beholding*] So Qq, F, Dyce. *beholden* Sew. to Web.
11 *doors*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *Doore* Q2, F, Sew.
20 *buckled with her*] "i. e. had a close fight with her." Dyce.
21 *flear'd upon*] "Qy. 'so flear'd upon'?" Dyce.
29 *deserving slights*] "i. e. slights founded on an high opinion of our own deserts." Mason. An explanation which I cannot consider as satisfactory.

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Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, SHORTHOSE, *and* ROGER.

L. Heart. Who let me in these puppies? You blind rascals,
You drunken knaves!
Short. Yes, forsooth, I 'll let 'em in presently.—
Gentlemen!
L. Heart. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!
Short. I bawl as loud as I can: would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?
L. Heart. Get 'em out, rascal; out with 'em, out!
I sweat to have 'em near me.
Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.
Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.
Short. Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and make 'em drink?
L. Heart. Do anything, so I be eased.

Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Isab. Now to her, sir; fear nothing.
Rog. [*to* SHORTHOSE.] Slip aside, boy:

40 s.d. Exeunt] So Q1 to Web. "Exeunt severally." Dyce.
iv. 1 *Who let me in*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *Who let in* Q2 to Sew.
2 *knaves!*] So Edd. '78, etc. *knaves severall.* Qq, F. *you several blind rascals, drunken knaves.* Sew. The word *several* is explained by Edd. '78 as a "marginal direction for the appearance of several servants in this place." They accordingly add "and several other servants" to the direction at the head of the scene: so also Weber. Dyce considers "that *several* meant that Shorthose and Roger were to be *apart* from Lady Heartwell, she entering on one side, they on the other." Evidently Shorthose is at some distance from his mistress, for he pretends not to understand what she says.
3 '*Sprecious*] *Spercious* Q1.
3 *you bawling . . .*] So Q1, Edd. 78, etc. Om. *you* Q2 to Sew.
10 s.d. To Shorthose] Added by Web.

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I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.
Short. Away to tables, then. [*Exit with* ROGER.
Isab. [*Aside.*] I shall burst with the sport on 't.
Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.
Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, every place decent;
What need you be so vex'd?
Hare. We are no strangers.
Fount. What though we come ere you expected us?
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?
L. Heart. You are merry, gentlemen.
Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry
(We love to laugh heartily), and now and then, lady,
A little of our old plea.
L. Heart. I am busy,
And very busy too.—Will none deliver me?
Hare. There is a time for all: you may be busy;
But when your friends come, you have as much power, madam——
L. Heart. This is a tedious torment.
Fount. How handsomely
This little piece of anger shows upon her!—
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself!
Bel. Nay, everything she does breeds a new sweetness.

13 *tables*] "i. e. backgammon." Dyce.
13 s.d. Exit with Roger] So Dyce. Exeunt. Qq, F. Exe. Short. Rog. Sew. Exe. Servants. Edd. '78, Web. 14 s.d. Aside] Added by Dyce.
17 *be so vex'd*] So Q1, Sew., etc. Om. *so* Q2, F.
22 (*We love to laugh heartily*)] So Dyce. *merry, 'mē live to laugh . . .* Q1. *merry, men love to laugh . . .* Q2, F. *We come to b' merry, madam, very merry, Love to laugh heartily, and . . .* Sew. *Come to laugh heartily* Edd. '78, Web. *mē*, as is observed by Dyce, cannot be taken as standing for *men* (unless by the accidental dropping of an *n*), for in Q1, *ē* is constantly used for *e* in words where no *n* is omitted; for instance, in the next speech,

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L. Heart. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business
Waits upon me.—Some wine for the gentlemen!
Hare. Nay, we 'll go with you; we never saw your chambers yet.
Isab. [*Aside to them*] Hold there, boys!
L. Heart. Say I go to my prayers?
Fount. We 'll pray with you, and help your meditations.
L. Heart. This is boisterous:—or, say I go to sleep,
Will you go to sleep with me?
Bel. So suddenly
Before meat will be dangerous: we know
Your dinner 's ready, lady; you will not sleep.
L. Heart. Give me my coach! I will take the air.
Hare. We 'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quicken'd stomach.
L. Heart. Let it alone, and call my steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.—
[*Aside.*] These unmannerly rude puppies!
Fount. We 'll walk after you,
[*Exit* LADY HEARTWELL.
And view the pleasure of the place.
Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she 'll scorn and flout you:
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and prosper!
Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her!
[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.
Isab. I 'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;
I 'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And, when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,

37 *to sleep*] *te sleepe* Q1.
44 s.d. Aside] Added by Dyce.

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And still they persecute her.
Isab. Long may they do so!
I 'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives
Occasion for men to run mad after her?
Luce. I shall be hang'd.
Isab. This in me had been high treason:
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope she 'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL.

L. Heart. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.
Isab. Ha, ha, ha!
L. Heart. Why do you laugh, sister?
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleasure.
Isab. What have you done with 'em?
L. Heart. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I 'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty:
Unmannerly rude puppies!
Isab. They are somewhat saucy;—
[*Aside.*] But yet I 'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—
Why were they not beaten out?
L. Heart. I was about it;
But, because they came as suitors——
Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?
L. Heart. They are so impudent they will receive none.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

More yet! how came these in?
Lance. At the door, madam.
Isab. [*Aside.*] It is that face.
Luce. [*Aside to* LADY HEARTWELL.] This is the gentleman.

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L. Heart. She sent the money to?
Luce. The same.
Isab. I 'll leave you;
They have some business.
L. Heart. Nay, you shall stay, sister;
They are strangers both to me.—How her face alters!
Isab. I am sorry he comes now.
L. Heart. I am glad he is here now, though.—
Who would you speak with, gentlemen?
Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair sister there: here is a gentleman
That has received a benefit.
L. Heart. From whom, sir?
Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, madam:
Your man deliver'd it.
L. Heart. I pray, go forward.
Lance. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and service,
Pass by the house.
L. Heart. Which is the gentleman?
Lance. This, madam.
L. Heart. What 's your name, sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched
To hide a gratitude.
L. Heart. It is well bestow'd, then.
Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,
For what desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome subject for your charities,
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,
Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.
L. Heart. I am sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.—
[*Aside to* ISAB.] Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;
The man is a pretty man.
Isab. You have three fine ones.

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Fran. Then to you, dear lady——
Isab. I pray, no more, sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompense,
And more than I expected.
Fran. But, good lady——
Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain-glory,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it;
And, if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: more to inquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.
Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——
Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person——
L. Heart. [*Aside.*] A brave dissembling rogue! and how she carries it!
Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Though my years desire a friend; that I relieved you:—
L. Heart. [*Aside.*] A plaguy cunning quean!
Isab. For, so I carried it,
My end 's too glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd
The goodness I propounded with opinion.
L. Heart. Fear her not, sir.
Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?
Isab. Let it suffice you have it: it was never mine,
Whilst good men wanted it.

110 *About the right way nothing*] The text is hardly satisfactory, but no emendation has been proposed.
113 *thought thanks*] *thought your Thanks* Sew. "and so probably the author wrote." Dyce.
115 s.d. Aside] First given by Web. Similarly in ll. 119 and 125.
120 *and barter'd*] So Qq, Edd. '78, etc. *and bettered* F, Sew. *to barter*

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Lance. [*Aside.*] This is a saint, sure.
Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.
Fran. To commend myself,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,
Both to mine own good and understanding.
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I must think something, and of some season,
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.
L. Heart. [*Aside to* ISAB.] What ward for that, wench?
Isab. Alas, it never touch'd me!
Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money
I ever took upon a forced ill manners.
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful taker?
Isab. Spend it, and say nothing;
Your modesty may deserve more.
L. Heart. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness?
Isab. Dogs dance for meat;
Would you have men do worse, for they can speak?
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds?
I did it, that my best friend should not know it;
Wine and vain-glory does as much as I else.
If you will force my merit against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in showing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;

126 *such a one*] "i. e. a good man." Edd. '78.
130 *and understanding*] So Qq, F, Edd. '78, Web. *and to your understanding* Sew. *and* [*your*] *understanding* Dyce. I take the Qq reading to mean—to doubt my own worth, and hence to be obliged to return your gifts, would be contrary to my own advantage and to my common-sense.
135 s.d. Aside to Isab.] So Dyce. Aside. Web. Om. Q1 to Edd. '78.
143 *worse . . .*] So Dyce. *worse, for they can speak, cry out* Qq. *worse? for they an speak, cry out* F to Web.

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And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation
May ripen strange persuasions.
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours
Were ever in my thoughts unspotted ermines;
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense
Burns not to common eyes: your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em.
Isab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me so, you have paid me:
And so, I wish you see all fortune!
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* LUCE.
L. Heart. Fear not;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—
[*Aside.*] Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?
This is to wake my fears, or to abuse mè;
I shall look narrowly.—Despair not, gentlemen;
There is an hour to catch a woman in,
If you be wise. So, I must leave you too.—
[*Aside.*] Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*
Lance. Sir, what courage?
Fran. This woman is a founder, and cites statutes
To all her benefits.
Lance. I never knew yet
So few years and so cunning: yet, believe me,
She has an itch; but how to make her confess it?
For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares not.
Carry yourself but so discreetly, sir,
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,
And you shall see her open.
Fran. I do love her.

157 *ermines*] So Theo., etc. *crimes* Qq, F. The following passage is

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And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,
To wed her wit but one hour: oh, 'tis a dragon,
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?
Lance. Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you would cry, "ho, ho, Lance!"
Fran. Some leaden, landed rogue will have this wench now,
When all 's done; some such youth will carry her,
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce,
That knows no more but markets, and admires
Nothing but a long charge at sizes: oh, the fortunes!

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE *behind.*

Lance. Comfort yourself.
Luce. They are here yet, and alone too:
Boldly upon 't! Nay, mistress, I still told you
How you would find your trust; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.
Lance. Now, what 's the matter?
Stand fast and like yourself.
Isab. Prithee, no more, wench.
Luce. What was his want to you?
Isab. 'Tis true.
Luce. Or misery?
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no mercy
To look abroad but yours?
Isab. I am paid for fooling.
Luce. Must every slight companion, that can purchase
A show of poverty and beggarly planet,
Fall under your compassion?
Lance. Here 's a new matter.
Luce. Nay, you are served but too well. Here he stays yet;

180 *dragon*] *paragon* Sew., because "*dragon* is an odd animal for a lover to compare his mistress to." But (as Edd. '78 observe) Francisco is talking of the lady's *wit*.
187 s.d. behind] So Dyce. Om. Q1 to Edd. '78. apart Web.
188 *alone too*] So F, etc. *a love too* Qq.
190 *How you would*] So Sew., etc. *how 'would* Q1. *how t'would* Q2, F.
194 *i' th' cage*] i. e. in prison. 196 *complexion*] i. e. fellow.

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Yet, as I live!
Fran. How her face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Isab. I am glad on 't.
Fran. How do you, gentle lady?
Isab. Much ashamed, sir,
(But first stand further off me, y' are infectious,)
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,
Where I believed a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,
Your trim counsel, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*]
Lance. What, lady?
Isab. Take your device again; it will not serve, sir;
The woman will not bite; you are finely cozen'd:
Drop it no more, for shame!
Luce. Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waistcoateers, your base wenches
That scratch at such occasions? You are deluded:
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyres above your pitch.
Fran. I do acknowledge——
Isab. Then I beseech you, sir, what could you see
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil,)
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this?
Fran. You amaze me:
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.
Isab. I took it up too,
Still looking when your modesty should miss it:
Why, what a childish part was this!
Fran. I vow——

205 *believed*] So F, etc. *beleeve* Qq.
207 *Your trim counsel*] *This your trim Counsel* Sew., "and so, perhaps, the author wrote." Dyce.
207 s.d. Producing a ring] Added by Edd. '78, etc.
209 *The woman will not bite*] Cf. l. 175. Had Isabella and Luce been "behind" all the time?

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Isab. Vow me no vows: he that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw [*gives him the ring*]. You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can: and so, farewell, sir.
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* LUCE.
Lance. "Grow wiser, if you can!" she has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?
Fran. Never; ne'er
Saw it afore, Lance.
Lance. Thereby hangs a tale, then.
What sleight she makes to catch herself! look up, sir;
You cannot lose her, if you would: how daintily
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
She makes her stoops! whistle, and she 'll come to you.
Fran. I would I were so happy!
Lance. Maids are clocks:
The greatest wheel they show goes slowest to us,
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow,
Young as her purpose, and soft as pity;
No monument to worship, but a mould
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,
You are stark blind if you hit not soon: at night
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
A flea in your shape bite her. "Drop no more rings," forsooth!
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!

226 s.d. gives him the ring] Added by Web., etc.
228 s.d. Exeunt, etc.] Exit . . . Qq.
231 *Saw*] So F, etc. *see* Qq.
231 *tale*] So Web., Dyce. *taile* Q1 to Edd. '78.
235 *stoops*] So Sympson conj., Web., Dyce. *stoppes* Q1. *stops* Q2, F, Sew., Edd. '78.
238 *makes us hang*] So Sew., etc. *makes hang* Q1. *mak's hang* Q2. *make's hang* F.
242 *and soft*] *and as soft* Sew., Edd. '78.
246 *soon: at night*] So Sew., etc. *soone at night;* Qq, F.

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Fran. Thou putt'st me in much comfort.
Lance. Put yourself in
Good comfort. If she do not point you out the way.—
"Drop no more rings!" she 'll drop herself into you.
Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance. Let him alone,
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic;
And let 's be monstrous wise and full of counsel.
"Drop no more rings!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A hall in the same.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

L. Heart. If you will needs be foolish, you must be used so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,
And impudently bold; press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions
And of all sorts; will 'have your wills, will 'vex me,
And force a liking for you I ne'er owed you.
Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,
Will have a better answer from you.
L. Heart. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor dinner, unless you use me

250 *putt'st*] *puts* Q2.
256 s.d. Exeunt] So F, etc. Exit. Qq.
v. 5 *companions*] i. e. fellows.
6 *will 'have your wills, will 'vex me*] So Q1 (A), Q2 . . . *you wills* . . . Q1 (B) . . . *your wills, will vex me* F. *will have your wills, will vex me* Sew., Web., Dyce. *will you* . . . *will you* . . . Edd. '78.
7] So Dyce (Mason conj.). *and force my liking from you. I never owed*

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With a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter ISABELLA; *followed by* SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen, march fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man;
Your white broth runs from you. Fie, how I sweat
Under this pile of beef! an elephant
Can do [no] more. Oh, for such a back now,
And in these times what might a man arrive at!
Goose grace you up, and woodcock march behind thee!
I am almost founder'd.
L. Heart. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours:—
How am I vex'd and chafed!—go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd.
Short. Faces about, gentlemen;
Beat a mournful march, then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish.
[*Exit with* ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH.
Isab. [*Aside.*] It does me much good
To see her chafe thus.
Hare. We can stay, madam, and will stay and dwell here;
'Tis good air.
Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.

11 *your time*] i. e. the month which the suitors were to wait before pressing their suit. Cf. II. ii. 4–6.
11 s.d. Enter . . .] So Edd. '78, etc. Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph, with dishes of meate. Q1.
16 *Can do* [*no*] *more*] So Dyce, who says that *no* is absolutely necessary for the sense. *can do more* Q1 to Web.
16 *back*] "i. e. such a back as this chine of beef." Dyce.
18 *Goose grace*] *Goose grase* Q1, Edd. '78, etc *Goose, grase* Q2 to Sew. I imagine that the sense is—introduce you; but there is perhaps some joke.
22 *he is*] So Edd. '78, etc. *hee's* Qq, F. *that he's* Sew.
23 *Faces about*] *Face about* F, Sew.
25 *Or else I*] So F, etc. *or esse I* Q1. *I or else* Q2.
25 s.d. Exit . . .] Exeunt Servants Q1 to Web.
25 s.d. Aside] Added by Dyce.

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L. Heart. You want a little.
Bel. We dare to pretend on. Since you are churlish,
We 'll give you physic: you must purge this anger;
It burns you, and decays you.
L. Heart. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a percullis for you.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.
L. Heart. Good morrow, sir.—
[*Aside.*] How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!
What slaves was these to use him so!
Val. I come
To look a young man I call brother.
L. Heart. Such a one
Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,
But gone almost an hour ago.
Val. Good e'en, then.
L. Heart. You must not so soon, sir; here be some gentlemen;
It may be you are acquainted with 'em.
Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?
Fount. How glorious!
Bel. It is the very he: does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar?
Hare. How doggedly he looks too!
Fount. I am beyond my faith: pray, let 's be going.
Val. Where are these gentlemen?
L. Heart. Here.

30 *pretend on*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *pretend no* Q2, F, Sew. "i. e. carry our demands further," Edd. '78. "rather,—intend further (*pretend* being very common in the sense of—intend)." Dyce.
30 *churlish*] *curlish* Q1.
33 *percullis*] So Qq, Dyce. *portcullis* F to Web. "'A Percullis, *cataracta, porta demissoria*,' Coles' Dict.; and see Middleton's *Works*, iii. 162, ed. Dyce," Dyce. Possibly a play is intended upon the coin called portcullis. "I had

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Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.
Bel. Morrow, madam.
L. Heart. Nay, stay and dine.
Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury.
You think you have undone me; think so still,
And swallow that belief, till you be company
For court-hand clerks and starved attorneys;
Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny-rooms again, and fight for apples;
Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',
Tooth-drawers' bills, and tedious proclamations
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses;—
(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I 'll cut your throats else)—
Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
Rid you again, and run you into questions
Who built the Thames; till you run mad for lotteries,
And stand there with your tables to glean
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
To serving-men for sound essays; till taverns

49 *but fastingly my fury*] *fasting fly* Sew., Edd. '78. *fasting bide.* Theo. conj. The passage is explained by Weber ("rightly," Dyce), "You shall await my fury without having dined, and therefore fastingly." Does it not rather mean—you shall dine on my fury,—it will of course be but meagre diet? Qy. *fasting bye*, for *abye*, i. e. endure? Mr. Fleay suggests *fasting, bie* (=bide). The expression "fly my fury" occurs in *The Spanish Curate*, V. ii. 102.

55 *penny-rooms*] "The same cheap accommodations in play-houses re mentioned in Dekker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609:—your *groundling* and a *gallery-Commoner* buyes his sport by the penny [*Works*, ed. Grosart, II. 247]." Weber. See Collier's *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry* (1879), III. 150.

57 *fencers', challengers'*] So Web., Dyce. No apostrophe in Q1 to Edd. '78.

58 *bills*] i. e. advertisements, placards set up in public places.

61 *New Rivers*] The New River was a canal for the supply of water to London, which had been opened in 1613. For an account of it see Stow's *Survey of London*, ed. Strype, 1720, Bk. I., p. 25–6.

62 *Rid*] *Ride* Sew. to Web.

63 *built the Thames*] So Sew., etc. *built Theamea* Q1. *built Thames* Q2, F. "If *built the Thames* be the right reading (which I greatly doubt), it perhaps may mean—built bridges over the Thames." Dyce.

64 *tables*] i. e. table-books, memorandum-books, as the Reader of *The Guls Hornebooke* is advised to "draw near . . . out with your tables, and naile your eares (as it were to the pillary) to the *musique* of our instructions" (Dekker, *Works*, ed. Grosart, II. 212–3).

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Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glasses
That look like broken promises, tied up
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
With half pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon, like corals,
To bring the mark again; till this hour, rascals,
(For this most fatal hour will come again,)
Think I sit down the loser!
L. Heart. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that 's all;
You know you are welcome.
Hare. That was cast to abuse us.
Bel. Steal off: the devil is in his anger!
L. Heart. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I have provided for you.
Val. What do you here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state and worth? Can you bring a fair certificate
That you deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, you puppies?
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers!

68 *Wine that the bell hath gone for twice*] "i. e. Wine that has been twice *tolled* for,—that has been left stale by two companies." Dyce.

72-3 *That bawds . . . mark again*] I cannot satisfactorily explain this passage, but the meaning is evidently "to make them appear young again." There is almost certainly reference to the fraudulent practises of horse-dealers. In Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* it is explained how "the *Horse-courser* with a smal round yrõ made very hot, burnes two black holes in the top of the two out-most teeth of each side the out-side of the Horses mouth vpon the nether teeth, & so likewise of the teeth of the vpper chap, which stand opposite to ye nether, the quallitie of which marks is to shew that a horse is but yong" (*Works*, ed. Grosart, III. 278). It is further stated that these teeth drop out altogether in old age, which suggests that Fletcher's meaning is that bawds mumble biscuits, as teething children do corals, as if they expected it would make their teeth come again. The expression is far from uncommon. Cf. "the marke is cleane gone out of my muses mouth," Nashe, *Vnf. Trav.* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, V. 59), and "the mark is out of Gower's mouth" [i. e. he has became old-fashioned], Guilpin's *Skialetheia*, vi.

73-4 *till this hour, rascals. . . .*] So Edd. '78, etc. *till these houre rascalls*

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Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
And, when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
And slight this lady: I shall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good I dare preserve 'em.
Be not too bold; for, if you be, I 'll swinge you,
I 'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours; now go; avoid me mainly!
[*Exeunt* FOUNT., BEL., *and* HARE.
L. Heart. Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And with your nobleness prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We 'll all go and eat, sir.
Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so, I thank you. [*Exit.*
L. Heart. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it.
[*Exit with* ISAB.

85 *stay*] Possibly we should read *stare*.
90 *I'll swinge you*] Om. Q2, F.
92 *Your honours; now go;*] *Your Honours now may go.* Sew. "But 'your honours,' means—make your obeisances. Cf. 'My honour done, ye're welcome, gentlemen.' *The Captain*, last line of prologue." Dyce.
92 s.d. Exeunt . . .] So Web., Dyce. Exeunt. Q1 to Sew. Exeunt Lovers. Edd. '78.
95 *We'll*] So Q2, etc. *will* Q1.
101 s.d. Exit with Isab.] So Dyce. Exit. Q1 to Web.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A hall in LADY HEARTWELL'S *house.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.

Love. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.
Mer. I am glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end?
Love. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,
They would strike it out o' th' flint but they would form it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* SHORTHOSE.

Mer. The widow, sure: why does she stir so early?
[*Retires with* LOVEGOOD.]
L. Heart. [*Aside.*] 'Tis strange I cannot force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I would bring him.—
Tell my sister I will use my devotions
At home this morning; she may, if she please, go to church.
Short. Heigh-ho!
L. Heart. And do you wait upon her with a torch, sir.
Short. Heigh-ho!

8 s.d. Retires, etc.] So Dyce. Om. Q1 to Edd. '78. They retire. Web.
9 s.d. Aside] First given by Dyce.

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L. Heart. You lazy knave!
Short. Here is such a tinkle-tanklings,
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out.—
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your chamber-pot,
And burn a little rosemary in 't: I must wait upon my lady.—
This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption;
I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me
L. Heart. You drowsy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!
Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been,
And haunted with the night-mare——
L. Heart. With an ale-pot!
Short. You would have little list to morning prayers.
Pray, take my fellow, Ralph; he has a psalm-book:
I am an ingrum man.
L. Heart. Get you ready quickly,
And, when she is ready, wait upon her handsomely.
No more; be gone!
Short. If I do snore my part out——
[*Exit.*
Love. Now to our purposes.
Mer. Good morrow, madam.
[*Coming forward with* LOVEGOOD.]
L. Heart. Good morrow, gentlemen.
Love. Good joy and fortune!
L. Heart. These are good things, and worth my thanks: I thank you, sir.
Mer. Much joy I hope you 'll find: we came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.
L. Heart. How?

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Love. Yes, lady, now I may say so;
'Tis no shame to you; I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies,
Which you most happily may affect him for,
As bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed——
L. Heart. What is all this? I understand you not;
What niece, what marriage-knot?
Love. I 'll tell plainly:
You are my niece, and Valentine the gentleman
Has made you so by marriage.
L. Heart. Marriage?
Love. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.
L. Heart. The men are mad!
Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things that fly away like shadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?
You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.
Love. I ever thought he would do well.
Mer. Nay, I knew,
However he wheel'd about like a loose carbine,
He would charge home at length like a brave gentleman.
Heaven's blessing o' your heart, lady! we are so bound to honour you,
In all your service so devoted to you——
Love. Do not look so strange, widow; it must be known;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?
Come, come, you cannot hide 'em.
L. Heart. Pray, be not impudent:
These are the finest toys! belike I am married, then?
Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the world's account else:

41 *What is*] So Sew., Dyce. *Whats* Qq, F, Edd. '78, Web.
45 *a virtuous*] Om. *a* Q2, F.
47 *buoy*] So F, etc. *bay* Q1. *bouy* Q2.
54 *carbine*] So Sew., etc. *Cabine* Qq, F. A carbine was "an arquebuzier armed with a murrian and breastplate, and serving on horseback." Cotgrave.
59 *hide 'em*] *hide it* Sew. to Web.

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I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.
L. Heart. And I am great with child?
Love. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you are with child;
And great joy among the gentlemen,
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he stay'd; could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his first-fruits.
L. Heart. I shall believe anon.
Love. And we consider, for some private reasons
You would have it private; yet take your own pleasure:
And so, good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!
L. Heart. No, no; pray, stay.
Love. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well.
Mer. You 'll find him noble.—
[*Aside to* LOVE.] This may beget——
Love. It must needs work upon her.
[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.
L. Heart. These are fine bobs, i' faith; married, and with child too!
How long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows;
They should not come to flout: married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! where lies this May-game?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how?—Who waits there?

Enter HUMPHRY.

Hum. Madam?
L. Heart. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;

66 *And great joy*] *And there's great joy* Sew., Edd. '78.
72 *private; yet take*] *private, yet take* Q1 to Sew. Read, perhaps, *private yet · take*.

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And hark you, sir [*whispers him*]: be secret and speedy;
Inquire out where he lies.
Hum. I shall do it, madam. [*Exit.*
L. Heart. Married, and got with child in a dream!
'tis fine, i' faith:
Sure, he that did this would do better waking. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, LANCE *drunk, and a* Boy *with a torch.*

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely.—How dost thou, Frank?
Peter Bassel, bear up.
Fran. You have fried me soundly.
Sack do you call this drink?
Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.
Lance. Now could I fight,
And fight with thee——
Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?
Lance. But that thou art mine own natural master:
Yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a pagan,
And pawn'st thy land, which [is] a noble cause.
Val. No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here: we will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy:

86 s.d. whispers him] So Dyce. Whisper. Edd. '78, who first gave the direction, Web.
ii. s.d. Lance drunk] "drunk" added by Edd. '78.
2 *Peter Bassel*] "The name, I believe, of a Dutch admiral." Dyce. I am unable to throw any light upon the allusion.
2 *fried*] *fired* Mason conj.
5 *man of Memphis*] Is there an allusion to "Awake, ye men of Memphis!"

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Hang fighting, hang 't; 'tis out of fashion.
Lance. I would fain labour you into your lands again.
Go to; it is behoveful.
Fran. Fie, Lance, fie!
Lance. I must beat somebody, and why not my master
Before a stranger? charity and beating
Begins at home.
Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.
Lance. I will not be compell'd, an you were two masters;
I scorn the motion.
Val. Wilt thou sleep?
Lance. I scorn sleep.
Val. Wilt thou go eat?
Lance. I scorn meat: I come for rompering;
I come to wait upon my charge discreetly;
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,
Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth. [*Lies down.*]
Val. And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon:
Thus, with my lance——
Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.
Val. Do you so, do you so, sir? I shall tail you presently.
Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.
Val. Take his Nellson:
And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo,
[*Raising him.*]

12 *hang 't*] So F, etc. *hang* Qq.
13 *labour*] "i. e. belabour, beat." Mason.
16 *Before a stranger*] So Q2, etc. Om. *a* Q1. 20 *rompering*]?
23 *Here do I lie . . .*] A reference to the St. George plays, which were still frequently acted. For quite modern ones see Prof. J. M. Manly's *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama*, Vol. I.
23 s.d. Lies down] Added by Web.
27 *his Nellson*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *this Nelson* Q2, F. *Take this, Nelson* Sew. *Nellson* is "probably a cant term for a sword." Web. "rather, I believe, for a club." Dyce. A dialect (Dur. Yks.) word "nelsin," meaning a shoemaker's awl or gimlet, given in *Eng. Dial. Dict.*, seems somewhat to

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Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.
Lance. I play no more; you abuse me.—
Will you go?
Fran. I 'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For sleep I cannot; I have a thousand fancies.
Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.
Lance. You shall hear from us.
[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* FRANCISCO.
Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had beaten me:
'Is the most tettish knave!

Enter LOVEGOOD, Merchant, *and* Boy *with a torch.*

Love. 'Tis he.
Mer. Good morrow.
Val. Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.
Love. You have made your brother a fine man; we met him.
Val. I made him a fine gentleman; he was
A fool before, brought up amongst the mist
Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?
Mer. I come to tell you your latest hour is come.
Val. Are you my sentence?
Mer. The sentence of your state.
Val. Let it be hang'd, then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see it.
Love. A gracious resolution.

30 *I play*] So Qq, Edd. '78, Web. *I'll play* F, Sew., Dyce.
34 Exeunt . . .] Exit . . . Qq. Exeunt Francisco and Lance. Dyce.
36 *tettish*] "The same as *tetchy*, peevish, fretful, irritable." Weber.
36 s.d. Boy with a torch] So F, etc. May with a torch. Qq,—"meaning probably the boy who was to carry the torch, his name having been retained from the prompter's book." Dyce.
40 *mist*] So Sew., Edd. '78. *midst* Qq, F, Web., Dyce. References to the steam arising from brew-houses are common. Cf. "hast thou tooke

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Val. What would you else with me? will you go drink,
And let the world slide, uncle? ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink sack like whey, boys!
Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?
Val. Come hither, merchant:
Make me a supper, thou most reverent land-catcher,
A supper of forty pound.
Mer. What then, sir?
Val. Then bring thy wife along and thy fair sisters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We 'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I 'll render thee an answer.
Mer. What say you to this?
Love. I dare not say, nor think neither.
Mer. Will you redeem your state? speak to the point, sir.
Val. Not, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's galleys.
Mer. Then I must take an order.
Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it.
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!"
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil;
Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, to raise a chamber

46 *would you else*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *would you have else* Q2, F, Sew.
51 *pound*] So Q1. *pounds* Q2, etc.
57 *What say you to this?*] So Q2, etc. Om. *you* Q1.
59 *Not, not*] *No, not* Sew. to Web.
65 *such a knell*] Om. *a* Q2.
68 *marchpanes*] a fashionable confection of the time (see Nares's *Glossary*

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For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in;
Mark what an earthquake comes! Thou foolish merchant,
My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too never christen'd;
They know no law nor conscience; they 'll devour thee;
An thou wert all the staple, they 'll confound thee
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there,
Shall be e'er heard of more: go, take possession,
And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits;
They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell suckers,
As they love mischief, and hate law; they are cannibals:
Bring down thy kindred, too, that be not fruitful;
There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em:
Go, take possession. I 'll go to my chamber.—
Afore, boy, go. [*Exit with* Boy.
Mer. He 's mad, sure.
Love. He 's half drunk, sure:
And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,
This looking back.
Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;
But he 's so harsh and strange!
Love. Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir;
And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.
Mer. Cannibals!
If ever I come to view his regiments,
If fair terms may be had——

71 *Mistress Silver-pin*] The name is similarly used in J. Taylor's *Works*, 1630, sig. Bbb3ᵛ, col. 2.

72 *comes! Thou*] So Dyce. *comes, then* Qq. *comes. Then* F to Web.

74 *too never*] *too were never* Sew. to Web.

76 *An thou wert all the staple*] So Dyce. i. e. If thou wert the whole mart, or merchandise. *and thou mortall the stople* Q1. *and thou mortall, the stopple* Q2, F. *An thou art mortal Staple* Sew., Web. *An thou art mortal, Staple* (Valentine calling the merchant *Staple*) Sew. conj., Edd. '78. The emendation of Dyce is by far the best hitherto proposed.

81 *Bow-bell suckers*] "i. e. sucking children born within the sound of Bow-bell: the expression is formed by analogy from *rabbit-sucker*, i. e. a sucking rabbit." Dyce.

84 *mandrakes*] "The root of the (white) mandrake was supposed to resemble the thighs and legs of a man, and was regarded as an emblem of incontinence, etc." Dyce.

86 s.d. Exit with Boy] Exeu. Q1. Exeunt. Q2, F.

92 *regiments*] So Q1, Edd. '78, etc. *regiment* Q2, F, Sew.

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Love. He tells you true, sir;
They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals
Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
Be patient but a while.
Mer. As long as you will, sir.
Before I buy a bargain of such runts,
I 'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another street.

Enter FRANCISCO, LANCE, *and* Boy *with a torch.*

Fran. How dost thou now?
Lance. Better than I was and straighter;
But my head 's a hogshead still, it rolls and tumbles.
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.
Lance. I may live to requite it;
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me! very well!
Fran. 'Twas all but sport. I 'll tell thee what I mean now:
I mean to see this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is she?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then she comes to prayers,
Early each morning thither: now, if I could but meet her,

98 *runts*] "i. e. Trunks of trees; here metaphorically for rude boors." Web. "also means—cattle (of a small size)." Dyce, who quotes from J. T. Brockett's *Gloss. of North Country Words*: "*Runt*, a Scotch ox—also a jocular designation for a person of strong though low stature."

99 *a college for bears*] i. e. a bear-garden. *Baers* Q2. Cf. B. Jonson's *Masque of Metam. Gipsies* (about 100 ll. from end), 'the students in Bears-college'; also his *Epigrams*, 133, l. 117, and:

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For I am of another metal now——
Lance. What light 's yond?
Fran. Ha! 'tis a light:—take her by the hand, and court her?
Lance. Take her below the girdle; you 'll never speed else.
It comes on this way still. Oh, that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* SHORTHOSE *with a torch.*

Fran. 'Tis she:
Fortune, I kiss thy hand!—Good morrow, lady.
Isab. What voice is that?—Sirrah, do you sleep
As you go?—[*Aside.*] 'Tis he: I am glad on't.—Why, Shorthose!
Short. Yes, forsooth; I dreamt I was going to church.
Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.
Isab. Hold thy torch up.
Short. Here 's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in 't.
Where did you see the voice?
Fran. She looks still angry.
Lance. To her, and meet, sir.
Isab. Here, here.
Fran. Yes, lady;
Never bless yourself; I am but a man,
And, like an honest man, now I will thank you.
Isab. What do you mean? who sent for you? who desired you?
Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?
Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha?

11 *court her?*] So Edd. '78, etc. *court her.* Q1 to Sew.
15 s.d. Enter Isabella, etc.] So Dyce. The direction is placed after *metal now*— in l. 10 by Q1 to Web.
18 s.d. Aside] First given by Dyce.
23 *meet, sir*] Mr. Fleay would read *meet* [*her*], *sir.*
24 *bless yourself*] "Alluding to the custom of crossing one's self, at the appearance of something strange or wonderful." Weber.
28 *ha*] So Q2, F, etc. *hay* Q1.

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But such companions as you must ruffle me?
You had best go with me, sir!
Fran. It was my purpose.
Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best,
Being so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you!
Fran. It was my meaning;
And such a husband, so loving and so careful,
My youth and all my fortunes shall arrive at——
Hark you!
Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly.—
Turn home again, sirrah [*To* SHORT.]—You had best now force
My man to lead your way!
Lance. Yes, marry, shall 'a, lady.—
Forward, my friend!
Isab. This is a pretty riot!
It may grow to a rape.
Fran. Do you like that better?
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.
Short. I see nothing; I am asleep still.
When you have done, tell me, and then I 'll wake, mistress.
Isab. Are you in earnest, sir? do you long to be hang'd?
Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.
Isab. Shall I call out for help?
Fran. No, by no means; that were a weak trick, lady:
I 'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*]
Isab. You'll answer all these.
Fran. A thousand kisses more.

29 *companions*] i. e. fellows.
29 *ruffle*] i. e. boisterously disturb me.
30 *It was*] So Sew., etc. *Twas* Qq, F.

Isab. I was never abused thus.
You had best give out too, that you found me willing,
And say I doted on you!
Fran. That 's known already,
And no man living shall now carry you from me.
Isab. This is fine, i' faith!
Fran. It shall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way;
I will to church.
Fran. And I will wait upon you.
Isab. And it is
Most likely there 's a priest, if you dare venture
As you profess! I would wish you look about you,
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recompences;
And trust not to my mercy——
Fran. But I will, lady.
Isab. For I 'll so handle you!
Fran. That 's it I look for.
Lance. Afore thou dream!
Short. Have you done?
Isab. [*To* SHORT.] Go on, sir.—
And follow, if you dare!
Fran. If I do not, hang me!
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were a million!—
God-a-mercy, sack! when would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE'S *lodging.*

Knocking within. Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Who 's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you?
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-mill?

63 s.d. To Short.] Added by Web.
64 *an it were*] *an 'twere* Qq, F, Web.

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Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.
Val. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman? what have I to do
With gentlewomen?
Serv. She will not be answer'd, sir.
Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in: I 'll try
How gentle she is. [*Exit* Serv.
This sack has fill'd my head
So full of baubles, I am almost mad.
What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has
Brought me no butter-print along with her,
To lay to my charge: if she have, 'tis all one,—
I 'll forswear it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *with* Servant.

L. Heart. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit* Serv.
Val. [*Aside.*] She will not ravish me?
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-hawk!—
What wouldst thou, woman?
L. Heart. Oh, you have used me kindly,
And like a gentleman! this 'tis to trust to you.
Val. Trust to me! for what?
L. Heart. Because I said in jest once,
You were a handsome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might
Be brought to marry——
Val. [*Aside.*] The widow is drunk too.
L. Heart. You out of this (which is a fine discretion)
Give out the matter 's done, you have won and wed me,

8 *baubles*] So Web., Dyce. *bables* Qq, F. *Babels* Sew., Edd. '78. Under *babble* in *N.E.D.* this passage is given with sense "Confused murmur, as of a stream." The only other instance is in 1870.
10 *butter-print*] A cant term for a child.
12 s.d. with Servant] So Sew., etc. Om. Qq, F.

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And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean?
Val. That you loved me,
And that you might be brought to marry me?
Why, what a devil do you mean, widow?
L. Heart. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,
Though you had enjoyed your first wish, you wish'd
(The wealth you aim'd [not] at) that I was poor;
Which is most true, I am; have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake in the town——
Val. I tell thee, widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,
If e'er thou marriest more.
L. Heart. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your nurse?
Val. My nurse?—why, what am I grown to?
Give me the glass;—my nurse!
L. Heart. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded;
But when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and daubing your decays,
With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins,
For the world so reports——
Val. Do not provoke me!
L. Heart. And half an eye may see——
Val. Do not provoke me!
The world 's a lying world, and thou shalt find it:

23 *put fairly for*] So Q1, Sew., etc. *put fairly put for* Q2. *put, fairly put for* F.
28 *It was*] *Twas* Q1 to Sew.
29–30] So Dyce. *wish, you wished the wealth you aimed at; that I was poore* Q1 . . . *at, that* . . . Q2. *wish you wished, the wealth you aimed at,*

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Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurse! yes, you shall rock me:
Widow, I 'll keep you waking.
L. Heart. You are disposed, sir.
Val. Yes, marry, am I, widow; and you shall feel it:
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I am a tiger.
L. Heart. I think so.
Val. Come.
L. Heart. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit 's upon me now,
The fit 's upon me now;
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit 's upon me now.
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too;
Let the cobbler meddle with his tools;
The fit 's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein; away with me;
For, if I have but two hours to consider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.
L. Heart. If you will go with me, sir——
Val. Yes, marry, will I;
But 'tis in anger yet; and I will marry thee;
Do not cross me; yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I will kiss thee:
Stand still and kiss me handsomely; but do not provoke me!
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous,
I drunk sack yesternight; do not allure me,—
Thou art no widow of this world! Come
In pity, and in spite I 'll marry thee:
Not a word more; and I may be brought to love thee.
[*Exeunt.*

51 *disposed*] "i. e. inclined to wanton mirth," Dyce. Cf. *The Custom of the Country*, I. i. 9 (Vol. I. p. 485).

55–8] Thus arranged by Edd. '78. As two lines Qq, F, Sew. The tune

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SCENE V.

A street.

Enter Merchant *and* LOVEGOOD *severally.*

Mer. Well met again: and what good news yet?
Love. Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd?
Love. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Love. 'Tis all flood;
And, till that fall away, there 's no expecting.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, LANCE, *and* SHORTHOSE *with a torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Love. With a gentlewoman;
The widow's sister, as I live! He smiles;
He has got good hold: why, well said, Frank, i' faith!
Let 's stay and mark.
Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth!
And so, you have handled me, think you ha' me sure?
Fran. As sure as wedlock.
Isab. You had best lie with me too!
Fran. Yes, indeed will I; and get such black-eyed boys!
Love. God-a-mercy, Frank!
Isab. This is a merry world! poor simple gentlewomen,
That think no harm, cannot walk about their business,
But they must be catch'd up I know not how.
Fran. I 'll tell you, and I 'll instruct you too.

v. A street] Another street. Web.
s.d. Enter, etc.] Enter Merchant and Vncle at severall doores. Q1 to Web.
6 *live! He*] So Edd. '78, etc. *live he* Q1 to Sew.

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Have I caught you, mistress?
Isab. Well, an it were not for
Pure pity, I would give you the slip yet;
But being as it is——
Fran. It shall be better.

Enter VALENTINE, LADY HEARTWELL, *and* RALPH *with a torch.*

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with her!
Sure, I think you are the king's takers.
Love. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.
L. Heart. I think so.
Val. And such proof you shall have!
L. Heart. I pray, speak softly.
Val. I 'll speak it out, widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child: I went for a man, a good one:
If you can, beat me out o' th' pit.
L. Heart. I did but jest with you.
Val. I 'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you!
Nay, when my credit calls——
L. Heart. Are you mad?
Val. I am mad, I am mad.
Fran. Good morrow, sir: I like your preparation.
Val. Thou hast been at it, Frank?
Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, sir.
Val. Along with me, then.—Never hang an arse, widow.
Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.
Val. Well said, black-brows!—
Advance your torches, gentlemen.
Love. Yes, yes, sir.
Val. And keep your ranks.
Mer. Lance, carry this before him.
[*Giving the mortgage.*]
Love. Carry it in state.

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Enter Musicians, FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Val. What are you? musicians? I know your coming:
And what are those behind you?
First Mus. Gentlemen
That sent us to give the lady a good morrow.
Val. Oh, I know them.—Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily.—Come forward, gentlemen:
You're welcome, welcome; now we are all friends.—
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long;
We have much business.—
Come, Frank, rejoice with me: thou hast got the start, boy;
But I 'll so tumble after!—Come, my friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully;—and let your fiddles ring, boys.—
My follies and my fancies have an end here.—
Display the mortgage, Lance.—Merchant, I 'll pay you,
And everything shall be in joint again.
Love. Afore, afore!
Val. And now confess and know,
Wit without money sometimes gives the blow. [*Exeunt.*

36 *I know your coming*] *I know your cunning* [i. e. skill] Dyce conj. He compares, in Valentine's next speech, "*Come, boy,*" etc.

39 *the song I taught you*] "Here, of course, a song was sung, though it is given neither in the 4tos nor in the folio." Dyce.

51 *Wit without . . .*] This line is printed in italics in Q2, F, Sew.

51 s.d. Exeunt] Exeunt omnes. Sew., Edd. '78, Web.

In Q2 follows a list of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays printed in 4to. See Introduction, p. 232 note.

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BEGGARS' BUSH

EDITED BY P. A. DANIEL

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(F1.) Comedies, etc. *Printed for Humphrey Robinson. at the three Pidgeons, and for Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Armes in S^t. Pauls Church-yard.* 1647.

'*Beggars Bush*' is the seventh play in this volume.

(Q.) *The Beggars Bush. Written by Francis Beavmont, and John Fletcher, Gentlemen.* [A large ornament] *London, Printed for Humphrey Robinson, and Anne Mosely, at the three Pigeons, and at the Princes Arms in Saint Pauls Church-yard,* 1661.

In some copies in place of the ornament on this title-page there is the following notice or advertisement:—*You may speedily expect those other Playes, which Kirkman, and his Hawkers have deceived the buyers withall, selling them at treble the value, that this and the rest will be sold for, which are the onely Originall and corrected copies, as they were first purchased by us at no mean rate, and since printed by us.*

A list of 'Drammatis Personæ' is printed on back of title; the play commences on the first page of sig. A, and at the end we find, as Dyce notes, the Prologue and the Epilogue which in fact belong to *The Captain.* They occupy in the first folio a separate leaf between *The Captain* and *Beggars Bush,* which leaf is the first of sheet sig. KK on which (KK2) *Beggars Bush* commences; hence the editor or printer of the Q. supposed they belonged to this play.

(F2.) Fifty Comedies, etc. *Printed by J. Macock, for John Martyn, Henry Herringman, Richard Marriot,* MDCLXXIX.

'*Beggars Bush, A Comedy,*' is the ninth play in this volume.

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BEGGARS' BUSH

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—Neither from Langbaine nor the Prefaces of the anonymous Edition 1711, and Seward 1750, is anything to be derived in the way of evidence or opinion on these subjects as regards this particular play. The Editors 1778, in their preliminary note to the play, say that "The Commendatory verses by Gardiner and Hills [among those prefixed to the F. 1647] attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher." The 'wholly' is a flourish of the Editors; Messrs. Gardiner and Hills merely introduce the name of this play among others, in their verses on the dramatic poems of Mr. John Fletcher. Malone (*Shakespeare's Works*, 1790) in his *Historical Account of the English Stage* brought to light the Herbert MS. and quotes an account of "Revels and Playes performed and acted at Christmas in the court at Whitehall, 1622." In it is the entry—"Upon St. John's daye at night was acted The Beggars Bush by the kings players." [Boswell's Malone, 1821, III. 146.] "From which circumstance," says Weber, 1812, "we may conclude that it was produced during the course of that year." [*Introduction*, I. liv.] In his preliminary remarks to the play itself he writes—"The Commendatory verses of Gardiner and Hills ascribe it to Fletcher, and what is decisive of his being the sole author, is the circumstance that like other new plays, it was performed at court in 1622, at Christmas." Given the proposition that the play was a new play in 1622, it was of course impossible that Beaumont, who died 6 March, 1616, could have had any hand in it, and the idea of any other collaborator does not appear to have entered Weber's mind. George Darley, 1839, in his Introduction to Moxon's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher (Weber's text) makes no advance on Weber: accepting 1622 as its date, he classes *Beggars' Bush* with others of which "it may be said with little hesitation" that Beaumont had no share in them.

Dyce again (1843–6) follows Weber: in his preliminary remarks to the play, referring to Malone's Herbert extract, he writes—"we may conclude that it had been originally acted, and with success, during the course of the year" [1622], and that "Fletcher may certainly be regarded as the sole author." Again in his *Account, etc.*, I. lxvii, he says—"there seems to be little doubt, that during the same year [1622] he [Fletcher] also produced the *Beggars' Bush*," and that it was "wholly from his pen."

Dyce's, or perhaps I should say Weber's conclusions confirmed by Dyce, were accepted, or remained unchallenged, so far as I know, till March 1874, when Mr. F. G. Fleay laid before the New Shakspere Society his system or theory of metrical tests and opened up a vast and almost untrodden field for literary investigation. I am not concerned here with the merits or demerits of Mr. Fleay's system; I have only to record here its results as regards this particular play, and in his paper of 27th March 1874 he accepted 1622 as its date; its authorship he declared to be the joint work of Fletcher and Massinger; to the latter he assigned Act I. and all the rest to Fletcher. Mr. Fleay was careful to insist that the paper from which I gather these results was "only preliminary." I am not aware that, as regards this play at least, Mr. Fleay ever published any modification of the conclusions arrived at in his paper of the 27th March 1874, till, in 1891, he brought out his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*. In that work [I. 199] he adheres to the joint authorship of Fletcher and Massinger, but instead of giving to the latter Act I. only, he also assigns to him Scenes 2 to 4 of Act II., part of Sc. 1 of Act V. and

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the whole of Sc. 2 of that Act. No doubt this modification of his views as to authorship was the result of a more mature consideration of the metre and style of the play, but the only determining point noticed is the spelling of the name Jacqueline—"Fletcher spells Jaculin and Massinger Jaqueline; in V. i. both occur." This is puzzling as regards the several 'parts' of V. i.; for the name occurs only once in that scene, and while F1 gives it as *Jaqueline*, F2 gives it as *Jaculin*. Mr. Fleay is thorough also in the change or progress of his opinion as to the date of the play; he writes:—"As there is no actor list, I have no doubt that the original performance was by the L. Elizabeth's men at the Hope c. 1615. The scenes were probably divided and the text revised for the Court performance 1622, Dec. 27, by the King's men, to whom this play had passed with *The Scornful Lady, etc.* The attribution of part-authorship to Beaumont in the 1661 quarto indicates, as usual with those mistaking late Quartos, a date prior to Beaumont's death." To appreciate the significance of Mr. Fleay's statements the reader should make himself acquainted with his general notes [I. 175–6] relating to the plays of Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, and Field. Here I need only remark that the actor-lists referred to are those supplied to many of the plays in the second folio. The text in that edition as compared with F1 undoubtedly shows some signs of revision, e. g. Bertha's speech, V. i. 14–98; the division of the scenes is very imperfect and is exactly alike in F1 and F2. I conjecture, but this is an inference of my own, that Mr. Fleay would consider F1 to represent the play of 1615 and F2 that of 1622.

Meanwhile Mr. R. Boyle, who had been working on the lines suggested by Mr. Fleay in 1874, laid before the New Shakspere Society on April 9, 1886, his important paper on Beaumont, Fletcher and Massinger. He agrees with Mr. Fleay as to the joint authorship of Fletcher and Massinger in *Beggars' Bush*, and assigns to the latter Act I., Act II. Sc. iii., Act V., Sc. i. and Sc. ii. of the same Act down to l. 110.

Mr. Boyle does not seem to have concerned himself with the question of date.

TEXT.—Our text is practically Dyce's, but all preceding editions have been carefully examined, and every variation of the slightest moment has been recorded, whether found in the old editions, Quarto and Folio, or in the work of the modern editors, beginning with the anonymous ed. in seven volumes published by Tonson in 1711; in which edition originate many variations ascribed by Dyce and his two immediate predecessors to Seward, who printed from it. Dyce was the first editor to take into account the quarto edition of 1661. Lowndes (ed. Bohn) says—"This edition appears to have been printed from the original MS., and contains many superior readings to the folio of 1647, which have escaped Beaumont and Fletcher Editors." Dyce's account of it is much truer—"it is a reprint of *The Beggars' Bush* from the first folio, with a very few trivial variations, and with the addition of the *Dramatis Personæ*." It has all the deficiencies of the folio, and though it sometimes corrects obvious misprints of that edition, it as often reproduces them. The mere fact that it gives as the Prologue and Epilogue to this play the Prologue and Epilogue belonging to *The Captain* is proof positive that it was printed from the folio. If any MS. at all was consulted it must have been that from which the folio itself was printed. The work of the 'ingenious and worthy gentleman' whose annotated copy of F1 supplied the publishers of F2 with their 'copy,' shows somewhat prominently in this play; it will suffice here to call attention to three instances: (1) The Song, ll. 42–59, III. i.: a song is obviously *omitted* in F1. (2) The dialogue ll. 129 to end of III. iv.: badly dislocated in F1, intelligibly arranged in F2. (3) Bertha's speech, ll. 84–98, V. 1: some obviously wrong repetitions of lines in F1: the whole speech

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reduced to three lines F2; here we can but follow Weber's example; correct and restore the text of F1. All the variations of F2 from F1 are duly noted and, following the example of my predecessors, for the most part adopted, though with a leaning in favour of F1 where possible.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Countess of Flanders married a simple gentleman, Gerrard, and dying left to his care their only son Florez heir to the Earldom. During the infancy of Florez negotiations were entered into for his marriage to Bertha, the infant heir of the Duke of Brabant. Wolfort, a chief personage in the State of Flanders, employed in these affairs, brings them to nought by secretly stealing away Bertha and by means of his creature Hemskirk places her as Hemskirk's niece with Vandunk a Burgomaster of Bruges, though to the world she passes as Vandunk's own daughter, under the name of Gertrude. This rape brings on a war between Brabant and Flanders, a war which lasts seven years, ending in the utter defeat of Brabant who is compelled to retreat to his own country. Wolfort by his intrigues, and favoured by the army, now makes himself master of Flanders, and Gerrard with the infant Earl and the lords who hold to their allegiance, have to fly for their lives. Gerrard, for concealment, places Florez with a rich merchant of Bruges in England; while he himself (under the name of Clause), his daughter Jacqueline and others in disguise, join with a crew of beggars who infest the woods near Bruges; a town which still holds out against the usurper Wolfort. The merchant—Goswin by name—who has sheltered Florez dies and leaves him his name and wealth as his reputed son, and when the action of the play commences we find Florez established as a rich merchant in Bruges under the name of Goswin, in complete ignorance of his parentage and right to the Earldom, and in love with Bertha, who also is in complete ignorance of her origin. Gerrard, his daughter Jacqueline, and others of his friends, continue with the beggar crew, and Gerrard, who has long established himself as almsman to Florez and now by his means become their king, watches over the fortunes of his son. Some vague rumours of this state of affairs seem to have reached the court of Wolfort, for now Hubert, one of his most trusted nobles—who, it appears, had been engaged to Jacqueline before her father's flight—attempts to steal away in search of her. He is prevented and brought back. Wolfort, who thinks he may be made useful as a lure by which to get the Gerrard party into his power, forgives him, professes repentance and a desire to make restitution of his ill-gotten state and dismisses him on his search, associating with him Hemskirk who is to reclaim Bertha from Vandunk: her father the Duke of Brabant being now deceased, Wolfort proposes to marry her and in her right to obtain possession of Brabant.

Hubert and Hemskirk arrive in Bruges and are received by Vandunk. Hemskirk discovering the love affair between Florez (Goswin) and Bertha endeavours to break the match. Baffled by Florez he challenges him to a duel and engaging some boors seeks to overpower and get rid of him at the place of meeting; but Gerrard has got wind of this plot and with his crew rescues Florez and takes Hemskirk prisoner. In the meantime Hubert having discovered the presence of his love, Jacqueline, among the beggars disguises himself as a huntsman and is admitted a member of the beggar band. To him is committed the custody of Hemskirk, who of course does not recognize Hubert in the beggar huntsman. Hubert makes himself known to Gerrard and conceives a design of getting Wolfort into his power. He releases Hemskirk and promises to deliver the Gerrard party into his hands if he and Wolfort will come to the woods with a sufficient force to take them. Hemskirk falls into the snare and promises great rewards to the huntsman. Meanwhile the merchant Florez has fallen into distress: he has engaged in large business transactions and adverse winds prevent the return of ships which should bring

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him the means of meeting his engagements. He is on the verge of bankruptcy when his almsman Clause comes to his relief with the treasure of the Beggar Crew, asking for no security but that Florez should grant him one request when he sees fit to ask it. With this help and the eventual return of his ships Florez is now more than ever the prince of Merchants in Bruges; he is on the point of marriage with Bertha when the Beggar king appears, demands his obedience and carries him away from the nuptial feast. Gerrard now reveals himself and shows him that as Earl of Flanders he must not wed with the daughter of a mere burgher. Hubert's plot now takes effect: under the pretence of securing the passages by which the beggars might escape he disperses the force Wolfort has brought with him, and then by degrees brings Florez, Gerrard and the rest into his presence. Wolfort has already captured his great prize, Bertha, who has ventured into the woods in search of the husband carried off from her by the beggar Clause, and he is now in the height of his triumph at the apparent success of his expedition, when Vandunk, as arranged by Hubert, appears on the scene with the brave boys of Bruges, who take him and his followers prisoners. Bertha being discovered the lost heir of Brabant then pairs off with Florez; Hubert is rewarded with the hand of Jacqueline, and Wolfort and Hemskirk, instead of being hanged on the trees as they had intended to treat the friends of Florez, are merely banished by him and given time to repent their ill deeds.

HISTORY.—Mr. Fleay, as we have seen, dates the Play c. 1615; but I am not aware of any reference to it earlier than that of its performance at Court at Christmas 1622. Mr. Peter Cunningham in his Introduction (p. xxiv) to *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, etc. (Sh. Soc. 1842) cites a list of "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636." In it is the entry—"The 19th of November at Hampton Court Beggers bush." I do not know of any mention of it from that date down to the time, 1642, of the suppression of the theatres. During that time a Droll founded on it and called *The Lame Commonwealth* was performed at the Red Bull and is included in Kirkman's collection published in 1672 as *The Wits or Sport upon Sport, Part First*. This volume has a frontispiece representing the interior of the Red Bull, with several of the most popular characters of these Drolls on the stage: among them is Clause the lame beggar. After the Restoration *Beggars' Bush* seems to have been in great repute. It was one of the stock plays of the Red Bull company about 1660.

On the 20th Nov. 1660 Mr. Pepys notes:—"Mr. Shepley and I to the new Play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis court), where the play of 'Beggars' Bush' was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it, it was well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone [Michael Mohun, or Moone], who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England."

Pepys again saw the play on the 3rd Jan. and 8th Oct. 1661, and lastly on the 24th April 1668.

Langbaine, *Account of Dramatic Poets*, 1691, notes that he had seen *Beggars' Bush* "several times acted with applause."

The Editors of 1778 state that—"Until within a few years past, the Comedy now before us used to be frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre."

Three alterations of it have been produced.

In 1706 appeared *The Royal Merchant or The Beggars' Bush*, by H. N. ("probably," says Weber, "the comedian Henry Norris").

Baker, in *The Companion to the Play-house*, 1764, mentions that it "is now frequently performed."

In 1768, as noted first by the Editors of 1778, Thomas Hull the actor made

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some alterations in Beggars' Bush, and with the addition of several songs brought it on the stage as *The Royal Merchant: an Opera. Founded on Beaumont and Fletcher. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.* The *Biographia Dramatica* notes—"Though this piece has considerable merit, it did not succeed on the stage." Lastly Dyce notes—"*The Merchant of Bruges: or, Beggar's Bush; with considerable alterations and additions* by the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, was brought out at Drury-lane Theatre in 1815, and had a run of many nights, Kean, who played Florez, being then a great attraction." The Prologue and Epilogue to this piece were written by J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., afterwards Lord Broughton. It is reprinted in Dibdin's *London Theatre of Acting Plays*, Vol. V. 1818.

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The two following lists are printed *literatim* from the originals.

(Q. 1661.) "DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ

Goswin a young Merchant of Bruges, viz. } *Flores* the right Earl of *Flanders*.
Woolfort, Usurper of the Earldome,
Clause King of Beggars, *viz. Gerrard* Father to *Flores*,
Hubert disguised like a Huntsman, A Lord of Flaunders
Hemskirk, A Favourite of the Usurper.
Lord *Arnold* } Two Lords of *Flaunders* disguis'd like Beggars
Lord *Costin*, }
Jaqueline, Daughter to Gerrard.
Bertha, Heir of Brabant.
Van-dunck Burgomaster of Bruges
Merchants, Saylor, &c.
Higgen, *Ferret*, *Prig*, *Snap*, and others, Beggars.
Boors,
Souldiers
Young Merchants, and others, Guests at Goswins Wedding.
Margaret; Wife to Vandunck.
Attendants,
Boy with a Song.

The Scene Bruges."

(F2.) "PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

Wolfort, *an usurper of the Earldom of* Flanders.
Gerrard, *falsely called* Clause, *King of the Beggars, Father in Law to* Florez.
Hubert, *an honest Lord, a friend to* Gerrard.
Florez, *falsely called* Goswin, *a rich merchant of* Bruges.
Hempskirke, *a Captain under* Wolford.
Herman *a Courtier*, } *inhabitants of*
A Merchant, } Flanders.
Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to* Gerrard, *falsely called Father to* Bertha.
Vanloch, *and* } *of* Bruges.
4 Merchants, }
Higgen, }
Prig, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised*
Ginkes, } *under those names of*
Gerrard's *party*.
Clown.
Boores.
Servants.
Guard.
A Sailor.

WOMEN.

Jaculin, *Daughter to* Gerrard, *beloved of* Hubert.
Bertha *called* Gertrude, *Daughter to the Duke of* Brabant, *Mistress to* Florez.
Margaret, *Wife to* Vandunke.
Mrs. Frances, *a frow Daughter to* Vanlock.

The Scene Flanders."

NOTE.—Ed. 1711, Seward and Edd. '78 follow F2, as did Weber, tho' with some additions and corrections; Dyce recast the lists of Q and F.

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NOTE ON DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Wolfort] So in F2 and all modern eds., though in a few places in stage directions, etc., in F2 *Woolfort*. In F1 *Woolfort* throughout.

Florez] Sometimes in F1 *Floriz* and *Floris*, but always in that ed. in stage directions and prefixes to speeches, designated by his real name. In F2, till Act V. sc. ii., he is always *Goswin;* after that *Florez*. All modern eds. except Dyce's follow F2. Dyce calls him *Goswin* from beginning to end.

Gerrard] In F1 Gerrard is always given his real name except in the entry to Act II. sc. i., where he is called *Clause*. In F2 he is also always Gerrard except in Act II. sc. i. and Act IV. sc. v., where he becomes *Clause*. Ed. 1711 and Seward follow F2. Edd. '78 call him *Clause* till Act IV. sc. v. l. 33 and *Gerrard* onward; Weber *Clause* till Act V. sc. ii.; Dyce *Clause* from beginning to end. In *Dram. Pers.* F2, Gerrard is called *Father in law* to Florez; Mason, though unacquainted with Q, pointed out this error, which had been repeated by Ed. 1711, Seward, and Edd. '78.

Arnold } Bracketed in *Dram. Pers.* in Q, as Two Lords, disguised, etc.
Costin } In the last scene of all we learn that Ginks is Arnold: Costin, a mute personage, makes his first appearance in the same scene. In *Dram. Pers.* F2 Ferret and Ginks are bracketed as Two gentlemen, disguised, etc. It might be supposed that as Ginks was Arnold, Costin would be Ferret; but, as Mason pointed out, it is clear in the last scene of all that Ferret is one of the real beggars.

Vandunk] The name is variously given in the old eds. Van-doncke, Van-donck, Van-donk, Van-dunck, Van-dunk and Vandunk, more frequently hyphened and with the *o* in F1, always with the *u* and less frequently with the hyphen in F2.

A Boor attendant on Bertha] I have added this personage to the list; he is, I presume, the 'Clown' of *Dram. Pers.* F2, and is so included in all modern eds. to Weber. Omitted by Dyce.

Bertha] So always in entries, etc., F1. *Gertrude* F2, always till the entry V. ii. 65, when her real name is given. Her assumed name in text F1 is variously spelt *Gertrude*, *Gertred*, and *Jertred*.

Jacqueline] So Dyce. In old eds. and other moderns *Jaculin*, *Jaculine* and *Jaqueline*. Dyce alone in entries, etc., gives her assumed name *Minche*.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ [1]

WOLFORT, usurper of the earldom of Flanders.

HEMSKIRK, a captain under him.

HUBERT, a nobleman.

HERMAN, a courtier.

FLOREZ, the rightful Earl of Flanders; a merchant of Bruges, under the name of GOSWIN.

GERRARD, a gentleman, father to FLOREZ by the deceased Countess of Flanders; disguised as a beggar, under the name of CLAUSE.

ARNOLD, a nobleman, disguised as a beggar, under the name of GINKS.

COSTIN, a nobleman, disguised as a beggar. A mute personage.

HIGGEN,
FERRET,
PRIG,
SNAP,
and others, } beggars.

VANDUNK, burgomaster of Bruges.

VANLOCK, a merchant.

Merchants.

A Boor, attendant on BERTHA.

Boors.

A Sailor, Soldiers, Attendants.

BERTHA, daughter to the Duke of Brabant; supposed daughter to VANDUNK, and niece to HEMSKIRK, under the name of GERTRUDE.

JACQUELINE, daughter to GERRARD; disguised as a beggar, under the name of MINCHE.

MARGARET, wife to VANDUNK.

FRANCES, daughter to VANLOCK.

SCENE.—*During scenes* 1 *and* 2 *of the first act, Ghent; afterwards, Bruges and the neighbourhood.*

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BEGGARS' BUSH

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Ghent.—Before the palace of WOLFORT.

Enter a Merchant *and* HERMAN.

Mer. Is he, then, taken?
Her. And brought back even now, sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No man more loved,
Nor more deserved it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this court.
Mer. Indeed,
We have heard abroad, sir, that the state hath suffer'd
A great change, since the countess' death.
Her. It hath, sir.
Mer. My five years' absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all the occurrents of my country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation,
To make me understand the present times.
Her. I must begin, then, with a war was made,
And seven years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our Flanders by the Duke of Brabant.

BEGGARS' BUSH] To this title F2 adds 'A Comedy;' it then gives a list of 'Persons Represented in the Play,' ending with 'The Scene Flanders.' See p. 346.

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The cause grew thus: during our earl's minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a match between our earl
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: during which treaty,
The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stoln from his court by practice of our state;
Though we are all confirm'd 'twas a sought quarrel,
To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom,
It being here believed the Duke of Brabant
Had no such loss. This war upon 't proclaim'd,
Our earl being then a child, although his father
Good Gerrard lived, yet (in respect he was
Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The state thought fit in this defensive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him general.
Mer. Which place we have heard
He did discharge with honour.
Her. Ay, so long,
And with so blest successes, that the Brabander
Was forced (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of arms tired or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his country: but so broken, both
In mind and means, e'er to make head again
That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
Not daring, or for honour or revenge,
Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory
More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt
In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow
She ever received; for Wolfort, now beholding
Himself and actions in the flattering glass
Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
The strong assurance of his power, for then
All captains of the army were his creatures,
The common soldier too at his devotion,

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Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,
And secret bounties; this strength too well known,
And what it could effect soon put in practice,
As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
And their improvidence that might have pierced
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole: and in that plight you find it.
Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.
Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.
Mer. Whither, sir, I am going;
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my horse waits me.
Her. I wish you a good journey. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The same.—An apartment in the palace of WOLFORT.

Enter WOLFORT, HUBERT, *and* Attendants.

Wol. What, Hubert, stealing from me!—Who disarm'd him?
It was more than I commanded.—Take your sword;
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I have seen you use it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wol. Would you leave me

61 — severally] Added by Dyce: other modern eds., from Ed. 1711, 'Exeunt' only. The Ff and Q have merely an 'Exit' at the end of Merchant's speech. Perhaps—there being no shifting of scenes—Herman was supposed to remain on the stage and take part in the next scene, which is only marked by 'Enter Woolfort, Hubert,' in the old eds., and was first numbered and localized by Weber.

Sc. II.] First marked by Weber.

— and Attendants] First added by Edd. '78; Ed. 1711 and Seward merely added *Etc.*

1 *What . . . me*] I suppose this is a reproach addressed directly to Hubert and have punctuated accordingly. Old and modern editions—'What? Hubert stealing from me?' Dyce altering the notes of interrogation to notes of admiration.

2 *It was*] *'Twas* Seward to Weber.

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Without a farewell, Hubert? fly a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or rather did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arrived to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
And what is more, I made myself your servant,
In making you the master of those secrets
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers with:
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.
Hub. Sir, and so I will;
If I may do 't in private, and you hear it.
Wol. All leave the room. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
You have your will: sit down.
And use the liberty of our first friendship.
Hub. Friendship! when you proved traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And, so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself,
I welcome it.
Wol. To me this is strange language.
Hub. To you! why, what are you?
Wol. Your prince and master,
The Earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title!
Raised to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions!
Wol. And in all this, wisdom:

10 *rather*] 'The correction [adopted by Weber and Dyce] of the Editors of

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Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,
I should have first been called to a strict account,
How and which way I had consumed that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the war;
Who underhand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspended; in which failing,
He sought my life by practice?
Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me, who (as I know 't)
Must and will say 'tis false?
Wol. My guard there!
Hub. Sir,
You bade me sit, and promised you would hear;
Which I now say you shall: not a sound more!
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life; then here 's a sword
[*Draws his sword.*
Between you and all aids, sir. Though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.
Wol. How! gross untruths!
Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language:
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.
Wol. You take strange licence.
Hub. Yes; were not those rumours
Of being call'd unto your answer spread
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought
(But by your cunning practice) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of law,

40 *actions*] Seward to Dyce. *action* Ff, Q, and Ed. 1711. 'We have previously (I. i. 44, 45) had,—

"For *Wolfort*, now beholding
Himself and *actions* in the flattering glass," etc.' Dyce.

41 *loyalty suspected*] So F2 and all editors. F1, and Q, '*loyalty so suspected*.'

42 *practice*] Cf. I. i. 19. 'Shameful artifice, stratagem, or plot.' Weber.

44 *Sir*] Seward's division. Placed at the beginning of l. 45 in pre-

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But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,
You fled unto the camp, and there craved humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had scaped the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treason; and for proof
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some, that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth, and took their oaths they had been hired
By Gerrard to your murther. This once heard,
And easily believed, th' enraged soldier,
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wol. Will you yet end?
Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his son, the earl,
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escaped their fury; though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it; but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As, if compared, they only would appear
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;
More are behind yet.
Wol. Oh, repeat them not!
'Tis hell to hear them named.
Hub. You should have thought,
That hell would be your punishment when you did them:
A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines!
Wol. No more, I beseech you.
Hub. Who was the lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

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The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jacqueline:
The hoped-for partner of my lawful bed
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wandering to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here, with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it;
[*Offers his sword.*
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.
Wol. Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my grieved heart,
As these tears from mine eyes! despise them not:
By all that 's sacred, I am serious, Hubert!
You now have made me sensible, what Furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man
Does ever bear about him: let the good
That you this day have done be ever number'd
The first of your best actions. Can you think
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any else, or all, that are proscribed?
I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forced: the days I have to live
Are too, too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence; yet I vow to practise

102 *ev'n*] *e'en* Edd. '78, Web.; *even* Dyce.

103 *Here, surely take it*] Ff, Q (no comma after *Here* F1, Q), Ed. 1711, Web. and Dyce; *Here, Sir, freely take it* Seward; *Here, securely take it* Sympson conj., which Edd. '78 adopt. Mason defends the original as the stronger expression, 'for *surely* implies, not only with security, but with certainty.' Weber and Dyce approve; the latter, I presume, lest any uncertainty should remain as to whether the *it* refers to Hubert's *life* or his *sword* adds the stage direction 'Offers his sword.'

108 *As . . . not*] Two lines in Ff, Q, the first ending *eyes.*

110, 111 *what Furies, Whips*, etc.] 'The poet had here perhaps an eye to Juvenal;

> "Cur tamen hos tu
> Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
> Mens habet attonitos, et surdo verbere cædit,
> Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?"
> *Sat.* xiii. 192.' Dyce.

114 *The . . . think*] Two lines in F, Q, the first line ending *actions.*

115 *Florez*] F2, Ed. 1711 and Seward print *Goswin;* an obvious error.

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All of a man.
Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!
Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis worth it.
You have made clean a leper,—trust me, you have,—
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope, of good men.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that 's built upon so true a sorrow:
Make your own safeties; ask them all the ties
Humanity can give: Hemskirk too shall
Along with you to this so-wished discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise:
And I will give you this help to 't; I have
Of late received certain intelligence
That some of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me;
But now am glad it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter three MERCHANTS.

First Mer. 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.
Sec. Mer. But short of what I could, yet have the country

121 *All of a man*] i. e. 'everything which a man ought to perform,' Weber; 'all that man can do,' Dyce.
129–30 *Make . . . give*] i. e. as Weber explains—'Make your own conditions of security: require for your safeties [*them*] all the bonds or assurances

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Confirm it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it.
He bears himself with such a confidence,
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailors' compass
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchant e'er ventured for.
First Mer. 'Tis strange.
Sec. Mer. And yet
This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: he 's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that, since he lived
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottom but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.
Third Mer. Yet he still
Continues a good man.
Sec. Mer. So good, that but
To doubt him would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffic:
But this is nothing; a great stock, and fortune
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way; but that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper. For his outward habit,
'Tis suitable to his present course of life;
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,

3 *Confirm*] Seward, Edd. '78 and Dyce. *Confirm'd* Q, Ff, Ed. 1711 and Weber. Seward remarks—'This [*confirm'd*] is not Grammar, nor if it were, could it be supposed that the whole Country had really taken an Oath to the Truth of this Account. The Mistake arose from the Editors taking *have* for the Sign of the Perfect Tense; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active Verb. *I could have the whole Country to confirm what I say.*'
Weber strongly suspected the grammatical error to be the author's and not

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I mean, a good one; and so loves his state,
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,
Although a challenge second the denial,
From such as make th' opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.
First Mer. These are ways to thrive,
And the means not cursed.
Sec. Mer. What follows this
Makes many venturers with him in their wishes
For his prosperity; for when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth or speed to make them so.
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower?
He is a father to her; or a soldier,
That, in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want? his house

32 *a good one*] 'i. e. (as Mason observes) a virtuous man.—Here the Editors of 1778 explained "*good*"—"in credit"! (which is the meaning of the word a little before).' Dyce.

32 *state*] 'i. e. estate.' Dyce.

36 *th' opinion*] *the opinion* Weber, Dyce.

38 *And the means*] Seward silently printed '*And* yet *the means*'; and so the Editors of 1778. 'They ought surely to have known that Fletcher never measured out verses by his fingers.' Weber.

38–9 *What follows this Makes*] So Edd. '78 and Dyce. The pointing of F1 and Q is—*What follows this, Makes;* that of F2, Ed. 1711 and Weber is —*What follows, this Makes.* Seward made *What follows* end the preceding speech, pointing and arranging thus—

What follows?

2 Mer. *This*
Makes many venturers with him, etc.

Mason giving all to '2 *Mer.*,' as in the original, would point—*What follows?* —*this Makes* and thus explains the passage:—'What is the consequence? This makes many, etc.,' which Weber contended had exactly the same meaning as the pointing of F2, which he adopted.

The Edd. '78 profess to have followed F1, but have not; they omit the comma after *this*, and print as in Dyce and in our text: they say—'The meaning of the passage is, "The consequence of this economy, which enables him to be generous, when proper objects present themselves to his notice, makes many wish for his welfare, in which they are so nearly interested." The rest of the speech confirms this.'

I agree with the Edd. '78 in their pointing, or rather in their absence of pointing, but would construe the passage—What follows this [his economy, his method of life] makes many venturers [merchants] with him [his friends, of his party] in their wishes for his welfare; for it enables him to be generous, etc.

48 *home*] *him* F1, Q.

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Receives him, and relieves him with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose myself to speak him further,
And stale, in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From Bruges be not speedy.
First Mer. This report,
I do assure you, will not hasten it;
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.
Third Mer. Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours; only I wish
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.
Second Mer. Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

Enter FLOREZ as GOSWIN *and* Fourth Merchant.

Flo. I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are prized so high,
I cannot save in them.
Fourth Mer. I am unwilling
To seek another chapman: make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.
Flo. I both can and will,
But not with too much loss: your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand gilders; I will have them
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.
Fourth Mer. You know, they are so cheap——

53 *stale*] 'i. e. make stale, flat; deprive of zest.' Dyce.
61 *Sink*] *Sucke* F1, *Suck* Q.
62 *he*] *h'* Seward.
Enter Florez as Goswin . . .] Ed. Enter Florez . . . F1. Q; Enter Goswin . . . F2 to Dyce. On the occasion of his first entry I have given Florez both his real and assumed names; elsewhere his real name only, and so with Gerrard who enters at l. 133; but generally with regard to the designations of the characters see notes on *Dram. Pers.*

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Flo. Why, look you, I 'll deal fairly. There 's in prison,
And at your suit, a pirate, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.
Fourth Mer. This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em;
It more importing you, for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.
Flo. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you or any man.
I was lately with him (having first, from others'
True testimony, been assured a man
Of more desert never put from the shore);
I read his letters of mart, from this state granted
For the recovery of such losses as
He had received in Spain; 'twas that he aimed at,
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillaged you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'erboard, then he deserved
The law's extremest rigour: but since want
Of what he could not live without compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our state calls death),
I pity his misfortunes, and, to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.
Fourth Mer. Well, sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

93 *I was*] *I w's* Seward.
93 *others'*] Edd. '78 to Dyce. *others* all preceding Eds.
96 *letters of mart*] 'i. e. letters of marque: see Nares's *Gloss.*' Dyce.
106 *misfortunes*] Seward to Dyce; *misfortune* F1 to Ed. 1711.

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Flo. For your profit rather.
Fourth Mer. I'll presently make means for his discharge;
Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*
Sec. Mer. What do you think of this?
First Mer. As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgment.
Sec. Mer. Save you, Master Goswin!
Flo. Good day to all.
Sec. Mer. We bring you the refusal
Of more commodities.
Flo. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?
First Mer. Both of the ship and lading.
Flo. What's the fraught?
First Mer. Indigo, cochineal, choice China stuffs—
Third Mer. And cloth of gold brought from Cambal.
Flo. Rich lading;
For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.
First Mer. I 'll give you day
For the moiety of all.
Flo. How long?
Third Mer. Six months.
Flo. 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest:
Some two hours hence I 'll come aboard.
First Mer. The gunner
Shall speak you welcome.
Flo. I 'll not fail.
Third Mer. Good morrow. [*Exeunt* MERCHANTS.
Flo. Heaven grant my ships a safe return before
The day of this great payment; as they are

113 Exit] First marked by Edd. '78.
119 *fraught*] Ff, Q, Dyce; *fraight* Ed. 1711, Seward; *freight* Edd. '78, Weber.
120 *Indigo*] *Indico* F1 to Edd. '78.
120 *Cochineal*] *Quitchineel* F1, Q; *cochineel* F2 to Seward.
128–9 *The gunner . . . welcome*] Seward's division. As one line Ff, Q, Ed. 1711.
129 Exeunt . . .] Ed. 1711. Exit Merch. Ff (Ex. F2), Exit. Mer. Q.
Third Mer.] 'Ought perhaps to be "*Merchants*"; for the prefix of the old eds., "3 *Mer.*", (though earlier it is put for *Third Merchant*,) may here mean *Three Merchants*.' Dyce.

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Expected three months sooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter GERRARD *as* CLAUSE.

Ger. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.
Flo. God 'a mercy, Clause!
There 's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me. [*Gives money.*
Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it with increase, good master!
Flo. I thrive the better for thy prayers.
Ger. I hope so.
This three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your blest charity warm'd me;
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now received your alms, presume
To make one suit more to you.
Flo. What is 't, Clause?
Ger. Yet do not think me impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for me.
Flo. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee honest.
Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Flo. But what will that advantage thee?
Ger. Oh, much, sir!
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,

135 *'a mercy*] *o' mercy* F2 to Edd. '78.
137 Gives money] Dyce.
150 *master*] Q and all moderns. *Mr.* Ff.
151 *Beggars' Bush*] '*This is the way to Beggers-bush.* It is spoken of such, who use dissolute and improvident courses, which tend to poverty. *Beggers-bush* being a tree notoriously known, on the left hand of the London road from Huntington to Caxton.' Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 244, ed. 1768. Dyce [p. 206 ed. Bohn.]
157 *pre-eminence*] Weber, Dyce. *preheminence* F1 to Edd. '78.

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Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse such as are stronger might
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Flo. Troth, thou makest me wonder:
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?
Ger. We have; and there are states are govern'd worse.
Flo. Ambition among beggars?
Ger. Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the place
And credit to beg in the first file, master.
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my petition?
Flo. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:
I will be early there.
Ger. Heaven bless my master! [*Exeunt severally.*

166 *states*] 'i. e. estates.' Weber.
171 Exeunt . . .] 'severally' added by Dyce.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Beggars' Bush, in the woods near Bruges.

Enter HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIG, GERRARD *as* CLAUSE, JACQUELINE *as* MINCHE, SNAP, GINKS, *and other* BEGGARS.

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;
You o' the blood, Prig, my most Upright-lord,

Enter, etc.] . . . Gerrard as Clause, Jacqueline as Minche . . . Ed. In Ff, Q, and modern eds. *Clause, Jaculine* only, except Dyce who omits Jacqueline on the ground of the 'Enter Jaculine' at l. 173; but unless she has been on the stage in the first part of the scene she cannot be supposed to know that her father has been chosen king, as it appears she does at l. 173. I am inconsistent in allowing Ginks only his assumed name, but he is indistinguishable from the real beggars until the last scene of all, when we learn that he is Lord Arnold.

Seward who supervised this play in the edition of 1750 collected from Theobald's marked copy the brief definitions of the cant terms of this play which he had written in the margins, and placed them in his footnotes without any additions or explanations. Theobald's notes were not altogether complete nor always quite accurate, nor is it known on what authority he depended for them.

The Edd. '78 took Theobald's notes, supplemented them with extracts from 'A Collection of the Canting Words and Terms, both ancient and modern, used by Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats, House-breakers, Shop-lifters, Foot-pads, Highwaymen, etc.,' annexed to the second volume of *Bailey's Dictionary*, and formed the whole into a glossary placed at the end of the play.

Weber very considerably enlarged the notes by citations from *The English Rogue* and from Dekker's *Villanies discovered*, etc., *Belman of London*, etc., *English Villanies*, etc.

Dyce added extensively to Weber's illustrations from the same sources; so much so indeed that for page after page of his edition we have a mere dribble of text in a vast expanse of note, much of which, with all respect for Dyce's judgment, I venture to think unnecessary for the understanding of this play. Moreover Dekker's pamphlets, by reprints, are much more accessible to the student than in 1845, the date of Dyce's ed.; and since his time we have at command what to a large extent must have been the source of Dekker's lucubrations. I refer to Awdeley's *Fraternitye of Vacabondes* and Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, edited by Viles and Furnivall for the Early English Text Society and again issued for the New Shakspere Society. I have therefore ventured to suppress Dyce's extracts, contenting myself with merely the necessary definitions of the names and terms used by the canting fraternity.

2 *Upright-lord*] hyphened by Dyce. *upright Lord* old eds. The upright man was a sturdy beggar, a chieftain in the ragged regiment.

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And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or Patrico, Crank, or Clapper-dudgeon,
Frater, or Abram-man; I speak to all
That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first comer may, at his first view,
Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer. } 'Tis done, Lord Higgen.
Prig. }

Hig. Thanks to Prince Prig, Prince Ferret.

Fer. Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen;
Y' are like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

Prig. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to 't,)

4 *Jarkman*] One who makes counterfeit licenses, certificates, passes, etc. A misprint in Awdeley, ed. 1575, of *Jackeman* for *Jarkeman* has led to the adoption of Jackman as the right form of the word; and so it appears in Dekker's *Belman of London* and in Ben Jonson's Masque of the *Gypsies Metamorphosed*.

4 *Patrico*] A hedge priest.

4 *Crank*] One who counterfeits the 'crank' or falling sickness.

4 *Clapper-dudgeon*] A beggar born and bred.

5 *Frater*] One who begs with false patents for some pretended Hospital or Spittle House.

5 *Abram-man*] A beggar feigning madness, a Tom of Bedlam.

9 *whilom*] i. e. formerly.

9 *Dommerer*] One who pretends to have had his tongue cut out, and to be dumb.

12 *to say up the question*] Seward supposed this a corruption; the more so as there 'is the want of a syllable to the verse': he read—'*to save us further Question.*' Edd. '78 restored the text and noted—'*to say up* is uncouth and obscure; tho' it may signify, deciding the *question* by *saying* which he (the first comer) thinks the honestest of them.' Weber thought this 'undoubtedly the proper explanation,' nor did he think it [*to say up*] 'peculiarly uncouth or obscure.' Dyce 'once conjectured "*to say* upon *the question*," i. e. to speak upon the question being asked'; but finally determined that the text was right 'and that "to say up" means—to decide.' He compared ll. 50–53 of this scene:

> 'Now, 'cause we thought
> We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed
> 'Tis hard to *say*, we all dissolv'd to put it
> To him that should come next,' etc.

Perhaps he might have added that in *to say up* the participle is intensive as in *to kill up* [*As You Like it*, II. i. 62], *to poison up* [*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 305] and similar phrases.

15 *Y' are*] (*Y'ar* F1) *Y'ere* Edd. '78 to Dyce.

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Except you do provide me hum enough,
And lour to bouze with: I must have my capons
And turkeys brought me in, with my green geese,
And ducklings i' the season; fine fat chickens;
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
Forced eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A dirty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
Brimstone and rosin, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
Shall be escheated; all your daintiest dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest doxies

18 *hum*] Some kind of strong liquor. Gifford [Ben Jonson *The Devil is an Ass*, I. i. 'strong waters, Hum, Meath and Obarni'] notes—'*Hum*, I have always understood to be an infusion of spirits in ale or beer. It is mentioned by several of our old dramatists, and appears to have been considered as a kind of cordial. Thus Fletcher: "Lord, what should I ail! what a cold I have over my stomach; would I had some hum!" *Wild Goose Chace*, II. iii.'

It was probably a cordial, something 'short.' Cf. Shirley's *Wedding*, II. iii.—'They say that canary sack must dance again to the apothecaries, and be sold for physic in *hum-glasses and thimbles*.'

19 *lour to bouze with*] money to drink with.

22 *an eye*] a brood. On the corruption of *a nye, neye, nyas*, etc., to *an eye, eyas*, etc., see *N. Eng. Dic.*

27 *Forced eyes and teeth*] Altered by Seward to '*Forc'd eyes and* tongues'; and so the Editors of 1778. 'Seward supposes, that by "*forc'd eyes*" is meant eyes so distorted as to shew only the white, so that the person appears to be blind; and also says, that it is common for beggars to *force* their *tongues* into their throats, in order that they may appear to have been cut off. On those reasons he founds his amendment, and the Editors [of 1778] adopt it; but they all forget, that it was not in the power of Prig, however tyrannical, to prevent their making what use they pleased of their own features: what he threatens to call in, are the artificial implements of imposture, which beggars employ for the purpose of appearing blind or deformed. The word *forced* certainly implies distorted; but, for the reason I have mentioned, it must be applied to false eyes and false teeth, not to natural ones.' Mason.

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From your warm sides; and then, some one cold night,
I 'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I 'll smother you all i' the musty hay.
Hig. This is tyrant-like, indeed. But what would Ginks,
Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?
Ger. Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion.
Ginks. I care not what you are, sirs; I shall be
A beggar still, I am sure; I find myself there.
Snap. Oh, here a judge comes!
Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge!

Enter FLOREZ.

Flo. What ail you, sirs? what means this outcry?
Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met, God's fools, good master,
Have had some little variance amongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his call: now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed
'Tis hard to say, we all dissolved to put it

42 *an*] *and* F1 to Seward.
44 *I am sure; I find*] F1 and Q omit the second *I*.
44 *I find myself there*] Seward explained—'*Ginks* was a Nobleman in Disguise, he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in Beggary, and to fear it will be for Life. *I find myself there*, or in that State.' The Edd. '78 quote this explanation, apparently with approval. Mason's comment (accepted by Weber and Dyce) is—'That is, I find it the fittest condition for me, and that a beggar's is my proper station. Ginks speaks this merely in the character of a beggar who did not aspire to the crown.'
45 Enter . . .] The entry here of 'Goswin' made by Dyce; all preceding eds. after l. 44.
47 *sort*] 'i. e. company.' Weber.
47 *God's fools*] Meaning, I suppose, poor incapable people dependant on providence for their living: see l. 197 of this scene. Kinnaird in his alteration of the play has in this place 'heav'n's tools.'
50 *call*] i. e. calling. So F1 and Q, Weber and Dyce. F2 to Edd. '78 *calling*.
51–2 *because indeed 'Tis hard*] So Seward to Dyce. F1 to Ed. 1711 end first line with *because*. Seward, it should be remarked, who followed the old fashion of printing *ourselves* as two words, in l. 51 printed *o'r selves*; I suppose he meant this as a contraction for *of our selves*; but he has no note either on this point or on his rearrangement of the lines.

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To him that should come next, and that's your mastership,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it. Which,
Which does your worship think is he? sweet master,
Look over us all, and tell us: we are seven of us,
Like to the Seven Wise Masters, or the planets.
Flo. I should judge this the man, with the grave beard;
And, if he be not——
Ger. Bless you, good master, bless you!
Flo. I would he were. There's something too amongst you,
To keep you all honest. [*Gives money, and exit.*
Snap. King of Heaven go with you!
All. Now good reward him;—
May he never want it,—to comfort still the poor,—
In a good hour!
Fer. What is 't? see: Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prig. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new king; good luck.
Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if 't be gold,
Thither it must.
Prig. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks!——
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,
After this golden token of a crown.——
Where 's orator Higgen with his gratuling speech now,

---

as almost anything ev'n in *Hudibras;* who evidently imitated it in his Description of his Heroe's Beard. In the latter part of it, there's a Banter on Shakespear's Prophecy of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* at the end of Harry the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty that it would give no Offence.' Edd. '78 very properly restored the 'error,' remarking that 'Higgen speaks barbarously here, because, on the appearance of a stranger, he assumes the style of a beggar, e. g. "'*termine it,*"' [l. 54]. 'That the mistake in the text was an intended one, cannot be doubted.' Weber.

53 *To him*] *To whom* F1 Q.

58 *the Seven Wise Masters*] 'See Ellis's Introd. to the tale so called, in his *Spec. of Early Engl. Metr. Romances*, vol. iii.' Dyce.

62 Gives money . . .] Weber, Dyce. 'Exit' only, preceding eds.

63 All] Weber, Dyce. 'Omn.' preceding eds.

63–5 *Now . . . hour*] As all cannot be supposed to speak all these words I have broken them up. The lines 64, 65, *May . . . hour*, are printed as one line F1 to Ed. 1711.

70 *Ginks*] Seward's correction. All the old eds. 'Ferret.'

73 *gratuling*] F1, 2, Q, Ed. 1711, Weber, Dyce. *gratulating* Q, and so Seward and Edd. '78, though they do not appear to have been acquainted with the Q. Weber restored the reading of Ff, and pronounced the 'correction' of Seward and Edd. '78 unnecessary. Dyce first noted Q and pronounced it wrong.

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In all our names?
Ger. Here he is, pumping for it.
Ginks. H'as cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all!—Expect now!
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the maunders,
Thus we throw up our nab-cheats first, for joy,
And then our filches; last, we clap our fambles;
Three subject signs we do it without envy;
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? ask 'em; all will say so,
Nay, swear 't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing-ken,
This other day, we sate about our dead prince
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!),
And that I saw thee at the table's end
Rise moved, and, gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift the other like a sceptre at my head,
I then presaged thou shortly wouldst be king;
And now thou art so. But what need presage

78 *maunders*] beggars.

79 *nab-cheats*] i. e. head things, hats or caps.

80 *filches*] '"Euery one of them carries a short staffe in his hand, which is called a *Filch*, hauing in the *Nab* or head of it a *Ferme*, (that is to say, a hole,) into which, vpon any piece of seruice, when hee goes a *Filching*, he putteth a hooke of yron, with which hooke hee angles at a window, in the dead of night, for shirts, smockes, or any other linnen or woollen; and for that reason is the staffe tearmed a *Filch*. So that it is as certaine that hee is an Angler for *Duds* [i. e. clothes] who hath a *Ferme* in the *Nab* of his *Filch*, as that he is a theefe who, vpon the highway, cryes 'stand,' and takes a purse. This staffe serueth to more vses then either the Crosse-staffe or the Jacobs, but the vses are not so good nor so honest; for this *Filching-staffe*, being artificially handled, is able now and then to *Mill a Grunter*, a *Bleating Cheate*, a *Red-shanke*, a *Tib of the Buttery*, and such like, or to *Fib a Coues Quarrons in the Rome-pad, for his Loure in his Bung*, that is to say, to kill a Pigge, a Sheepe, a Ducke, a Goose, and such like, or to beate a man by the highway for the money in his purse."' Dekker's *English Villanies, etc.* Sig. M 3.' Weber.

80 *fambles*] 'i. e. hands. *Id.* Sig. N 4.' Weber.

82, 83 *did not wish . . . ask 'em*] Dyce's text. F1 has—*did not wish thee chosen Now thou art chosen? aske 'em.* The only noticeable changes are a comma after *chosen* at the end of l. 82 in F2, and the printing of *ask* in l. 83 with a capital *A* by Ed. 1711. All editors down to Weber follow; thereby confirming the present position of the note of interrogation. Possibly the removal of the note of interrogation from l. 83 to the end of l. 82 might be considered an improvement.

85 *bouzing-ken*] 'i. e. ale-house. *Id.* sig. N 3. From *bouze*, to drink, and *ken*, a house.' Weber.

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To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty:
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair! long may it grow,
And thick and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type!
All. Excellent, excellent orator! forward, good Higgen!—
Give him leave to spit.—The fine well-spoken Higgen!
Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign, 'twas said,
So many ages since, we all should smile:
No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd out.
If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That owes the beard? a father? no, a grandfather,
Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people:
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventured hard for 't, nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings: under him,
Each man shall eat his own stoln eggs and butter,
In his own shade or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear dell, doxy, or mort, at night,
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet
That he hath filch'd that day; ay, and possess
What he can purchase, back or belly-cheats,

102 All] Weber, Dyce. 'Omn.' preceding eds. The dashes in these lines introduced by Dyce. See note ll. 63–65.

106–7 *smile: No*] Dyce. *smile No*, Ed. 1711, Seward. *smile. No* Edd. '78, Weber. *smile On* Ff, Q.

109 *kemb'd*] 'i. e. combed' Edd. '78. *hem'd* F1, Q.

115 *under him, Each man shall eat his own stoln eggs and butter, etc.*] 'A parody on the words of Cranmer concerning Q. Elizabeth in Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth*, V. iv.:

"In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."'

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To his own prop: he will have no purveyors
For pigs and poultry.
Ger. That we must have, my learnèd orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund on your own pads, he says.
Ger. And what they get there is their own: besides,
To give good words.
Hig. Do you mark? to cut bene whids;
That is the second law.
Ger. And keep afoot
The humble and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.
Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plasters,
And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame:
There all the halting paces are set down
I' the learnèd language.
Ger. Thither I refer them;
Those you at leisure shall interpret to them:
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

122 *prop*] 'Either to his own support, or else, by abbreviation, to his own property.' Theobald, quoted by Seward. Weber could not discover any authority for these explanations, but thought the latter the more probable one. Dyce agrees with Weber.

122 *purveyors*] 'i. e. officers sent out to provide victuals for the monarch, chiefly when on a progress through the country. They were extremely oppressive, and of course frequently exclaimed against, and satirized in contemporary authors. Osborne relates a singular anecdote of a purveyor in Queen Elizabeth's reign. See his *Works*, edit. 1811, p. 53.' Weber.

127 *maund on your own pads*] 'i. e. beg on your own roads, which are assigned to you.' Weber. '*Pad* is properly—high-way. To *maund* is properly—to mutter or whine out supplications for charity (perhaps originally from begging with a *maund*,—a basket to receive the dole).' Dyce.

129 *to cut bene whids*] As Weber remarks, this phrase is explained in the beginning of the line, 'To give good words.' He also quotes from Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1616, 'Stowe you beene cofe, and cut benar whiddes, Hold your peace, good fellow, and speake better words.' Dyce quotes from *The Canters Dictionary* in Dekker's *English Villanies*, 1632. '*To cut bene whiddes*, to speake good words.' For both these references see *Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, 1609. Grosart's Dekker, vol. iii. pp. 198, 199. Huth Library.

136 *torn*] *true* F1, Q.

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All. Oh, gracious prince! Save, save the good King Clause!
Hig. A song to crown him!
Fer. Set a sentinel out first.
Snap. The word?
Hig. "A cove comes," and "fumbumbis" to it.— *Strike.* [*Exit* SNAP.

THE SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away!
This is beggars' holiday:
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation live so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest:
To the field we are not prest;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown:
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by!
When the subsidy's increased,
We are not a penny sess'd;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

142 All] Weber, Dyce, 'Omn.' preceding eds.

144 *cove*] 'The word *Coue*, or *Cofe*, or *Cuffin*, signifies a Man, a Fellow, etc. But differs something in his propertie, according as it meetes with other wordes: For a Gentleman is called a *Gentry Coue* or *Cofe;* a good fellow is a *Bene cofe;* a Churle is called a *Quier Cuffin; Quier* signifies naught, and *Cuffin* (as I said before), a man.' *Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, Grosart, iii. 196. Quoted, in part, by Dyce from *English Villanies.*

144 *fumbumbis*] 'Is explained by Theobald, probably without any authority but the context, "to your guard and postures." But I think with the last editors [Edd. '78, Gloss. at the end of the play] that it was "rather a fancied watch-word than a cant term."' Weber. 'I may notice, that in a MS. collection of poetical pieces, most of them written during the reign of Charles the Second, and some of them later, I find a ballad entitled "*Fumbumbis*, or The North Country Mayor."—After this speech, the old eds. have a stage-direction, "*Strike.*"' Dyce. Weber and Dyce alone omitted '*strike.*'

Exit *Snap*] First marked by Edd. '78.

The Song] The couplets of this song first divided by Edd. '78; in all preceding eds. they are printed in one line.

151 *nation live*] Altered in Ed. 1711 to *nations live*, which Seward silently follows; *nation lives* Edd. '78 and Weber.

159 *offices*] So F1, Q, Edd. '78 to Dyce. F2, Ed. 1711 and Seward *officers.*

166 Re-enter Snap] F1 to Seward have *Enter Snap, Hubert and Hemskirk.*

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Re-enter SNAP.

Snap. A cove! fumbumbis!
Prig. To your postures! arm!

Enter HUBERT *and* HEMSKIRK, *both disguised.*

Hub. Yonder 's the town: I see it.
Hem. There 's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows save not.
Hig. Bless your good worships!——
Fer. One small piece of money—— 170
Prig. Amongst us all poor wretches—
Ger. Blind and lame—
Ginks. For his sake that gives all——
Hig. Pitiful worships!——
Snap. One little doit——

Enter JACQUELINE.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread——
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prig. Here be seven of us. 175
Hig. Seven, good master; oh, remember seven!
Seven blessings——
Fer. Remember, gentle worship——
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins——
Prig. And seven sleepers.

Edd. '78 *Enter Snap and then,* etc., to which Weber adds *disguised.* These entries are here given as in Dyce.

167 *A cove! fumbumbis*] So F1, Q, Edd. '78 to Dyce. F2, Ed. 1711 and Seward *A cove* comes: *Fumbumbis* ('that the present speech,' says Dyce, 'might agree exactly with that of Higgen before the song').

169 *shadows*] 'i. e. disguises.' Edd. 1778.

173 Enter Jacqueline] All eds., save Dyce's, in entries and prefixes, give this character her real name: Dyce her assumed name of Minche. See notes on the first entry of this scene. Perhaps we should here alter to—*Jac. comes forward.*

174 Fer.] So F2 and all later eds. F1 and Q, Ger.: 'but Gerrard (Clause), we may suppose, has his attention occupied by Jacqueline (Minche).' Dyce.

178 *seven sleepers*] 'An allusion to a celebrated legend. When the emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in the cavern of an adjacent mountain. There they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who commanded that the entrance should be secured by a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which continued during 187 years. At the end of that time, the cave being opened

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Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing——
Alas, we had not a charity this three days
Hub. There 's amongst you all, [*Gives money.*
Fer. Heaven reward you!
Prig. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. [*Aside*] Do I see? or is 't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha! 'tis her face.—Come hither, maid.
Jac. What, ha' you
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun meat.
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butterfly,
And I 'll love you again: when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a-birding: I shall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*
Hub. [*Aside.*] Her voice too says the same; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so changed.—
Hear me, thou honest fellow; what 's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How! nothing but signs?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. [*Aside.*] This is strange:
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude-dumb, sir. [*Exeunt all the* BEGGARS *except* SNAP.
Hub. 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n now, methought.—

---

by the possessor of the mountain, they awoke. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, and, it is said, the emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to the cave to visit the Seven Sleepers, who, having bestowed their benediction, and related their story, immediately expired. See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, etc., vol. iii. 350, ed. 4to.' Dyce. Weber gives a somewhat briefer account of the legend. See also Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, 3rd ed. 1845, p. 286, col. 1; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, II, 370, ed. 184c, etc.

181 Gives money] Dyce.

183 Aside] This and following 'asides' are only marked by Dyce, and always by him at the end of the 'aside.'

184, 185. *What, ha' you Bells*] Ed. *What ha', you Bells* F1. All the rest *What ha' you, Bells.*

185 *Bun*] *bun* F2, Edd. '78, Weber and Dyce. Dyce remarks on 'bun'—'Seems to mean—rabbit; or perhaps by this term Minche designates her squirrel.' I suppose she does, and have restored the capital B of F1, Q, with Ed. 1711 and Seward.

188 Exit] om. F1, Q.

193 *This is*] *This* F1. *'Tis* Q.

195] Exeunt . . .] First marked by Weber.

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Dost thou know this same maid?
Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, Gu-Gu-Gu-Gu-God's fool?
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder, by Be-Be-Be-Be-Beggars' Bush Bo-Bo-Bush:
Her name is Mi-Mi-Mi-Mi-Mi-Minche; so was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.
Hub. I understand no word he says.—How long
Has she been here?
Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-niggled, and she ha' go-go-go-good luck.
Hub. I must be better inform'd than by this way:
Here was another face too, that I mark'd—
Oh, the old man's: but they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly. I will come here again:
Oh, that I were so happy as to find it,
What I yet hope it is, put on! [*Aside.*
Hem. What mean you, sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?
Hub. Farewell, friend.— [*Exit* SNAP.
It will be worth return, to search [*Aside.*]—Come;
Protect us our disguise now! Prithee, Hemskirk,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against Wolfort?
Hem. Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows' meat,
If I were not assured o' the burgomaster,
And had a pretty 'scuse to see a niece there,

197 *God's fool*] Dyce refers us to l. 47 of this scene, but he has no remark there.
199 *Minche*] The old eds. down to Seward have *My-my-my-my-my-match.* The Edd. '78 remark—'We at first thought "*match*" to be a corruption of "*Madge*"; but as Jaculin [Jacqueline] is in other parts of the play called *Minche*, we suppose it is merely a typographical error.' Weber and Dyce follow, except that Dyce introduces the capital M in Mi-. Dyce notes: 'This speech was reduced to prose by Weber: but, when read without the stammering additions, it is blank verse.'
202 *niggled*] '*Niggling*, companying with a woman.' *The Canter's Dict.* in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light.*
204, 205 *mark'd—Oh, the old man's*] Dyce. *mark'd O the old mans* F1, Q. *mark'd Of the old mans* F2 to Weber.
208 *hope it is, put on*] Dyce; who remarks that Weber 'like the other modern editors points these words most improperly.' F1 points—*hope? it is put on*, F2, *hope: It is put on*—Ed. 1711 and Seward *hope: It is put on*—Edd. '78 and Weber *hope, it is put on.*
208 *put on*] 'i. e. assumed,' Weber.
217 *'scuse*] Weber, Dyce. *skuys* F1, *scuce* Q, *excuse* F2 to Edd '78.

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I should scarce venture.
Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter FLOREZ.

Flo. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There 's a conspiracy of winds and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break.
What should I think? unless the seas and sands
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter a Merchant.

Mer. Save you, sir!
Flo. Save you!
Mer. No news yet o' your ships?
Flo. Not any yet, sir.
Mer. 'Tis strange.
Flo. 'Tis true, sir. [*Exit* Merchant].—
What a voice was here now!
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

Enter Second Merchant.

Sec. Mer. Goswin, good day. These winds are very constant.
Flo. They are so, sir,—to hurt
Sec. Mer. Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Flo. Neither.
Sec. Mer. This wind brings them. Nor no news over land,
Through Spain, from the Straits?

Sc. II.
7 *factors*] *Facto* F1.
8 Enter . . .] Dyce; who also marks entry of Second Merchant at line 12. From F1 to Seward the only stage direction is here—'Enter Merchants,' which Edds. '78 and Weber alter to 'Enter two Merchants.' The prefix to their speeches is '1' and '2 Mer.'
15, 16 Flo. *Neither.* Sec. Mer. *This wind brings them. Nor no news,*

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Flo. Not any.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry, sir. [*Exit.*
Flo. They talk me down; and as 'tis said of vultures,
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses
By many hundred miles, so do these my wracks,
At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heaven,
Come on, and be! yet, if thou please preserve me
But in my own adventure here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same.—A room in the house of VANDUNK.

Enter VANDUNK, HUBERT, HEMSKIRK, *and* MARGARET.

Vand. Captain, you are welcome; so is this your friend,

---

etc.] The Mer. contradicts himself and the whole tenor of the scene. I suspect we should read—

Flo. *Neither.*
This wind brings them not.
Sec. Mer. *Nor no news*, etc.

20 *wracks*] *wrecks* Edd. '78 to Dyce. 25 *'gainst*] *against* F1, Q.

27 *with less than that; that ruins all*] So pointed by Edd. '78. F1 and 2, followed by Ed. 1711 and Seward, have—*with less than that, that ruins all.* The pointing of Edd. '78 emphasizes but is in agreement with the Ff, and their explanation of the speech is therefore inevitable—with less than the failure of his love-venture with Bertha Florez could not be undone; but *that* failure would ruin him indeed.

The Q omits the comma of Ff after the first *that*. Mason, who was unacquainted with the Q and takes no notice of the punctuation of the Ff, 'quotes' the passage thus, as though it were the original text—

I am not broken yet, nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that *which* ruins all.

He does not agree with the Edd. '78 that there is any reference here to Florez' love-venture, and he explains the speech—'Goswin means to say, that the hour of his bankruptcy was not yet arrived; and his resources were such, that nothing ought to sink him but a general ruin.'

This may be a true enough explanation of his own text, but not that of the Ff.

Weber, without noticing the punctuation of the old eds., approves of Mason's explanation and then very inconsistently prints as in Ff.

Dyce, the only editor who was acquainted with the Q, without noticing the pointing of the old texts, or Mason's alteration, quotes his explanation and prints, as in Q,—'*with less than that that ruins all.*'

Sc. III.

Enter . . .] 'The old eds. add (by some mistake) "*Boors*"; and so the modern editors.' Dyce.

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Most safely welcome ; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarter :
The troth is, we not love him. Meg, some wine.—
[*Exit* MARGARET, *who presently re-enters with wine.*
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason 'gain the traitors : by your leave, gentlemen,
We here in Bruges think he does usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we are his servants ; and, as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor inquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths ;
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear ;
And that shall seal our welcome.
Vand. Good : let's drink, then.—
Madge, fill out.—I keep mine old pearl still, captain.
Marg. I hang fast, man.
Hem. Old jewels commend their keeper, sir.
Vand. Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart ! and, if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten : drown all memory, when we drink !
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble burgomaster :
I 'll do you right.
Hem. Nay, sir, Mynheer Vandunk
Is a true statesman.
Vand. Fill my captain's cup there.—Oh, that your master Wolfort
Had been an honest man !
Hub. Sir ?
Vand. Under the rose.

4 *Meg*] So F1 and Q. F2 to Seward 'Margaret.' Exit . . .] Dyce.
6 *'gain*] Dyce (*gain*' F1), *'gainst* Q and F2 to Weber.
9 *Haply*] Q, Weber, Dyce. *Happely* F1, *Happily* F2, Ed. 1711, Edd. '78. *Happ'ly* Seward.
19 *Madge*] Edd. '78 to Dyce. *Mage* F1, Q. Om. F2 to Seward.

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Hem. Here's to you, Marget.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain.
Vand. Well said, my pearl, still!
Hem. And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think. This friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: she was my errand.
Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are,—fill him his glass,—
That in seven years could not find leisure——
Hem. No,
It's not so much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on 't:
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war
For moonshine i' the water there, his daughter
That never was lost; yet you could not find time
To see a kinswoman: but she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir,—fetch her forth, Margy,—
And a fine woman, and has suitors. [*Exit* MARGARET.
Hem. How!
What suitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors, young burghers;
And one a gallant; the young prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.
Hem. How! a merchant!
I thought, Vandunk, you had understood me better,
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.
Vand. Such! he is such a such, as, were she mine,
I 'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hem. But the same things, sir, fit not you and me. [*Exit.*
Vand. Why, give 's some wine, then; this will fit us all.
[*Drinks.*
Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out!
And still would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it.—But this merchant
Is a brave boy: he lives so, i' the town here,

30 *Marget*] F1, Q and Edd. '78 to Dyce. *Margaret* F2 to Seward.
34 *errand*] Seward silently printed '*errand* here.'
43 *Margy*] Dyce. *Margee* F1, Edd. '78, Weber. *Marget* Q, F2. *Margaret* Ed. 1711, Seward.
50 *to admit*] Q, Edd. '78 to Dyce. *t'admit* F1, F2 to Seward.
54 Drinks] Weber and Dyce.

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We know not what to think on him: at some times
We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,
Tenter his credit so; embraces all;
And, to 't, the winds have been contrary long:
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half sure on 't.—
Your master is a traitor, for all this,
Under the rose,—here's to you,—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.
Hub. Ay, marry, sir,
Where is that man?
Vand. Nay, soft: an I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand;
I love not Wolfort: sit you still with that.
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece;
And there 's my merchant; view him well.—Fill wine here!

Re-enter HEMSKIRK *and* MARGARET, *with* BERTHA *and* FLOREZ.

Hem. You must not only know me for your uncle
Now, but obey me: you, go cast yourself
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!
Flo. What is it that you say, sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.
Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize:
Will that suffice you?
Flo. Merchandize, good sir!
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.
Hem. And do so still, sir:
I assure you, her rate 's at more than you are worth.
Flo. You do not know what a gentleman 's worth, sir,

61 *Tenter his credit so*] 'i. e. stretch it to the utmost extent, as cloth is expanded upon tenter-hooks.' Weber.
68 *an*] Edd. '78 to Dyce. *and* F1 to Seward.
72 Re-enter, etc.] 'Margaret' added by Dyce.
76 *petty*] *pretty* Ed. 1711, Seward. 76 *his*] *this* F1.
77 *What is*] *What's* Seward.

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Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well said, merchant!
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hem. A gentleman!
What, o' the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?
Or lists of velvet? which is 't, pound or yard,
You vent your gentry by?
Hub. Oh, Hemskirk, fie!
Vand. Come, do not mind 'em; drink.—He is no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.
Hem. Alas, my pretty man,
I think 't be angry, by its look! come hither,
Turn this way a little: if it were the blood
Of Charlemagne, as 't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——
Flo. How!
Hem. Nay, I 'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry is gone.
Flo. Ha, ha!
Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.
Flo. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any,) sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——
Vand. And butter,
Remember butter; do not leave out butter.

92, 93 *Come . . . advise you*] The dash in first line, showing change of address, introduced by Weber. Seward divided the speech between Vand. and Goswin, thus—

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no Wolfort.
Gos. Captain, I 'dvise you—

He remarks—'It is not probable that Goswin should make no Return to the Scoffs above, and a broken Speech seems quite proper to him.'

The Edd. '78 deprecate Seward's variation. 'No person,' they remark, 'calls Hempskirke *Captain* but Vandunke . . . From Hem.'s next speech it should seem, that Goswin's *looks* had chiefly testified his anger.'

Neither Weber nor Dyce take any notice here of Seward or the Edd. '78.

Flo. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are stored with?
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?
Hem. No; for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.
Flo. Have not we, sir, chapmen
And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over,
With your court-faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold? the company
That you had last, what had you for 't, i' faith?
Hem. You now grow saucy.
Flo. Sure, I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.
Hem. Upon your equals, then.
Flo. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first doth make himself my equal.
Hem. Do you hear? no more!
Flo. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
And 't shall be aside; then, after, as you please.
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each strives which is greater: but, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young;
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it:
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: wrong is not still successful;
Indeed, it is not. I would approach your kinswoman

106 *woods*] Qy. *wood*?
109 *honour*] So F2. F1 and Q *errour*.
116 *Sure*] Was altered by Seward to 'Sir,' because the old reading 'would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest liberty or no.' On this the Edd. '78 remark, '*Sure* does not imply *doubt*, but *affirmation*.'
124 *and with*] *with* introduced silently by Seward, followed by Edd. '78 and Dyce; the latter, however, marking it as an addition.
125 *strives*] Dyce. *strive* F1 to Weber.

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With all respect done to yourself and her.
[*Takes hold of* BERTHA'S *hand.*
Hem. Away, companion! handling her? take that!
[*Strikes him.*
Flo. Nay, I do love no blows, sir: there 's exchange!
[*He gets* HEMSKIRK'S *sword and cuts him on the head with it, and then throws it off the stage.*
Hub. Hold, sir!
Marg. Oh, murther!
Ber. Help my Goswin!
Marg. Man!—
Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!
Flo. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you I, Sir.
Flo. He that had, thank himself!—Not hand her? yes, sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon.—Kiss me, Gertrude;
Quake not, but kiss me.
Vand. Kiss him, girl; I bid you.—
My merchant royal! Fear no uncles: hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose here?
Flo. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.
Let such as do wrong, fear.
Vand. Ay, that 's good:
Let Wolfort look to that.
Flo. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my beloved. One of these titles
She must apply to: if unto the last,

134 Takes hold . . .] Weber, Dyce; who of course call her Gertrude.
135 *companion*] 'A common term of contempt in our author's days.' Weber. 'Equivalent to—fellow.' Dyce.
Strikes . . .] Om. F1, Q.
136 He gets . . .] Om. F1, Q. F2 to Weber end s. d. with 'head.' Dyce added 'with it . . . stage.'
137 *murther*] *murder* Edd. '78 to Dyce.
137 *Man*] 'i. e. Husband, with which signification it is still used in Scotland.' Weber.

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Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in 't.—Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.
Vand. Do; and I drink to it.
Flo. Prithee, say so, love.
Ber. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes;—
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet;—they speak it.
Hem. I thank you, niece.
Flo. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your sword within.
Hem. You insult too much
With your good fortune, sir.
[*Exeunt* FLOREZ *and* BERTHA.
Hub. A brave clear spirit!—
Hemskirk, you were to blame: a civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,

156 *art*] So F1 to Ed. 1711. Seward altered to *act*, as a correction by Theobald: he observes, 'I have known several instances of this mistake between *art* and *act*, and tho' the former might be sense here, the latter is much better.' Edd. '78 follow Seward. On this Mason observes that the change should not have been made 'for the ancient dramatists frequently use these two words to express the same idea. *Art* signifying practice, or practical knowledge.' He notes two instances—

(1) *Custom of the Country*, V. v.—

'Tho' my desires were loose, from unchaste art,
Heaven knows, I'm free'

where 'the word *art* could not be used in its usual significations, as [Hippolyta] had employed every meretricious art to seduce Arnoldo.'

(2) *Henry V*, I. ii.—

'For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in Nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.'

where '*act* is used in the sense of *art*.'

Weber notes that in No. 1 Theobald again changed *art* to *act*, and that in No. 2 Malone explains *act* to signify statute or law. Weber retains *art* in the present passage, as does Dyce, who notes that here Theobald's correction is not required, though in the *Custom of the Country* 'it is absolutely necessary.'

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As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?
Hem. 'Tis done now;
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [*Exit* HEMSKIRK.
Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.—
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.—
Vand. Ha!
A looking-glass!
Hub. How now, brave burgomaster?
Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunk.
Hub. Van-drunk it 's rather. Come, go sleep within.
Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort,—
Under the rose I speak it——
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Usurps; and a rank traitor, as ever breathed,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go;
No man shall hold me up, that upholds him.
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

171 Exit . . .] 'Exit.' only Ed. 1711 to Dyce.

176 *A looking-glass*] 'Does not Vandunk here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utensil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glass?*' Edd. '78. 'The interpretation of the editors is certainly right, as the word is used with the same meaning in the old English translation of *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*, edit. 1805, p. 41.' Weber. Dyce quotes these two notes without remark. He might have referred us to Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, II. ii., where Prudence, the chamber-maid, elected sovereign of the sports, stands on her dignity—

> '*Pru.* It is not now as when plain Prudence lived,
> And reached her ladyship——
> *Host.* The Chamber-pot.
> *Pru.* The looking-glass, mine host,' etc.

180 *Very hardly*] 'i. e. you speak it with great difficulty.' Weber.

181 *and a*] *and 's a* Seward.

183 *hold me up*] 'The last word was rightly inserted by Seward (who states, erroneously, that the old copies read "*hold be*").' Dyce. Seward did not

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SCENE IV.

Before the house of VANDUNK.

Enter FLOREZ *and* HEMSKIRK.

Hem. Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle another's.
Flo. Faith, you may, sir.
Hem. And you have made me have so much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.
Flo. For what, sir?
Hem. To the repairing of mine honour and hurt here.
Flo. Express your way.
Hem. By fight, and speedily.
Flo. You have your will. Require you any more?
Hem. That you be secret, and come single.
Flo. I will.
Hem. As you are the gentleman you would be thought!
Flo. Without the conjuration: and I 'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.
I 'll take his length within.
Hem. Your place now, sir?
Flo. By the sand-hills.
Hem. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.
Flo. There, then.
Hem. Good.
Your time?
Flo. 'Twixt seven and eight.
Hem. You 'll give me, sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,
If you come like your promise.
Flo. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first:
I 'll do 't myself, and justly wish to want her.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.] First marked as a separate scene by Dyce.
3 *you have*] Q, Dyce. *ye have* F1, 2, Ed. 1711. *ye 've* Seward. *you 've* Edd. '78, Weber.
3 *so much*] *s' much* Seward.
12 *his*] Silently altered to 'its' by Seward; and so Edd. '78 and Weber.
19 Exeunt . . .] 'severally' added by Dyce.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before a tavern in the outskirts of Bruges.

Enter three or four BOORS.

First Boor. Come, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' belly!

Sec. Boor. Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer!—
So; sit down, lads,
And drink me upsey-Dutch: frolic, and fear not.

Prefixes as in Dyce. Ff, Q, '1 B,' '2 B.,' etc. Ed. 1711 to Weber '1 Boor,' '2 Boor,' etc.

1 *by th'*] Q, Ed. 1711 to Weber. *bi' th* F1; *by' th'* F2; *by the* Dyce.

1 *by th' belly*] 'Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "*by th'* barrel"; and so his successors [Edd. '78 and Weber]. But that the old reading is right, there can be no doubt. We find a similar expression in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, II. ii., "here's money and gold *by th' eye*, my boy"; and in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, III.,

"Assure thyself thou shalt have broth *by the eye.*"

Both "*by the belly*" and "*by the eye*" seem equivalent to—in abundance.' Dyce.

2 *Stark*] 'i. e. Strong.' Weber. F1 and Q *Start.*

3 *upsey-Dutch*] In the Dutch fashion; so again *upsey-English*, l. 27, IV. v. A drinking term very frequent in the literature of the period; said to be derived from *op zee* (over sea) or *op zyn* (in the fashion of).

Seward, avowedly, could make nothing of the term. The Edd. '78 quote a note by Whalley on Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, IV. vi. (Sc. iv. Gifford), in which, referring to the two instances in *Beggars' Bush*, he concludes that upsee-Dutch 'means to drink as Dutchmen, or the same liquor which they do, 'till we are drunk like them.' The Edd. '78 add a reference to Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins of London* in which certain people are said to be drunk 'according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as *upsey-freeze*, crambo, parmizant, etc.' Here it should be remarked that Gifford, apparently disdaining to take any notice of Whalley's note, gives pretty much the same explanation that he does.

Weber reprints the note of Edd. '78, and adds a further reference to Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* and to Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* in which are found 'the German's *upsey-freese*' and '*upsy-freesy* tipplers.'

Dyce, apparently with approval, cites Gifford's note mentioned above, but refers us also to the *Glossary* of Nares, 'who,' he says, 'doubts if we have yet had the true explanation of the origin of the phrase.' Nares' article on 'Upsee Dutch or Upsee Freeze' will I think convince the reader that his explanation—*à la mode de*—is the right one. Nares again refers us to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, in which, in vol. ii, p. 325, et seq. (Bohn's ed.), will be found much entertaining information on the laws of drinking. At the end of his article Nares mentions one drinking term—*upsee freese crosse*—as

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Enter HIGGEN *like a sow-gelder, singing.*

Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?
My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low!
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Have ye any lambs in your holts,
To cut for the stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair maid
That would be a nun?
Come, kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow
To high, to low, to high, to low!

First Boor. Oh, excellent!—Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!—
Give the boy some drink there!—Piper, wet your whistle.
Canst tell me a way now how to cut off my wife's concupiscence?

Hig. I 'll sing ye a song for 't.

THE SONG.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again, boy, again:
Then, if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

---

less intelligible than other forms; but it has been properly explained by the late Karl Elze: the drinkers pledge each other with their arms *crossed* or interlaced. See Grosart's Glossarial Index to Nash's Works, Huth Library, iv. 252, in reference to *Pierce Peniless* and *Summers Last Will*, etc. I have myself seen this 'cross' practised in Flanders and in France, both in pledging and in saluting with the hat.

5 *My horn*, etc.] 'So in *Cornu-Copiæ*, *Pasquils Night-cap*, etc. (attributed to Rowlands), 1612;

"And so much credit now attends it [the horn] daily,
That euery common Crier, Petie Baily,
Swine-heards and braue *Sow-golders* [sic], *in a pride*
Doe beare a horne low dangling by their side." P. 103.' Dyce.

7 *holts*] 'Generally signifies—woods, forests (as in *Faithful Shepherdess*, II. iii. 52),—sometimes, wooded hills, high grounds: see Chalmer's Gloss. to Sir D. Lyndsay's *Works*, and *Promptorium Parvulorum*, ed. Camden. Here Fletcher evidently used the word for the sake of a rhyme, and probably intended it to mean simply—pastures.' Dyce.

10 *braches*] 'A mannerly name for all hound bitches.' *Gentleman's Recreation*. See Nares.

17 *boy*] *boys* Ff, Q and Ed. 1711. 'Seward's correction, adopted by his successors,—"*boy*" meaning either the tavern-boy who brings the drink (compare the first line of the second speech in this scene), or else Higgen' Dyce. See Dyce's further note on l. 65.

17 *wet*] *whet* Ed. 1711 to Weber.

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Do thy endeavour
To take off her fever,
Then her disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus, to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again.
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains;
Her disease no longer will reign.

First Boor. More excellent, more excellent, sweet sow-gelder!
Sec. Boor. Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!
Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded?
Third Boor. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, sow-gelder.

SONG by HIGGEN.

1.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,
And over and over the sow-gelder came:
I rise, and I halter'd him fast by the horn;
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

2.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf:
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best but a sucking devil.
Maa! yet he cried, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

---

41 *Song*] First given in F2. . . . *by Higgen* added by Weber.
44 *rise*] The *i* short as in *live*. Dyce notes several instances of this ancient form (now vulgar) of the word in Beaumont and Fletcher, variously spelt *risse*, *rizze*, and as here, *rise*. Ed. 1711 alters to *rose*, and is followed by Seward, Edd. '78 and Weber. Dyce prints *riss* (which scarcely gives the pronunciation,

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3.

Some half a year after, in the form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he looked very big:
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log;
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.
Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

First Boor. Groats a-piece, groats a-piece, groats a-piece!—
There, sweet sow-gelder. [*Gives money.*

Enter PRIG *disguised as a juggler, and* FERRET *as his man.*

Prig. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some sleight of hand, leger-de-main? hey, pass,
Presto, be gone there?
Sec. Boor. Sit down, juggler.
Prig. Sirrah, play you your art well [*Aside to* FERRET].—
Draw near, piper. [*To* HIGGEN.
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some money;
Twelve-pence a-piece will serve.
First and Sec. Boor. There, there. [*Giving money.*
Prig. I thank you,
Thank ye heartily. When shall I pay ye?
All the Boors. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this was a fine trick.
Prig. A merry slight toy. But now I 'll show your worships
A trick indeed.
Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.

54 *in the form*] 'Seward silently printed "*in form*"; and so the Edd. of 1778.' Dyce.
59 *perk*] 'i. e. pork, for the rhyme's sake.' Weber. 'Seward silently printed "pork."' Dyce.
60 First Boor. *Groats a-piece*, etc.] This speech was omitted by Weber.
61 Gives money] Dyce.
Enter . . .] Dyce: see his note below, l. 65. 'Enter Prig and Ferret,' F1 to Edd. '78.
63 *sleight*] *slight* Ed. 1711 to Dyce.
65 *art*] Qy. *part*?

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Prig. Here are three balls: these balls shall be three bullets.
One, two, and three! *ascentibus, malentibus!*
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd: fair play, gentlemen.
Now, these three, like three bullets, from your three noses
Will I pluck presently. Fear not; no harm, boys.
Tityre, tu patulæ.
[*Pulls the* BOORS' *noses, while* HIGGEN *and* FERRET *pick their pockets, and remove some of their cloaks.*
First Boor. Oh, oh, oh!
Prig. Recubans sub jermine fagi.
Sec. Boor. You pull too hard; you pull too hard!
Prig. Stand fair, then.
Silvertram trim-tram.
Third Boor. Hold, hold, hold!
Prig. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham!—
Have ye their moneys? [*Aside to* HIGGEN *and* FERRET.
Hig. Yes, yes.
First Boor. Oh, rare juggler!
Sec. Boor. Oh, admirable juggler!
Prig. One trick more yet.
Hey, come aloft! *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis!*
East, west, north, south, now fly like Jack with a *bumbis!*
Now all your money 's gone: pray, search your pockets.
First Boor. Humh!
Sec. Boor. He!
Third Boor. The devil a penny 's here!
Prig. This was a rare trick.
First Boor. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.
Prig. I 'll do ye that too. Look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This button here.
[*While the* BOORS *look at* PRIG *counters are put into their pockets by* HIGGEN *and* FERRET.
Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your pockets.

78 Pulls . . .] Dyce's enlargement of Weber's 'Pulls the Boors' noses, while Ferret picks their pockets.' No direction in preceding eds.
82 *Silvertram*] 'The Q has "Silverstram": but probably the learned Prig rejects Virgil's word ("*Silvestrem*"), with a sly allusion to the *silver* which is now vanishing from the Boors' pockets.' Dyce.
85 Aside to . . .] Dyce. 'Apart to . . .' Edd. '78 and Weber. No direction in preceding eds.
96 While . . .] Dyce. No direction in preceding eds.

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First Boor. By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.
Prig. Rest ye merry:
My first trick has paid me.
All the Boors. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some drink too.
Prig. Not a drop now, I thank you,—
Away! we are discover'd else.

[*Exit with* HIGGEN *and* FERRET.

Enter GERRARD *like a blind aquavitæ-man, and a* BOY *singing the Song.*

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue: for your smaller skins,
I 'll give ye looking-glasses, pins;
And for your whole cony,
Here's ready, ready money.
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black cony-skin;
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their silver-hair'd skins and their yellow.
The white cony-skin I will not lay by,
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm; but yet, for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.
Come away, fair maids; your skins will decay:
Come and take money, maids; put your ware away
Cony-skins, cony-skins! have ye any cony-skins?
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Ger. Buy any brand-wine, buy any brand-wine?
Boy. Have ye any cony-skins?
Sec. Boor. My fine canary-bird, there 's a cake for thy worship.
First Boor. Come, fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly. Let's see, sir; What's this?

100 Exit with . . .] 'Exit,' only Ff.
101 Enter . . . and a Boy singing the song] F1, Q '. . . and a boy, singing the song.' F2 to Edd. '78 '. . . and a boy, who sings this song.' Weber '. . and a Boy who sings as follows.' Dyce.
101 *Bring out your cony-skins*, etc.] 'This song (with some variations) is found in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. v. 303.' Dyce.
110 *brand-wine*] 'Quasi *brandewin* French. *Brandy* and I believe other

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Ger. A penny, sir.
First Boor. Fill till 't be six-pence,
And there 's my pig.
Boy. This is a counter, sir.
First Boor. A counter! Stay ye: what are these, then?—
Oh, execrable juggler! oh, damn'd juggler!——
Look in your hose, ho! this comes of looking forward.
Third Boor. Devil a Dunkirk! what a rogue's this juggler,
This hey-pass, re-pass! h'as repass'd us sweetly.
Sec. Boor. Do ye call these tricks?

Re-enter HIGGEN, *disguised as a gold-end-man.*

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?
Sec. Boor. This fellow comes to mock us.—Gold or silver! cry copper!
First Boor. Yes, my good friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Tis well, sir;
You have the less to care for.—Gold and silver! [*Exit.*

Re-enter PRIG, *disguised as an old-clothes-man.*

Prig. Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*
First Boor. Cloaks!—Look about ye, boys; mine 's gone!
Sec. Boor. A pox juggle 'em!
Pox o' their prestoes! mine 's gone too!

124 *pig*] 'i. e. sixpence.' Theobald.
125 *ye*] *you* Dyce.
127 *hose*] 'i. e. breeches.' Dyce.
130 *Re-enter Higgen, disguised as a gold-end-man*] 'The old eds. have merely "*Enter Higgen*";and so the modern editors,—except Weber, who gave "*Enter Higgen, disguised as a buyer of old gold and silver* lace,"—wrongly.—"A *gold-end-man* is one who buys broken pieces of gold and silver, an itinerant jeweller. In the *Beggars' Bush*, Higgen enters, crying "Have ye any *ends of gold or silver?*" words which might be heard every day in the streets of London.' Gifford's note on Jonson's *Alchemist*, II. i. Compare a copy of verses [by G. Hills] among the Commendatory Poems prefixed to the first folio;

"Thus *ends-of-gold-and-silver-men* are made,
As th' use to say, goldsmiths of his own trade."' Dyce.

135 Re-enter . . .] Weber and Dyce. 'Enter Prig' only in all the preceding eds.

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Third Boor. Here 's mine yet.
First Boor. Come, come, let 's drink, then.—More brandwine!
Boy. Here, sir.
First Boor. If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand,
I 'll strip him.
Were ever fools so ferk'd? We have two cloaks yet,
And all our caps: the devil take the flincher!
All the Boors. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter HEMSKIRK.

Hem. Good den, my honest fellows:
You are merry here, I see.
Third Boor. 'Tis all we have left, sir.
Hem. What hast thou? aquavitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hem. Fill out, then;
And give these honest fellows round.
All the Boors. We thank ye.
Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?

The breaks were first pieced as in our text by Edd. '78. See ll. 12, 41 and 44, IV. v.

Note by Edd. '78:—

'This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our Author's plays. We suppose they wrote, *A* pox, etc., and that a false delicacy in the Editors induced them to leave the *hiatus*. As we have shewn [*Custom of the Country*, III. iv. 16] that, in the days of our Authors, this word conveyed no gross or vulgar meaning, we shall not scruple to insert it wherever such *hiatus* occurs.'

The note on *Custom of the Country* referred to is by Read, one of the editors of the 1778 ed., and is as follows:—'Hippolyta. *Pox o' this stale courtship!*] To modern ears this expression will appear exceedingly gross and vulgar; but that it conveyed no such meaning in the days of our Authors, may be proved from several instances. In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, Act V. sc. ii. the princess exclaims, "*Pox* of that jest!" a mode of speech that Mr. Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr. Farmer, observes, there needs no alarm; the *small-pox* only is alluded to. Davison has a canzonet on his Lady's Sicknesse of the *Poxe;* and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, "At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *poxe*. I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." It may be added, that the *small-pox* is still spoken of in the same manner, to this day, in many parts of the North of England.'

On this note Weber has the remark:—"In Scotland, amongst the lower classes, it is termed so, at the present period, universally."

141 *ferk'd*] 'i. e. cheated, fobbed.' Edd. '78.

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All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hem. I have a business for you, honest friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.
Ger. Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, boy. [*Aside to* Boy.
First Boor. What is 't, sir?
If it be anything to purchase money
(Which is our want), command us.
All the Boors. All, all, all, sir.
Hem. You know the young spruce merchant in Bruges?
Sec. Boor. Who, Master Goswin?
Hem. That: he owes the money,
And here in town there is no stirring of him.
Ger. Say you so? [*Aside.*
Hem. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side,
Under the row of oak: do you know it?
All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hem. Give 'em more drink.—There, if you dare but venture,
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
Third Boor. Beware the juggler!
Hem. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.
First Boor. I warrant you, we will hamper him.
Hem. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
Third Boor. Here 's our warrant;
This carries fire i' the tail. [*Skewing his cudgel.*
Hem. Away with me, then!
[*Aside*] The time draws on.
I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom
Ere he sees Bruges' towers again. Thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the lion's skin with the fox's case.
Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet. [*Aside.*

150 Aside . . .] Dyce.
153 *merchant in*] Seward silently printed '*merchant* here *in*.'

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Hem. There 's for thy drink.—Come, pay the house within, boys,
And lose no time.
Ger. Away with all our haste too! 174
[*Exeunt, on one side,* HEMSKIRK, *followed by the* Boors; *on the other,* GER. *and* Boy.

SCENE II.

A chase bordering on the woods near Bruges.

Enter FLOREZ.

Flo. No wind blow fair yet? no return of moneys,
Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 'tis destined that I fall, fall miserably,
My credit I was built on sinking with me.
Thou boist'rous North-wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,
Yet stay thy fury! give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety!
And you, auspicious fires; bright twins in heaven,
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.
Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
In the midst of all our strength, thou strikest us!
My virtuous love is lost too: all, what I have been,

174 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. 'Exeunt' only in preceding eds.

SCENE II.—A chase, etc.] Dyce. 'A Forest near Bruges.' Weber.

9 *And you, auspicious fires,* etc.] 'The bright twins in heaven are Castor and Pollux, who were supposed to have been converted into stars, and form the constellation Gemini. When certain electrical exhalations appeared in a storm about the shrouds of a ship, it was formerly considered as a fortunate omen, and attributed to the presence of Castor and Pollux.' Mason. 'The same superstition prevails still in the Mediterranean; only the auspicious Pagan twins have been converted into the Christian San Elmo, whose proper name is said to have been San Pedro Gonzales Telmo. The same lights are also denominated Corpo Santo.' Weber.

11 *rack*] 'i. e. collection of thin vapoury clouds.—"The present passage," says Weber, "supports Mr. Malone's interpretation of this word strongly; 'A body of clouds, or rather the *course of clouds in motion.*'" But see note, *Faithful Shepherdess,* V. v. "sailing rack."' Dyce.

15 *of*] Q, F2. Om. F1.

16 *lost*] *toss'd* F1, Q.

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No more hereafter to be seen than shadow.
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this day's venture,
And so to-morrow 's cross'd, and all those curses.
Yet manly I'll invite my fate: base Fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i' the field,
And not at bar before my creditors!—

Enter HEMSKIRK.

H'as kept his word.—Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language——
Hem. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled. Draw.
Flo. 'Tis done, sir;
And now, have at ye!
Hem. Now!

Enter BOORS, *who attempt to seize* FLOREZ.

Flo. Betrayed to villains!—
Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely!—
And thou, base coward——

Enter GERRARD *and* BEGGARS *disguised, who assail* HEMSKIRK *and the* BOORS.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys!
Boors. Hold, hold!
Ger. Lay on still!
Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him to syrup!—
[HEMSKIRK *runs off.*
Retire, sir, and take breath.—Follow, and take him;
Take all; 'tis lawful prize. [*Exeunt some of the* BEGGARS.

26 Enter . . .] Hemskirk's entry not marked till the end of this speech in eds. preceding Weber's.

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Boors. We yield.
Ger. Down with 'em!
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em!
Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold! [*Exeunt all except* FLOREZ.
Flo. What these men are I know not; nor for what cause
They should thus thrust themselves into my danger
Can I imagine—but, sure, heaven's hand was in 't—
Nor why this coward knave should deal so basely,
To eat me up with slaves: but, Heaven, I thank thee!
I hope thou hast reserved me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.
Would all my other dangers here had suffered!
With what a joyful heart should I go home, then!
Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits his sentence,
Or hears his passing-bell; but there's my hope still.

37 *tew*] 'i. e. beat. This phrase is still in use . . . and is a metaphor taken from tewing leather, a technical term among tanners.' Weber. 'i. e. work, dress,—drub.' Dyce; who refers to his note on *Wit without Money*, III. i. '"so tew'd him up with sack," i. e. worked him up, dressed him (as leather is *tewed* or *tawed*).'

38 Exeunt . . .] Weber, Dyce. 'Exeunt' only to Edd. '78, who add 'Manet Goswin.'

46 *had*] 'Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "I'd."' Dyce.

48, 49 *Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits his sentence,*
Or hears his passing bell; but there's my hope still] 'This is obscure; but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goswin still hopes for assistance from Heaven. This sense seems to be confirmed by the following words, in the ensuing scene [ll. 83–6 of *this* scene]:—

Clause. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.
Gos. THERE'S ALL MY HOPE.' Edd. '78.

On this Weber remarks—'The obscurity is in a great measure removed by the insertion of a sign of interrogation; and by laying the accent on the word *there*, the same sense is produced as explained in the note. *Where* is used, as in innumerable other passages, for *whereas*.' Weber did not insert a sign of interrogation, but printed the lines with a break after *passing-bell* in lieu of the semicolon found in all preceding eds. Dyce ignored Weber, but printed as he did; he remarks on the note of Edd. '78, 'Such is doubtless the meaning of the passage (and so it had been explained, at an earlier date, by Heath in his *MS. Notes*).' I am sorry to have to add to this long note, but the fact is the Edd. '78 make no attempt to explain the obscurity they discovered; they only explain the last words—'but there's my hope still'—the meaning of which is absolutely obvious. The 'obscurity' is at the word

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Re-enter GERRARD *as* CLAUSE.

Ger. Blessing upon you, master!
Flo. Thank ye. Leave me;
For, by my troth, I have nothing now to give thee.
Ger. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me
To see ye look so sad. Now, goodness keep ye
From troubles in your mind!
Flo. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? prithee, Clause, leave me.
Ger. Good master, be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true love to ye.
Flo. I know thou lovest me.
Ger. Good master, blame that love, then, if I prove so saucy
To ask ye why ye are sad.
Flo. Most true, I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.
Ger. Heaven shield it, sir!
Flo. Faith, thou must lose thy master.
Ger. I had rather lose my neck, sir. Would I knew——
Flo. What would the knowledge do thee good (so miserable
Thou canst not help thyself), when all my ways,
Nor all the friends I have——
Ger. You do not know, sir,
What I can do: cures, sometimes, for men's cares,
Flow where they least expect 'em.
Flo. I know thou wouldst do:
But, farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor master.

49 Re-enter . . .] Ed. 'Enter Gerrard' F1 to Seward. 'Enter Clause' Edd. '78, Weber. 'Re-enter Clause' Dyce.

The scenes are imperfectly numbered in the old eds., and here I think a new scene should be marked; some place in Bruges. Gerrard has resumed his disguise as Clause, since he assisted in beating out Hemskirk and the Boors, and the scene must still be in the woods if no break is made here. Yet the appointment for the morrow, ll. 115, 116 ('here'), is certainly kept, not in the woods, but in Bruges itself. There is however no 'Exit' marked at the end of Florez' last speech and I have not altered the old numbering of the scenes. It will be noted that the Edd. '78 in their comment above on ll. 48–9 instinctively call the following dialogue between Ger. and Flo. the "ensuing [illegible]"

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Ger. I will not leave ye.
Flo. How!
Ger. I dare not leave ye, sir, I must not leave ye,
And, till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye.
By what ye hold most precious, by Heaven's goodness,
As your fair youth may prosper, good sir, tell me!
My mind believes yet something 's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.
Flo. I will tell thee.
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit,
Taken up of merchants to supply my traffics,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet shewing,
To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.
Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.
Flo. Now, what sayst thou?
Ger. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off, sir;
When friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.
Flo. There's all my hope.
Ger. Hope still, sir. Are you tied
Within the compass of a day, good master,
To pay this mass of money?
Flo. Even to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is 't not enough the floods and friends forget me?
Ger. Will no less serve?
Flo. What if it would?
Ger. Your patience:
I do not ask to mock ye. 'Tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have ye no friends left ye,
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?
Flo. Duty! thou know'st it not.
Ger. It is a duty,

70, 71 *I dare . . . will not leave ye*] 'So the second folio.—The first folio and the Q have:

"*I dare not leave ye,*
And till ye beate me dead, I must *not leave ye.*"' Dyce.

81 *broken*] 'i. e. bankrupt.' Weber.

86 *There's*] 'So the second folio.—The first folio and the Q "That's." Compare l. 49 of this scene.' Dyce.

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And, as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by ye;
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd on me.
Will half supply your want?
Flo. Why dost thou fool me?
Canst thou work miracles?
Ger. To save my master,
I can work this.
Flo. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Ger. For doing good?
Flo. What power hast thou?
Ger. Inquire not,
So I can do it, to preserve my master.
Nay, if it be three parts——
Flo. Oh, that I had it!
But, good Clause, talk no more; I feel thy charity,
As thou hast felt mine: but alas——
Ger. Distrust not;
'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assured. You have forgot, sir,
The good ye did, which was the power you gave me:
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars' treasure;
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas roar,
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I 'll fit ye.
Flo. How fain I would believe thee!
Ger. If I lie, master,
Believe no man hereafter.
Flo. I will try thee:
But He knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to-morrow,
And, if I know not how to cure ye, kill me.
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master!
[*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE III.

The interior of the woods near Bruges.

Enter HUBERT *like a huntsman.*

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguised from Hemskirk,
To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason
(Though my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it
But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I 'll bless thee!
Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I 'll live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the woods.

Enter HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, GINKS, *and other* BEGGARS, *with the* BOORS.

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice.
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:—
And now attend your sentence. That you are rogues,
And mischievous base rascals,—there 's the point now,—
I take it, is confess'd.
Prig. Deny it if you dare, knaves!
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter, then; rogues as ye are,

SCENE IV.] First marked as a separate scene by Dyce.
Enter . . . and other Beggars, with the Boors] Dyce . . . and the rest of the Boores Ff, Q . . . and the rest, with the Boors, Ed. 1711 to Weber.
7 *To . . . are*] Here as in Dyce. F1 gives the line thus—
'To amplify the matter then rogues as ye are,'

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(And lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye)—
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. And to the open handling of our justice,—
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good master? were you drunk when you did it?
Boors. Yes, indeed, were we.
Prig. You shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want you undertook it?
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. You shall be swinged aboundantly.
Prig. And yet for all that,
You shall be poor rogues still.
Hig. Has not the gentleman,—
Pray, mark this point, brother Prig,—that noble gentleman,
Relieved ye often, found ye means to live by,
By employing some at sea, some here, some there,
According to your callings?
Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.
Hig. Is not the man an honest man?
Boors. Yes, truly.
Hig. A liberal gentleman? and, as ye are true rascals
Tell me but this,—have ye not been drunk, and often
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point, then:
They have cast themselves, brother Prig.
Prig. A shrewd point, brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is open;
I am somewhat weary.
Prig. Can you do these things,
You most abhominable stinking rascals,
You turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We are truly sorry.
Prig. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction:
Every man up with 's cudgel, and on his neighbour

8 *And* ... *wel* The parenthesis and break at the end of the line are due to

Bestow such alms, till we shall say sufficient,
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality
Either of head or hide, rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else.
You know your doom.
Hig. One, two, and three! about it!
[BOORS *beat one another.*
Prig. That fellow in the blue has true compunction;
He beats his fellows bravely.—Oh, well struck, boys!

Enter GERRARD.

Hig. Up with that blue breech! now plays he the devil!
So; get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest.
[*Exeunt* BOORS.
Call in the gentleman.
Ger. Do, bring him presently;
His cause I 'll hear myself. [*Exeunt some of the* BEGGARS.
Hig. Prig. With all due reverence,
We do resign, sir.

Re-enter BEGGARS *with* HEMSKIRK.

Ger. Now, huffing sir, what 's your name?
Hem. What 's that to you, sir?
Ger. It shall be, ere we part.
Hem. My name is Hemskirk.
I follow the earl, which you shall feel.
Ger. No threatening,
For we shall cool you, sir. Why didst thou basely

33 *For . . . partiality*] Seward's pointing. In Ff and Ed. 1711 the line runs on and is ended with a semicolon. The Q has commas after *lies* and *partiality*.

36 *You know your doom*] Edd. '78 and Dyce. *You shall know your doom* F1 to Seward, and so also Weber; believing *doom* to refer 'to the notice Higgen immediately gives when the beating was to commence.' The Edd. '78 supposed the *shall* to have been 'copied by mistake from the preceding line.'

36 Boors beat . . .] Ed. 1711 to Dyce. Om. F1, Q. 'Beat one another' F2, after l. 37.

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Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?
Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?
Ger. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.
Hem. He did me wrong, base wrong.
Ger. That cannot save ye.
Who sent ye hither? and what further villainies
Have ye in hand?
Hem. Why wouldst thou know? what profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends, fool:
I 'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.
Ger. Tie him to that tree. [*They tie him to a tree.*
Hem. I have told you whom I follow.
Ger. The devil you should do, by your villainies.—
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it. Turn him to the sun, boys:
Give me a fine sharp rush.—Will you confess yet?
Hem. Ye have robb'd me already; now you 'll murder me.
Hig. Murder your nose a little. Does your head purge, sir?
To it again; 'twill do ye good.
Hem. Oh,
I cannot tell you anything!
Ger. Proceed, then. [*To* HIGGEN.
Hig. There 's maggots in your nose; I 'll fetch 'em out, sir.
Hem. Oh, my head breaks!
Hig. The best thing for the rheum, sir,
That falls into your worship's eyes.
Hem. Hold, hold!
Ger. Speak, then.
Hem. I know not what.
Hig. It lies in 's brain yet;
In lumps it lies: I 'll fetch it out the finest!
What pretty faces the fool makes! heigh!
Hem. Hold,
Hold, and I 'll tell ye all! Look in my doublet,
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You shall find all.

55 *commodity*] 'i. e. benefit.' Dyce.
58 They tie . . .] Weber, Dyce.
66 To Higgen] Weber, Dyce (Weber adds 'etc.').

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Ger. Go fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.
[*They untie him. Exit* FERRET.

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before.*

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends.
Ger. Good ev'n, good fellow.
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? true as steel, boys;
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-staff, though the devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms shall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quicksets;
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The pole-cat, martern, and the rich-skinn'd lucern,
I know to chase; the roe, the wind outstripping;
Isgrin himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay; and the wild sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,

76 They untie . . .] Weber, Dyce.
76 Enter Hubert . . .] 'disguised as before' added by Dyce.
85 *Reynard*] *Reimald* F1.
89 *martern*] 'A large species of the weesel, the fur of which is held in high estimation.' Edd. 1778. 'More commonly called *martin*.' Weber. 'Or *marten*.' Dyce.
89 *lucern*] 'This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and something mailed like a cat, intermixed with black spots.' Ed. 1778. '"A luzarne. *Loup cervier*." Cotgrave's *Dict*.' Dyce.
91 *Isgrin*] Silently altered to 'Isgrim' by the Edd. 1778; and so Weber. 'The reader need not be told that Isgrim, or Isengrin, is the name of the wolf, and Reynard that of the fox, in the romance which bears the name of the latter, and which has now enjoyed an uninterrupted popularity for six centuries past.' Weber.
92, 93 *and the wild sounder*
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar, etc.] 'Seward, according to "the only dictionary in which he could find the word," explained "*sounder*" to be another term for wild boar; and so his successors [who, however, do not

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Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
Till he fall down my feast.
Ger. A goodly fellow!
Hub. [*Aside.*] What makest thou here, ha?—
Ger. We accept thy fellowship.
Hub. [*Aside.*] Hemskirk, thou art not right, I fear thee.—

Re-enter FERRET, *with a paper.*

Fer. Here is the paper; and, as he said, we found it.
Ger. Give me it.—I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery. [*Reads*] You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And, if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to despatch 'em.
Hub. [*Aside.*] By poison! ha!—
Ger. Here is another, Hubert:
What is that Hubert, sir?
Hem. You may perceive there.
Ger. I may perceive a villainy, and a rank one.
Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?
Hem. No;
He had an honest end (would I had had so!);

---

sulted, thought it to be]: "To beginne," says Turbervile, "with the termes that are proper for the companies of beasts: you shall vnderstand that Huntsmen vse to say, *An Heard of Harts* and *Hindes*, *Buckes* and *Does*; and *A Trippe of Gotes* and *Geates*; *A beauie of Rowes*; *A Sounder of Swine*," etc. *The Noble Art of Venerie*, etc., 1611, p. 237; and "*single the wild sounder*" means—separate or divide the wild sounder: Turbervile (speaking of the hart) tells us, "When he is hunted, and doth first leaue the heard, we say that he is *Singled* or *emprymed*." *Ibid.*, p. 244: compare also a passage in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*;

"Deadlie wounds inward bleed; each sleight sore mattereth;
Hardlie they heard [herd] which by good hunters *singled* be.'
Lib. i. p. 74, ed. 1598.

Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Sounder*), having missed the meaning of "single," proposed, very unnecessarily, to read,

"from *the wild sounder*
Single," &c.' Dyce.

96] Hubert's first two 'asides' are first marked in F2; the second two first by Weber.

97 Re-enter . . .] Dyce. 'Enter Ferret. a letter' F1 (A letter Q). '. . . with a letter' F2 to Weber.

100 Reads] Dyce.

101 *a spy-knave*] Edd. '78. conjectured that these words should be pointed parenthetically, thus: '— a spy, knave!' They did not, however, disturb the text.

108 *had had*] So Q and F2. *have had* F1.

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Which makes him scape such cut-throats.
Ger. So it seems;
For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.
Hub. [*Aside.*] This is most impious.—
Ger. I am glad we have found ye.
Is not this true?
Hem. Yes; what are you the better?
Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your freedom.—
Take him aside.—And, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou darest be true unto us?
Hig. Ay, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then, take our hand; thou art now a servant to us.——
Welcome him, all.
Hig. Stand off, stand off: I'll do it.—
We bid ye welcome three ways; first, for your person,
Which is a promising person; next, for your quality,
Which is a decent and a gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:
You can steal, 'tis to be presumed?
Hub. Yes, venison,
Or, if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well; you understand right,
And shall practise daily. You can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And you dare know a woman from a weather-cock?
Hub. Yes, if I handle her.
Ger. Now swear him.

113 *we have*] *we've* Seward to Weber.
122 *quality*] 'i. e. occupation.' Dyce.
126 *Or, if I want*—] So F1, Q. Edd. '78, Weber and Dyce. *And if you want*—— F2, Ed. 1711 and Seward.
127 *practise*] So F2 to Edd. '78 and Dyce. *learne* F1, Q, and Weber.
129–156 Ger. *Now swear him . . . And you play tricks with me*] These lines, as in all modern eds., are given in the order of F2. In F1 and Q the

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Hig. I crown thy nab with a gage of bene-bowse,
And stall thee by the salmon into the clowes;
To maund on the pad, and strike all the cheats,
To mill from the ruffmans commission and slates,
Twang dells i' the strommel, and let the queer-cuffin
And harmanbecks trine, and trine to the ruffin?

---

and proves what has been asserted before, that considerable pains were taken with that edition, and that manuscripts of the plays were on many occasions consulted.'

130–135 *I crown . . . ruffin*] Dyce's text, but I give this speech *literatim* from F2, where it has the advantage over F1 in the printing of the cant words in italics:—

'I crown thy *nab*, with a *gag* of *benbouse*,
And *stall* thee by the *Salmon* into the *clows*, [clowes F1]
To *mand* on the *pad*, and *strike* all the *cheats*; [cheates F1]
To *Mill* from the *Ruffmans*, *commission* and *slates*,
Twang dell's, i' the *stiromell*, and let the *Quire Cuffin*:
And *Herman Beck strine*, and *trine* to the *Ruffin*.'

With the aid of *Bailey's Dictionary* the Edd. '78 made several corrections in this speech, all of which were accepted by Weber and Dyce, with the exception of *Saloman* for *Salmon;* the latter form of the word being as authentic as the former. Weber gives an instance of the form *Salmon* in the 'Canting rithmes' in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, where also in 'The Canters Dictionarie' we find *Saloman*. In Brome's *Merry Beggars* near the end of Act II we find the form *Salmon*. *Stromell* for *stiromell* and *Harmanbecks trine* for *Herman Beck strine* are certainly corrections, but the change of *Quire Cuffin* to *queer-cuffin* is at least unnecessary. I have however not thought it worth while to disturb Dyce's text.

Not satisfied apparently with Higgen's interpretation of his speech, ll. 137–142, Weber gave 'a literal translation' of it: this Dyce quoted and revised and I have therefore given it with Dyce's revisions within square brackets:—

'I crown thy *head* with a *quart-pot* of *good drink*, and *receive* [ordain] thee by the *beggar's oath* among the *thieves* [into the company of rogues], to *beg* on the *road*, and *steal everything you meet with* [and rob all you meet]; to *steal* from the *hedges shirts* and *sheets; lie with maids* in the *straw;* and let the *justice* and *constables hang*, and go to the *devil*.'

In this 'translation' Weber has a parenthesis after '*steal everything you meet with*':—'(strike all the cheats, in the original of the latter word, of which the names of many animals and goods are compounded, is right;)'—Dyce does not notice this parenthesis, and I confess I am not sure that I understand it; I suppose it is intended as a justification of his interpretation 'steal every*thing*' in place of Higgen's 'rob all,' i. e. all persons, which Theobald accepted and, after him, Edd. '78 and Dyce. I think Weber must be right; for *cheat* means generally *thing:* as a *nab-cheat* is a *head thing* or *hat*, a *cackling-cheat* is a *cackling thing* or *fowl;* a *grunting-cheat* is a *grunting thing* or *pig*. 'At the commencement of this speech, Higgen is supposed to empty the pot of drink on Hubert's head: "This done, the Grand Signior called for a *Gage of Bowse*, which belike signified a quart of drinke; for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, hee made the yong Squire kneele downe, and, powring the full pot on his pate, vttered these wordes, 'I doe stall thee,'" etc., Dekker's *Belman of London*, etc. sig. C. ed. 1608.' Dyce.

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Ger. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath a rogue thee instal;
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets,
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheets,
And lie with thy wench in the straw till she twang,
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!—
You are welcome, brother!
All. Welcome, welcome, welcome!—
But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye, friends:
And I beseech ye, if ye dare but trust me
(For I have kept wild dogs and beasts for wonder
And made 'em tame too), give into my custody
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,
Discover yet a further villainy in him:
Oh, he smells rank o' the rascal!
Ger. Take him to thee;
But, if he scape——
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.—
Come, sir, I 'll tie ye to my leash.
Hem. Away, rascal!
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. So, now come in:
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.

138 *oath*] *oth* F1, *o'th'* F2 and Ed. 1711. Seward is careful to note that 'Mr. Theobald and I concurred in the Emendation' of our text. They were anticipated by the Q.

143, 144 All. *Welcome . . . fellow*] Weber's arrangement. As two lines the first ending *keeping* Ff, Q.

145, 146 *Thank . . . beseech ye*] So F1, Q. F2 to Seward omit, and for l. 146 have—*Sir, if you dare but trust me.* The Edd. '78 printed the lines 143-6:—

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome!
Hub. Thank ye friends.
Clause. But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?
Hub. I do beseech ye, if ye dare, etc.

'But, as Weber remarks, Clause would not ask who should have the keeping of Hemskirk, the power to determine it being in himself.' Dyce.

147 *For I*] Seward to Dyce. *For if I* F1 to Ed. 1711.

154 *Come*] So F2. F1 and Q *Roome.*

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Ger. Go, get some victuals and some drink, some good drink;
For this day we 'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolic with us.
Hig. You are a stranger, brother; I pray, lead;
You must, you must, brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Bruges. A room in the house of VANDUNK.

Enter FLOREZ *and* BERTHA.

Ber. Indeed y' are welcome: I have heard your scape;
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves ye, give her joy leave
To bid ye welcome. What is 't makes you sad, man?
Why do you look so wild? is 't I offend ye?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Flo. No, Gertrude.
Ber. Is 't the delay of that ye long have look'd for,—
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when ye please to finish it.
Flo. [*Aside.*] No news yet?—
Ber. Do you hear, sir?
Flo. Yes.
Ber. Do you love me?
Flo. [*Aside.*] Have I lived
In all the happiness fortune could seat me,
In all men's fair opinions——
Ber. I have provided

162, 163 *You are a stranger, brother; I pray, lead; You must, you must, brother*] So F2. F1 and Q have merely '*Ye are a stranger.*'

SCENE V.] 'Scæna quarta,' 'Scene IV.' all preceding eds., including Dyce's. I have accepted Dyce's division of the two preceding scenes into III. and IV. and am bound therefore to mark this as V.; he himself forgot to do so, and his edition has two scenes IV. in this Act.

1 *y'are*] (*yae'r* F1) *ye are* Q. *you're* F2 and modern eds. I have already (III. ii. 50) advised the reader that I do not always note the changes of *ye* to *you*. Instances are frequent in this scene. Neither of the folios is consistent throughout; I have silently followed F1.

6 *Gertrude*] So always F2. In F1 ll. 6, 22, 43 *Jertred*; l. 32 *Gertred*. The Q *Jertred* throughout the scene.

9 Florez's 'asides' in this scene all first marked by Dyce.

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A priest, that 's ready for us.
Flo. [*Aside.*] And can the devil,
In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?—
Ber. We 'll fly to what place you please.
Flo. [*Aside.*] No star prosperous?
All at a swoop?—
Ber. You do not love me, Goswin;
You will not look upon me.
Flo. [*Aside.*] Can men's prayers,
Shot up to Heaven with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;
Darkness, and want of meat. Alas, she weeps too!
Which is the top of all my sorrows.—Gertrude!
Ber. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes——
Flo. [*Aside.*] The times grows on still;
And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.—
Ber. Yet will ye know me?
Flo. [*Aside.*] For a hundred thousand crowns——
Ber. Yet will ye love me?
Tell me but how I have deserved your slighting?
Flo. [*Aside.*] For a hundred thousand crowns——
Ber. Farewell, dissembler!—
Flo. [*Aside.*] Of which I have scarce ten! oh, how it starts me!—
Ber. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin——
Flo. I had forgot myself. Oh, my best Gertrude,
Crown of my joys and comforts!
Ber. Sweet, what ail ye?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Flo. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.
Ber. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? You love no other woman?
Flo. No, I protest.
Ber. You have no ships lost lately?

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Flo. None that I know of.
Ber. I hope you have spilt no blood whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.
Flo. Clear, by Heaven!
Ber. Why should you be thus, then?
Flo. Good Gertrude, ask not;
Even by the love you bear me.
Ber. I am obedient.
Flo. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from ye.—
[*Aside.*] Nor long, I fear me, with thee.—At my return,
Dispose me as you please.
Ber. The good gods guide ye! [*Exit.*
Flo. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity! [*Exit.*

46 *me*] Weber omits.
47 *Dispose*] *Dèspise* F1.
48 *myself*] 'Heath would read "his help," i. e. "the help promised him by Clause, upon which, it was plain by what Goswin had said at the end of the second scene of this act, he had very little dependence." *MS. Notes.* But the old text is, I think, right.' Dyce.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Bruges. The Exchange.

Enter FLOREZ *and four* Merchants.

Flo. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more I entreat you,
But seven short days; I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad
Endure the beating of both wind and weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your hearts to be protested:
Ye are all fair merchants.
First Mer. Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else: one hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in 't.
Flo. No mercy in ye?
Sec. Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy:
Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth, sir,
According to your calling. You have lived here
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,
And now ye find what 'tis: the liberal spending
The summer of your youth, which you should glean in,
And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter stormy winter on ye,
And now you cry.
Third Mer. Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour!
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea

5 *and*] So F2. F1 and O *or*.

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But loaden with your goods: we, poor weak pedlars,
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little cloth
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worship.
Lord, how the world's changed with ye! Now, I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Flo. Is my misery
Become my scorn too? have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
Fourth Mer. Well, get your moneys ready: 'tis but two hours;
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.
Flo. But two days!
First Mer. Not an hour. Ye know the hazard.
[*Exeunt* Merchants.
Flo. How soon my light 's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Good fortune, master!
Flo. Thou mistakest me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.
Ger. Still a sad man?
No belief, gentle master?—Come, bring it in, then.—

Enter HIGGEN *and* PRIG, *like porters, bringing in bags of money.*

And now believe your beadsman.
Flo. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?
Ger. 'Tis gold, sir.
Take it, and try it.
Flo. Certainly, 'tis treasure.

27 *put off*] 'i. e. pulled off our hats.' Mason.
27 *thank'd*] Edd. '78 to Dyce. *thanke* F1. *thank* F2, Ed. 1711. *thankt* Seward.

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Can there be yet this blessing?
Ger. Cease your wonder:
You shall not sink for ne'er a soused flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher of 'em all sir.
'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:
And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves that know no goodness;
And cheer your heart up handsomely.
Flo. Good Clause,
How camest thou by this mighty sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.
Ger. Fear not; you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a mass the little we get daily
Mounts in seven years: we beg it for Heaven's charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.
Flo. What great security?
Ger. Away with that, sir!
Were not ye more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts——
Flo. But, good Clause,
I may die presently.
Ger. Then this dies with ye.
Pay when you can, good master; I 'll no parchments:
Only this charity I shall entreat ye,—
Leave me this ring.
Flo. Alas, it is too poor, Clause!
Ger. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Flo. There; I confirm it;
[*Gives the ring.*
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
Ger. Away! your time draws on. Take up the money,
And follow this young gentleman.

46 *flap-dragon*] 'Was a raisin, a plum, etc. (and sometimes even the end of a candle), made to float in a shallow dish, or glass, of brandy or other liquor, from which, when set on fire, it was to be snatched by the mouth, and swallowed.' Dyce.
47 *pilcher*] i. e. pilchard.
50 *pelting*] i. e. paltry, contemptible.
68 *confirm*] *confesse* F1, Q.
68 Gives . . .] First marked in F2.

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Flo. Farewell, Clause,
And may thy honest memory live ever!
Ger. Heaven bless ye, and still keep ye! farewell, master.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* FLOREZ, HIGGEN, *and* PRIG; *on the other,* GERRARD.

SCENE II.

The woods near Bruges.

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before.*

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up, close enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

Enter JACQUELINE.

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;
She follows me.—Come hither, pretty Minche.
Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. I'deed, la!
How will ye kiss me, pray you?
Hub. Thus.—[*Aside.*] Soft as my love's lips!—
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to heaven.
Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. [*Aside.*] I'll stay no longer.—
My mother 's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea catching cockles.—[*Aside.*] Oh, love!
Oh, how my heart melts in me! how thou firest me!—
Hub. [*Aside.*] 'Tis certain she.—Pray let me see your hand, sweet.

73 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. 'Exeunt.' only in preceding eds.
SCENE II.
Enter . . .] . . . 'disguised as before' added by Dyce.
1 *for*] i. e. for the prevention of. It will be sufficient to refer the reader for other instances of this colloquialism to the notes on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. ii. l. 136, 'Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.'
2 Enter Jacqueline] '. . . Jaculin' F to Weber. '. . . Minche' Dyce.
5 *I'deed, la*] Weber, Dyce. *Y'ded law* F1 to Ed. 1711. *Y'deed law* Seward, Edd. '78.
6 Aside] None of the 'asides' in this scene marked in the old eds. With three exceptions, ll. 8 Editor, 23 Weber, and 26 Edd. '78, they were all introduced by Dyce.

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Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.
Hub. Sure, I should know that gimmal.
Jac. [*Aside.*] 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too. Oh, Hubert, Hubert!—
Hub. [*Aside.*] Ha! Methought she named me.— Do you know me, chick?
Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye; But, methinks, you kiss finely.
Hub. Kiss again, then.— [*Aside.*] By heaven, 'tis she!—
Jac. [*Aside.*] Oh, what a joy he brings me!—
Hub. You are not Minche?
Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman; And I must be married to-morrow to a capper.
Hub. Must ye, my sweet? and does the capper love ye?
Jac. Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.—— [*Aside.*] 'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! oh, blest fortune!
Hub. [*Aside.*] How fain she would conceal herself, yet shews it!— Will ye love me, and leave that man? I'll serve——
Jac. [*Aside.*] Oh, I shall lose myself!—
Hub. I'll wait upon ye, And make ye dainty nosegays.
Jac. And where will ye stick 'em?
Hub. Here in thy bosom; and make a crown of lilies For your fair head.
Jac. And will ye love me, 'deed la?
Hub. With all my heart.
Jac. Call me to-morrow, then, And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church together. Give you good ev'n, sir.
Hub. But one word, fair Minche!

13 *gimmal*] 'i. e. a sort of double ring, curiously constructed (*Gimmal* rings, though originally double, were also made triple, and even quadruple; yet the name remained unchanged). See Nares's *Gloss.* in v.' Dyce.
20 *a capper*] 'One who makes or sells caps.' Edd. '78 (from Johnson's *Dict.*).
24 *shews*] Seward to Dyce. *shew* F1 to Ed. 1711.
25 *serve*—] Weber, Dyce. *serve* F1 to Ed. 1711. *serve you* Seward, Edd.

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Jac. I must be gone a-milking.
Hub. Ye shall presently.
Did you never hear of a young maid call'd Jacqueline?
Jac. [*Aside.*] I am discover'd.—Hark in your ear;
I'll tell ye:
You must not know me; kiss, and be constant ever.
Hub. Heaven curse me else! [*Exit* JACQUELINE.
'Tis she; and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other project! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter FLOREZ, *four* Merchants; HIGGEN *and* PRIG, *disguised as before, with bags of money.*

First Mer. Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy—
Flo. None at all, sir:
Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand for ye;
Give in my bills.—Your sixteen.
Third Mer. Pray, be pleased, sir,
To make a further use.
Flo. No.
Third Mer. What I have, sir,
You may command. Pray, let me be your servant.
Flo. Put your hats on: I care not for your courtesies;
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.
Sec. Mer. I have a fraught of pepper——
Flo. Rot your pepper!
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.
Fourth Mer. Or, if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.
Flo. No, I can send to Barbary; those people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.—
These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.—

36, 38] Separate exits of Jac. and Hub. only marked in Weber and Dyce. 'Exeunt' at the end in former eds.

SCENE III.

Enter . . .] '. . . disguised,' etc., added by Dyce. Prefixes to Merchants' speeches before Dyce, '1 Mer.', '2 Mer.', etc.

1 *'twould*] *it would* F1, Q.

8 *fraught*] 'So the Q; and so [Ed. 1711 and] Seward. Both the folios "frought." The Editors of 1778 and Weber "freight."' Dyce.

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Why are these pieces? [*Guns fired.*

Enter SAILOR.

Sail. Health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is return'd.
Flo. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, sir,
And now put in.
Flo. Heaven, thou hast heard my prayers!
Sail. The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,
With the next tide is ready to put after.
Flo. What news o' th' fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy; escaped fairly.
Flo. How, prithee, sailor?
Sail. Thus, sir: she had fight,
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely, but at length was boarded,
And overlaid with strength; when presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison:
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And, as a service to ye, sent her home, sir.
Flo. An honest noble captain, and a thankful!
There's for thy news: go, drink the merchant's health,
sailor. [*Gives money.*
Sail. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit, sir.
[*Exit* SAILOR.
First Mer. What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!
Flo. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.
Sec. Mer. You may please, sir,

15 *Why . . . pieces*] 'The sense which is now so clear, was obscure to me, till Mr. *Sympson* added the Marginal Note [*Guns fir'd*].' Seward. Dyce added to the marginal note 'within.'

21 *escaped*] 'Old eds. [including Ed. 1711] "scap't" and "'scap'd." The modern editors silently print, for the metre, "she 'scap'd": but, though our

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To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, moneys, are at your service.
Flo. I thank you;
When I have need of you, I shall forget you.
You are paid, I hope?
Merchants. We joy in your good fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VANDUNK.

Vand. Come, sir, come, take your ease; you must go home with me;
Yonder is one weeps and howls.
Flo. Alas, how does she?
Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.
Flo. Why soon, sir?
Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms: this night, my boy,
She is thy wife.
Flo. With all my heart I take her.
Vand. We have prepared; all thy friends will be there,
And all my rooms shall smoke to see the revel.
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service
Wait on the knave her uncle: I have heard all,
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have her.
Hast thou despatch'd thy business?
Flo. Most.
Vand. By the mass, boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou art the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad: I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy mistress:
She'll hug thee, sirrah.
Flo. I long to see it.—
I had forgot you: there's for you, my friends;
[*To* HIGGEN *and* PRIG, *giving them money.*
You had but heavy burdens. Commend my love

41 Merchants] Dyce. 'All.' all preceding eds.
41 Exeunt] First marked by Dyce.
42, 43 *Come, sir, . . . howls*] Seward's arrangement; as two lines, first ending *home*, F to Ed. 1811

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To Clause; my best love, all the love I have,
To honest Clause; shortly I will thank him better.
[*Exit with* VANDUNK.
Hig. By the mass, a royal merchant! gold by the handful!
Here will be sport soon, Prig.
Prig. It partly seems so;
And here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I, boy.
Away apace! we are look'd for.
Prig. Oh, these baked meats!
Methinks I smell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The woods near Bruges.

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before, and* HEMSKIRK.

Hub. I must not.
Hem. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hem. Gentle huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard, though in thy duty,
Which is required to do it, th' hast used me stubbornly,
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the earl's servant?
Hem. I swear, I am near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hem. If thou darest but try——

60 *To Clause; my best love*] Dyce. *To my best love* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711; *Commend my best love* Seward; *To my best friend, my best love* Edd. '78; *My best love* Weber. 61 *I will*] *I'll* Seward to Weber.
61 Exit . . .] . . . 'with Vandunk' added by Dyce.

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Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recompense!
I could do 't (but I do not say I will)
To any honest fellow that would think on 't,
And be a benefactor.
Hem. If it be not recompensed, and to thy own desires;
If, within these ten days, I do not make thee——
Hub. What? a false knave?
Hem. Prithee, prithee, conceive me rightly; any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee——
Hub. Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou make me! do not I know
That men in misery will promise anything,
More than their lives can reach at?
Hem. Believe me, huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable that comes from me pass
Without its full performance.
Hub. Say you so, sir?
Have you e'er a good place for my quality?
Hem. A thousand; chases, forests, parks; I 'll make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.
Hub. When?
Hem. Presently.
Hub. This may provoke me: and yet, to prove a knave too——
Hem. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good service,
Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy prince:

11 *do't*] Seward to Dyce. *do* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711.

19–23 *Why what . . . performance*] Lines end, in Q, Ff, and Ed. 1711, at *make me, promise, reach at, huntsman, syllable, pass, performance.* Seward gives the passage thus:—

> *Hub.* Why what a Goosecap wouldst thou make me,
> *Don't* I know
> That men in Misery will promise any thing,
> More than their Lives can reach at? *Hemp.* B'lieve me,
> There shall not one short Syllable that *now* [Huntsman,
> Comes from me, pass without its full Performance.

Edd. '78 and Weber reading with Seward, '*Don't* I know,' in l. 19, divide lines as in our text, which follows Dyce's.

22 *short*] 'Perhaps this word was foisted in by the transcriber or printer. Seward took his usual liberties with the passage.' Dyce. Seward's liberties are shown in the preceding note.

24 *my quality*] 'i. e. (as before, III. iv. 122) my occupation, a person of my occupation (a huntsman).' Dyce.

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Then, for thyself that good. What fool would live here
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himself, he may be law and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hem. As that thou hold'st most holy.
Hub. Ye may play tricks.
Hem. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you shall see, sir, I will do a service
That shall deserve indeed.
Hem. 'Tis well said, huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.
Hub. I will do it:
'Tis not your setting free, for that 's mere nothing,
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hem. What is 't, huntsman?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?
Hem. No.
Hub. You are a fool, then: here be those, to have 'em,
I know the earl so well, would make him caper.
Hem. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace! all:
I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.
Hem. But wilt thou do this service?
Hub. If you'll keep
Your faith and free word to me.
Hem. Wilt thou swear me?
Hub. No, no, I will believe you. More than that too,
Here 's the right heir.
Hem. Oh, honest, honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get these gallants, there 's the matter.
You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.
Hem. Will the sun shine again?
Hub. The way to get 'em!
Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.
Hub. No sleight

32 *lewd*] 'Equivalent here to—rude, barbarous.' Dyce.
38, 39 *I will . . . nothing*] Seward to Dyce. One line Ff, Q, and Ed. 1711.
39 *setting*] So F2, Ed. 1711, Seward and Dyce.—F1, Q, Edd. '78 and Weber *letting*.
54 *sleight*] *slight* Ed. 1711, Seward and Dyce.

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(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em),
Nor reconcilement (for they dare not trust neither),
Must do this trick.
Hem. By force?
Hub. Ay, that must do it;
And with the person of the earl himself:
Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em,
Or else in vain: and thus I would have you do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear 'em,
So he be there, for he 's both wise and valiant,
And with his terror will strike dead their forces:
The hour be twelve o'clock: now, for a guide
To draw ye without danger on these persons,
The woods being thick and hard to hit, myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak.
Hem. I know it. Keep thy faith, huntsman,
And such a shower of wealth——
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell ye.
Hem. No.
Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now use it wisely,
And keep your hour. Go closer about the wood there,
For fear they spy you.
Hem. Well.
Hub. And bring no noise with you.
Hem. All shall be done to th' purpose. Farewell,
huntsman. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the woods.

Enter GERRARD, HIGGIN, PRIG, GINKS, SNAP, *and* FERRET.

Ger. Now, what 's the news in town?
Ginks. No news, but joy, sir;

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Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to ye.
Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he 's to be married.
Ginks. By th' mass, that's true; he marries Vandunk's daughter,
The dainty black-eyed dell.
Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick! what a peal could I ring!
Ger. Married!
Ginks. 'Tis very true. sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping-hot mince-pies!
Prig. Oh, the plum-pottage!
Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;
And, pox upon the boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their poultry.
Ger. To be married
To Vandunk's daughter!
Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What sport he will have! But, hark ye, brother Prig;

3 *has*] 'Altered to "sends" by Seward, who thought that, with the old reading, the sense was imperfect!' Dyce.

6 *dell*] Seward, with the assent of Theobald and Sympson. The old eds., Ff, and Q and Ed. 1711 have *bell;* which as sense and as spoken by Ginks, not one of the confirmed beggars, the Edd. '78 argued should be retained; though they, followed by Weber, printed *belle.* Mason approved of Seward's alteration, observing that 'Ginks conforms to the language of his assumed profession.' Dyce follows Seward.

6 *clapper*] 'Used here with a quibble—was the cover of the *clap-dish* or *clack-dish*, which was carried by sturdy beggars for the purpose of receiving alms, and which they opened and shut with a loud clap to excite the pity of the charitable or the fear of the hard-hearted. Weber, in a note on this passage, wrongly explains the *clapper* to be the *clap-dish* itself; but he afterwards rightly observes that the *clap-dish* was originally appropriated to lepers (—see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 257, ed. 1813, *Parliament of Love*, II. ii.—), and adds, "upon the continent, I have frequently seen old women come out of alms-houses on the road (which probably were once allotted to lepers), with such dishes, striking the cover down, and begging for their hospitals." Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says, that a sort of *clap-dish* is still used on particular days by a society of widows, who subsist in alms-houses, without the gate of York called *Mickle-gate Bar.*' Dyce.

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Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding?
There 's money to be got, and meat, I take it:
What think you of a morris?
Prig. No, by no means;
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us:
Now, we must think of something that must draw us
Into the bowels of it, into the buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:
What think you of a wassail?
Hig. I think worthily.
Prig. And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.
Hig. Which must be upsey-English,
Strong lusty London beer. Let 's think more of it.
Ger. [*Aside*] He must not marry.—

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before.*

Hub. By your leave, in private,
One word, sir, with ye. Gerrard! do not start me:
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard:
The time invites you to it.

16 *foresaid*] *aforesaid* Edd. '78, silently.

18 *morris*] Weber refers the reader for information to Douce's *Illustrations*, etc.

20 *must*] 'Silently altered to "may" by Seward; and so his successors [Edd. '78 and Weber].' Dyce.

24 *a wassail*] 'i. e. a merry-making with the *wassail-bowl* and singing.' Dyce. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, etc.

27 *upsey-English*] See note, III. i. 3.

29 Enter . . .] . . . 'disguised as before' added by Dyce.

30 *do not start me*] 'Mr. Seward, concurring with Mr. Theobald in opinion, reads, "*do not start*, MAN." The old lection seems to us perfect sense; meaning, "do not be *alarmed* AT me"; as we familiarly say, "do not *fly me*," for "do not *fly* FROM *me*." Goswin says above [III. v. 30], speaking of his distressful situation, "*Oh, how it* starts me!"' Edd. '78.—Weber and Dyce quote this note, without comment, and retain the old reading, as in our text. I fail to see any relation between this *do not start me* and the *Oh, how it starts me* referred to by the Edd. '78. If the text is right in this place the *me* must be merely expletive, as in such cases as 'He pluck'd *me* ope his doublet.'—*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 270. 'He steps *me* to her trencher.'—*Two Gentlemen of*

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Ger. Make no show, then.
I am glad to see you, sir; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs?
Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow.
Hemskirk, I have let go, and these my causes
I 'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him:
And then, to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions; you have seen his.
[*Gives a paper.*
Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,
In praise of merchants. Where's the ape?
Prig. Pox take him!
A gouty bear-ward stole him the other day,
Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it:
What dainty tricks,—(pox o' that whoreson bear-ward!)—
In his French doublet, with his blister'd bullions,
In a long stock tied up! Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!
Ger. [*To* HUBERT] 'Tis passing well; I both believe
and joy in 't,
And will be ready. Keep you here the mean while,
And keep this in.—I must a while forsake ye:
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.

35 *stand*] *stands* F1, Q.
39 Gives a paper] Dyce. Here Weber has a stage-direction 'Walk aside.'
41, 44 *Pox . . . pox*] In both places a break, a long dash, is made in Ff, Q to Seward; first filled in by Edd. '78. See l. 12 of this scene, and III. i. 137, 138.
42 *bear-ward*] i. e. bear-keeper.
44 *o' that whoreson*] F1 and Q. *O that bursen* F2 to Seward.
45 *blister'd bullions*] So F2 to Edd. '78 and Dyce. F1 and Q *baster'd* (Q *bastar'd*) *bullions*. Weber *bastard bullions*. Edd. '78 and Weber explain doubtfully, *large buttons*. Dyce refers to his note on *The Chances*, V. ii., where, after discussing the vain efforts of Gifford and Nares to explain the term, he concludes: '*Bullions*, I apprehend, mean some sort of hose or breeches, which were *bolled* or *bulled*, i. e. swelled, puffed out (—in Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Act I. sc. ii., we find, "And hang the *bulled* nosegays 'bove their heads"): hence the epithet applied to them in *The Beggar's Bush* "blister'd."'

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Hig. Not to the wedding, sir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir: we want meat too;
We be monstrous out of meat.
Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shaked their tails at 's in defiance?
And turkey-tombs, such honourable monuments?
Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks——
Ger. Not a word more! obey me. [*Exit Ger.*
Hig. Why, then, come, doleful death! This is flat tyranny·
And, by this hand——
Hub. What?
Hig. I 'll go sleep upon 't. [*Exit.*
Prig. Nay, an there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Bruges.—Before the house of VANDUNK.

Enter two young Merchants.

First Mer. Well met, sir: you are for this lusty wedding?
Sec. Mer. I am so; so are you, I take it.
First Mer. Yes;
And it much glads me, that to do him service,
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.
Sec. Mer. He 's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.
First Mer. She is passing fair indeed. Long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness!

56 *We be monstrous*] So F1 and Q, and Dyce. F2 and Ed. 1711 *We are horrible.* Seward to Weber *We're horrible.*
58 *turkey-tombs*] 'i. e. turkey-pies.' Seward.
61 *Why, then, come, doleful death!*] 'A quotation, it would seem, from some play or ballad.' Dyce.
63 *an*] *and* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711.
SCENE VI.] Dyce; V. all earlier eds., which omit numbering the preceding scene.
1 First Mer. etc.] Dyce '1 Mer.,' etc., preceding eds.
4 *trade,*] Dyce omits the comma found in all preceding eds.

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All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on 't;
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazy!—Here 's Vanlock.

Enter VANLOCK *and* FRANCES.

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: save ye!
First Mer. The same to you, sir.—Save you, fair Mistress Frances!
I would this happy night might make you blush too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That 's but a drowsy fortune.
Sec. Mer. Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end:
I am sure ye are for the wedding.
Vanl. Hand and heart, man,
And what these feet can do; I could have tript it
Before this whoreson gout.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Bless ye, masters!
Vanl. Clause! how now, Clause? thou art come to see thy master
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.
Ger. Long may he live, sir! but my business now is,
If you would please to do it, and to him too—

Enter FLOREZ.

Vanl. He 's here himself.
Flo. Stand at the door, my friends!
I pray, walk in. Welcome, fair Mistress Frances;
See what the house affords: there 's a young lady

9 *no doubt on't*] As a separate line F1, Q, Ed. 1711.
12 Enter . . . Frances] So Q and modern eds. *Francis* Ff, and so in text ll. 14 and 27; though in l. 27, it may be noted, Ed. 1711 has *France*.
19 *these feet*] 'Mason's correction, and obviously necessary: "Vanlock means to say, that he will dance as well as his feet will permit; but, before that whoreson gout, he could have done it nimbly."—Old eds. "their *feet*"; and so the modern editors,—Weber pointing the passage thus [as in all eds. down to Seward's; Edd. '78 has a semicolon after *do*],—

"And what their feet can do, I could have," etc.

and explaining "their *feet*"—"the feet of others."' Dyce.

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Will bid you welcome.
Vanl. We joy your happiness.
Flo. I hope it will be so.
[*Exeunt all except* FLOREZ *and* GERRARD.
Clause, nobly welcome!
My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy moneys——
Ger. Sir, that brought not me.
Do you know this ring again?
Flo. Thou hadst it of me.
Ger. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me,
Upon return of this?
Flo. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: ask what thou canst, I 'll do it,
Within my power.
Ger. Ye are not married yet?
Flo. No.
Ger. Faith, I shall ask you that that will disturb ye;
But I must put ye to your promise.
Flo. Do;
And, if I faint and flinch in 't——
Ger. Well said, master!
And yet it grieves me too; and yet it must be.
Flo. Prithee, distrust me not.
Ger. You must not marry:
That 's part of the power you gave me; which to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.
Flo. Not marry, Clause!
Ger. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.
Flo. Prithee, think better:
I will obey, by Heaven!
Ger. I have thought the best, sir.
Flo. Give me thy reason: dost thou fear her honesty?
Ger. Chaste as the ice, for anything I know, sir.
Flo. Why shouldst thou light on that, then? to what purpose?

30 Exeunt . . .] Weber and Dyce substantially. F1, Q mark an 'Exit'

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Ger. I must not now discover.
Flo. Must not marry!
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation——
Ger. Now, or never.
Flo. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou dost but fright me.
Ger. Upon my soul, it is, sir; and I bind ye.
Flo. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?
Ger. You may break, sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Flo. Didst ever see her?
Ger. No.
Flo. She is such a thing,—
Oh, Clause, she is such a wonder! such a mirror,
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not!
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then, if thy heart relent not,
I 'll quit her presently.—Who waits there?
Serv. [*within*] Sir?
Flo. Bid my fair love come hither, and the company.—
Prithee, be good unto me: take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this.
Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.
Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your goodness?

Enter BERTHA *and* VANDUNK, *with the* Merchants.

Flo. Look, there she is: deal with me as thou wilt now:
Didst ever see a fairer?
Ger. She is most goodly.
Flo. Pray you, stand still.
Ber. What ails my love?
Flo. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him!

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First Mer. Sure, h'as some strange design in hand,
he starts so.
Sec. Mer. This beggar has a strong power over his pleasure.
Flo. View all her body.
Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Flo. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;
And but to hear her speak, a paradise;
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'tis now too
I am ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,
To say the holy words shall make us happy:
This is a cruelty beyond man's study:
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends:
'Twill be her death to do it.
Ger. Let her die, then.
Flo. Thou canst not; 'tis impossible.
Ger. It must be.
Flo. 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me. By Heaven,
Clause,
I 'll give thee half I have! come, thou shalt save me.
Ger. Then you must go with me,—I can stay no
longer,—
If ye be true and noble.
Flo. Hard heart, I 'll follow! [*Exit* GERRARD.
Pray ye, all go in again, and, pray, be merry:
I have a weighty business—Give my cloak there!—

Enter Servant, *with a cloak.*

Concerns my life and state—make no inquiry—
This present hour befaln me: with the soonest
I shall be here again. Nay, pray, go in, sir,
And take them with you.—'Tis but a night lost, gentlemen.
Vand. Come, come in; we will not lose our meat yet,
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,
I am sure of that.
Flo. I will not stay, believe sir.—

77 *h'as*] *h' has* Edd. '78; *he has* Weber.
95 Exit . . .] Dyce (Clause). 'Exit.' only Edd. '78 and Weber. Not marked in preceding eds.

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[*Exit* VANDUNK *with* Merchants *and* Servant.
Gertrude, a word with you.
Ber. Why is this stop, sir?
Flo. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this,—I am ever thine: farewell, wench. [*Exit.*
Ber. And is that all your ceremony? is this a wedding?
Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow—
Oh me!—till to thy face I prove thee false. [*Exit.*

104 Exit Vandunk . . .] Dyce. 'Exit with Merchants, etc.' Edd. '78 and Weber. 'Exit.' only preceding eds.

111 *Oh me*] Placed here by Weber and Dyce. In F1 and Q the words are placed at the end of the preceding line. F2 to Edd. '78, altering to *Ah me*, place them at the end of this line 111—'rightly, perhaps,' says Dyce; who, however, attributes the F2 reading to Seward and Edd. '78, as a 'silent' alteration of theirs.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A plain adjoining to the woods near Bruges.

Enter BERTHA *masked, and a* BOOR *with a torch.*

Ber. Lead, if thou think'st we are right. Why dost thou make
These often stands? thou said'st thou knew'st the way.
Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it.—[*Aside.*] Would 'twere homeward!—
Ber. [*Aside.*] Wrought from me by a beggar! at the time
That most should tie him! 'Tis some other love,
That hath a more command on his affections;
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,
Not what he personated, for his fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerful,
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,
And cover love's too-curious search in me!
For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee.—
Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.
Ber. What then?
Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Ber. I am not. Forward!
Boor. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand; fear nothing.
There 's one leg in the wood: do not pull backward.
What a sweat one on 's are in, you or I!
Pray God it do not prove the plague! yet, sure,
It has infected me; for I sweat too;

Enter . . .] Weber and Dyce; except, of course, that following F2 they give Bertha her supposed name of Gertrude. F1 to Edd. '78 'Enter Bertha (or Gertrude) and a Boor.' This 'Boor,' I presume, is the 'Clown' included in the *Dramatis Personæ* of F2.

3 Aside] Dyce.

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It runs out at my knees: feel, feel, I pray you.
Ber. What ails the fellow?
Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you!
Do you hear nothing?
Ber. No.
Boor. List! a wild hog;
He grunts: now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of 'em:
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf;
It is the howling of a wolf.
Ber. The braying
Of an ass, is it not?
Boor. Oh, now one has me.
Oh, my left ham!——Farewell.
Ber. Look to your shanks;
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf 's a fern-brake.
Boor. But see, see, see! there is a serpent in it;
It has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire;
Now it creeps towards us: help me to say my prayers:
It hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopt;
I cannot speak: do I speak, mistress? tell me.
Ber. Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou perceive
Any thing i' the bush but a poor glow-worm?
Boor. It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but 'twill
Grow to a fire-drake presently.
Ber. Come thou from it.
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus.
Within. Holla!
Boor. It thunders: you hear that now?
Ber. I hear one holla.
Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder: see, a flash of lightning!
Are you not blasted, mistress? pull your mask off:
It has play'd the barber with me here; I have lost
My beard, my beard: pray God you be not shaven!
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.

27, 28 *The braying . . . is it not*] Dyce's division. As one line all previous eds.
36 *strange*] Omitted in F1 and Q.
39 *fire-drake*] 'i. e. fiery dragon, fiery serpent.' Dyce.
42 Within. *Holla*] Weber and Dyce. Edd. '78 print as a stage direction at the end of l. 41 '[*Holla.*' Not in previous eds. though, as Dyce remarks, they have 'later in this scene, a stage direction, "*Holla again*" [l. 82].'
43 *holla*] *hollow* F1 to Seward. So also ll. 54 and 143.

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Ber. What strange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!
Boor. Now the earth opens.
Ber. Prithee, hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on, then?
Ber. Both love and jealousy have made me bold:
Where my fate leads me I must go.
Boor. God be with you, then!
[*Exit* BERTHA.

Enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRK *and Attendants.*

Hem. It was the fellow, sure, he that should guide me,
The huntsman, that did holla us.
Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next.—Ha!
Hem. Who goes there?
Boor. Mistress, I am taken.
Hem. Mistress!—Look forth, soldiers.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Wol. What are you, sirrah?
Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor by daylight; by night, nobody.
You might have spared your drum, and guns, and pikes, too,
For I am none that will stand out, sir, I:
You may take me in with a walking-stick,
Even when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.
Hem. What woman was 't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! none, sir.
Wol. None! did you not name mistress?
Boor. Yes, but she 's
No woman yet: she should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.
I tell you true, sir; she should ha' been married to-day,
And was the bride and all; but in came Clause,
The old lame beggar, and whipt up Master Goswin
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.

52 Exit . . .] . . . Gertrude, Dyce. 'Exit.' only preceding eds., after *must go.*
Enter . . .] 'Enter Wolfort and Hemskirk with Soldiers.' Weber, Dyce.
56 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. 61 *take me in*] 'i. e. conquer me.' Dyce.
70 *whipt*] So Q and Dyce. *whips* Ff to Weber.

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Re-enter Soldiers *with* BERTHA.

Hem. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she!—Niece!
Ber. Ha!
Hem. She, sir!
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.
Wol. I begin, Hemskirk, to believe my fate
Works to my ends.
Hem. Yes, sir; and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assured me Florez
Lived in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
I' the old beggar's, and that he would use
Him for the train to call the other forth;
All which we find is done.
Within. Holla!
Hem. That's he again.
Wol. Good we sent out to meet him.
Hem. Here's the oak.
Ber. Oh, I am miserably lost, thus faln

73 Re-enter . . .] . . . 'Gertrude' Dyce. 'Re-enter Gertrude' Edd. '78 and Weber, after *Niece*. Re-entry not marked in preceding eds.
80 *shape*] *shop* F1, Q.
82 *train*] 'Artifice, stratagem (of enticement).' Dyce.
83 Within. *Holla*] Weber and Dyce. '*Holla again*,' preceding eds.
84 *Good we sent out*] F2 to Seward point *Good, we sent out;* on this pointing Mason founds his conjecture that for *sent* we should read *set*.
85–99 *Oh, I am . . . and die*] Weber, followed by Dyce, gave the speech as in our text. F1 and Q begin it thus:—

85 'O I am miserably lost, thus falne
86 Into my vncles hands from all my hopes,
99 Can I not thinke away my selfe and dye?
85 O I am miserably lost; thus fallen
86 Into my Uncles hands, from all my hopes:
87 No matter now,' etc.

The third line [99] here cited they give again at the end of the speech, and the fourth and fifth are repetitions of the first two.
F2 has only for the whole speech these three lines:—

85 'I am miserably lost, thus faln
86 Into my Uncles hands from all my hopes,

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Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!
No matter now, whe'r thou be false or no,
Goswin; whether thou love another better,
Or me alone; or whe'r thou keep thy vow
And word, or that thou come or stay; for I
To thee from henceforth must be ever absent,
And thou to me. No more shall we come near,
To tell ourselves how bright each other's eyes were,
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses,
Whilst we made one our food, th' other our feast;
Not mix our souls by sight, or by a letter,
Hereafter; but as small relation have,
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave.
Can I not think away myself and die?

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before*, HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, SNAP, *and* GINKS, *disguised as* BOORS.

Hub. I like your habits well; they are safe; stand close.
Hig. But what 's the action we are for now, ha?
Robbing a ripper of his fish?
Prig. Or taking
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Fer. Or surprising a boor's ken, for grunting-cheats?

87, 89 *whe'r*] Weber, Dyce. *where* F1, Q. 'An abbreviation of whether.' Weber.

93 *other's*] Weber, Dyce. *other* F1. *others* Q.

98 *As two . . . grave*] 'a very quaint line, which probably means "As two lately entered as inhabitants into one grave."' Weber.

99 *and die*] 'After these words the Editors of 1778 inserted "*Exeunt*"; and so Weber. But Hemskirk has previously said (l. 84), "Here's the oak," meaning the oak beside which Hubert had promised to meet him—

("myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak" (IV. iv. 66–69);

and he now remains at the back of the stage with his party, waiting the arrival of Hubert.' Dyce.

99 Enter . . .] Dyce. 'Enter Hubert. Higgen. Ferret. Snap. Ginks.

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Prig. Or cackling-cheats?
Hig. Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o' th' buttery?
Prig. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disorder'd!
Hig. Tell us,
If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching off a buck of clothes, or so?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus—
And he is a silenced mastiff, during pleasure,
Hub. Would it would please you to be silent!
Hig. Mum.
Wol. Who's there?
Hub. A friend; the huntsman.
Hem. Oh, 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is the earl, of these?
Will he know a man now?
Hem. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. If 't be worth
His lordship's thanks, anon, when 'tis done,

---

cheates—'*Ken*, a house [Dekker's *English Villanies*, sig. N 2. ed. 1632].—*Grunting-cheats*, pigs [*Id. ibid*].—*Cackling-cheats*, cocks or capons [*Id. ibid*].—*Margery-praters*, hens [*Id.* sig. N 4].—*Rogers* and *Tibs of the buttery* are both words for geese, according to Dekker [*Id. ibid*, and Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, ed. 1573], but *The English Rogue* [a work of no authority] explains the former by cloak-bag.' Weber. The references, etc., within square brackets are Dyce's additions to Weber's note.

106 *Margery*] *mergery* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711.
107 *o 'th'*] *o' th'the* F1, Q.
110 *nor*] *or* F1, Q.
111 *milling of a lag of duds*] 'i. e. stealing a buck of clothes, Dekker,—*id.* sig. N. 3. (as it is explained in the next line).' Weber (the note altered by Dyce).
112 *buck*] *back* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711 Silently corrected first by Seward.
117 *Mum*] 'After this word the Editors of 1778 inserted "*Enter Wolfort,*

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Lording, I'll look for 't. A rude woodman, I
Know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
And I have done 't; both Florez and his father
Old Gerrard, with Lord Arnold of Benthuisen,
Costin, and Jacqueline, young Florez' sister:
I have 'em all.
Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.
Wol. We will double
Whatever Hemskirk then hath promised thee.
Hub. And I 'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?
Wol. A hundred.
Hub. That 's well. Ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em?
Hem. Yes.
Hub. Divide, then,
Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways thorough the wood,
That issue from the place where they are lodged;
Five several ways; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting-hole they 'll all escape else.
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:
The squadron where you are myself will lead;
And, that they may be more secure, I 'll use
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest

123, 124 *I Know*] Dyce. All preceding eds. commence l. 124 with *I*, and Edd. '78 and Weber end l. 123 with a note of admiration after *woodman*.

127 *Costin*] *Cozen* F to Seward. A mute personage 'Lord Costin' is later on (l. 109. sc. ii.) introduced, and as he is probably the person here referred to, the Edd. '78, followed by Weber and Dyce, made the change of our text. 'Lord Costin' is included in the *Dram. Pers.* of Q, tho' here, as in F, he is called *cozen*.

133, 134 Hub. *That's . . . of 'em?*] F1, Q, Edd. '78 and Dyce; except that Dyce prints *That is* for *That's*. F2, omitting the prefix 'Hub,' and the note of interrogation at the end, gives it as part of Wolfort's preceding speech. Ed. 1711 and Seward follow F2.

141 *I, and four boors here to me, will be guides*] So first silently pointed by

Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To the other guides how we approach 'em still.
Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.—
Make the division, Hemskirk.—You are my charge,
Fair one; I 'll look to you.
Boor. Shall nobody need
To look to me. I 'll look unto myself.
[*Aside, and then runs off.*
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 'tis done, boy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The interior of the woods near Bruges.

Enter GERRARD *and* FLOREZ.

Ger. By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage; for, though I
Should as a subject study you my prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,
By hearkening to my necessary counsels.
Flo. Acknowledge you my father! sir, I do; [*Kneels.*
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness——
Ger. I pray you, rise; [FLOREZ *rises.*
And may those powers that see and love this in you
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,

151 Aside . . .] Dyce. 'Runs off,' Weber. No s. d. in preceding eds.
Sc. II. 7 Kneels] Weber, Dyce.
11 *and that help'd forth*] *and that too held forth* Seward; who notes—'To help forth Obedience with Cheerfulness, seems a stiff Expression; I have substituted the natural Word, and added a Monosyllable that is necessary to the Measure, and believe that in both I've restored the Original.' The Edd. '78 comment on this—'The old reading is sense, and the measure not [illegible]

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Having received the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;
Which, as my prince, accept of. [*Kneels.*
Flo. Kneel to me! [*Raises him.*
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous!
I must o'ercome in this; in all things else
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:
I am your son, your son, sir! and am prouder
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heaven be pleased I may inherit from you!)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it: but——
Flo. Oh, my loved father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's! and, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for:
And, last of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, though my threatening wants,
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
I soon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.
Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance;
There will be a time more opportune than now,
To end your story, with all circumstances.
I add this only: when we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, and there placed you

17 Kneels. Raises him] Weber, Dyce.

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With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
A man supplied by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath never to discover you;
Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son, and yet received so.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's and the subject's general good
Must challenge the first part in your affection;
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she 's not your equal.
Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues
Ever remember'd in the best of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his crown's purchase: in this only
Be an indulgent father: in all else
Use your authority.

Enter HUBERT *disguised as before*, HEMSKIRK, WOLFORT, BERTHA, *and* Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouse them. [*Exit.*
Ger. Who 's this? Wolfort?
Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you;
It 's now no halting: I must here find Gerrard,
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.
Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.
Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?
Wol. Yes; but you
Are they that are betray'd.—Hemskirk!
Ber. My Goswin
Turn'd prince! Oh, I am poorer by this greatness,

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Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!
Flo. Gertrude!
Wol. Stay, sir; you were to-day too near her:
You must no more aim at those easy accesses,
'Less you can do 't in air, without a head;
Which shall be suddenly tried.
Ber. Oh, take my heart first!
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.
Wol. You know not your own value that entreat——
Ger. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wol. For so lost
A thing as Florez.
Flo. And that would be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee:
There is no death, but 's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it.—Oh, my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;
It is from thee; that loss includeth all!
Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he would say so;
Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirk's niece,
Nor Vandunk's daughter: this is Bertha, Bertha!
The heir of Brabant, she that caused the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise myself;
I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel;
That, a necessity of my employment;
The same employment make me master of strength;
That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant,
By marrying her: which had not been to do, sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
First, of her father's death, retarded it;
And since, the standing-out of Bruges; where
Hemskirk had hid her, till she was near lost:
But, sir, we have recover'd her: your merchant-ship

79 *'Less*] 'For unless.' Weber.

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May break; for this was one of your best bottoms,
I think.
Ger. Insolent devil!

Re-enter HUBERT, *with* JACQUELINE, GINKS, *and* COSTIN.

Wol. Who are these, Hemskirk?
Hem. More, more, sir.
Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!
Hem. Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this Lord Costin,
This Jacqueline, the sister unto Florez.
Wol. All found! Why, here's brave game; this was sport royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.
Huntsman, your horn: first, wind me Florez' fall;
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jacqueline's.
Those rascals, they shall die without their rites:
Hang 'em, Hemskirk, on these trees. I 'll take
The assay of these myself.
Hub. Not here, my lord:
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.

111 *Benthuisen*] Edd. '78 to Dyce: as in V. i. 126. *Benthusin* F1 to Seward.

117 *rascals*] Puttenham gives as an example of *catachresis*—'as one should in reproch say to a poore man, thou raskall knave, where *raskall* is properly the hunters terme given to young deere, leane and out of season, and not to people.' *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, Lib. III. Cap. XVII. p. 191, ed. Arber. Means here 'insignificant fellows,' says Weber, who refers to the above passage in Puttenham.

117 *rites*] Seward, Edd. '78 and Dyce. *rights* Ff, Q, Ed. 1711 and Weber, who contends that Seward's was 'an unnecessary alteration, for it may be said that it is the *right* of a deer to have the horn blown at the death.' Weber 'certainly was wrong in retaining the spelling of the old eds., "rights."' Dyce.

119 *assay*] A hunting ceremony, generally performed by the chief personage in the field, of making an incision along the breast of the deer to ascertain its condition. For this and preceding notes see the notes on *Philaster*, IV. ii, 10–17.

121 *when their arbour's made*] (*arbor* Dyce) Appears to be part of the process of disemboweling the deer and to consist in pulling out the gullet with the paunch attached to it. Seward and Edd. '78 are silent on the subject; Mason supposed it to be some hunting term which he did not understand; 'but,' says he, 'I believe the arbour or harbour, is the place in which the deer shelters himself at night. To unharbour the outlying deer, is a line in a hunting song.' Weber notes that it refers —'to the process of cutting up the deer. The Abbess of St. Albans says,

"Take hede of the cutting of the same dere,
And begin first to make the *arbere*."

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Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock'st us too?
Ginks. False Hubert, this is monstrous!

That is, to extract the entrails of the animal. So in the *Sad Shepherd*, by Ben Jonson:

"*Marian.* . . When the arbor's made—
Robin Hood. Pulled down, and paunch turned out," etc.'

Dyce has the following note:—

'In a note on Jonson's *Works* (*Sad Shepherd*, I. ii.), Gifford observes that "*the making of the arbor* means, in plain English, the cutting up of the game"; but he gives no further explanation. The phrase is fully illustrated by the following curious extract from a piece of considerable rarity:—"*How you shall vndoe, or breake-vp a Hart.* After the fall of the Hart or Stag, and that the huntsmen are come in together, and haue winded the death of the Hart, you shal lay him vpright vpon his hornes, which is called suing of the Hart: then let the best man in the company, or some personage of account, take the assay before the assembly: which done, then first cut off the cods, then begin at the jawes, and slit him downe to the assay, and so directly downe to the cods: which being done, begin first to slit the left leg before, and next the left leg behinde, which you must not forget in any hand before you goe to the right side, which you must performe next in the same manner: the which being done, begin at the cheeke on the left side, from which directly take off the skinne downe to the breast, and so downe to the assay, and to the place of the end: then begin at the other side, and doe the same in like manner, but cut not the tayle of the beast (which we call the single) alway in any hand, but cutting off the skin, let it remayne to the hanches: then spreading the skin abroad, let the bodie be laid vpon the same, very open, and begin first *to make the Arbor, which is the conduit which leadeth vnto the stomacke, guts and bag*, and must be made fast and close by a round knot: then cut out the shoulders, which must be done with a very long broad-poynted knife, wherein you must obserue to keepe the outside of the inner skin whole, and lay it close to the side: then open the belly, and take out the sewet, which is most excellent and needfull for Surgions: then putting in your hand vnder the breast-bone, pul downe *the Arbor*, and turning out the panch, take away the rate, filling it with the bloud and sewet, hauing a needle and a thread ready to sow it vp with: then searching into the small guts, take out the maw, and next the liuer, laying them vpon the skin: next after these take out the bladder: then going to the vmbles, first loosen the aduancers which do leane to the necke, and taking the throat or wessand, loosen the fillets very circumspectly, which fals to the vmbles, and must be gathered and stripped vpon the wessand with the same, with the naues and sewet, and the flesh along the midriff from both the sides, and so like a huntsman make vp the vmbles with all these together, only keepe the lights vpon the skin: this being done, slit the skin wherein the Hart is infolded, and take away the haires which grow about the same: and in carving the Hart you shall find a bone therein, which hath the vertue to cure the malady called the passion of the heart: then cutting away the loose skirts, fil them with bloud to save the melting of the grease: then cut away the necke from both the sides, and take the head away from the neck, taking out the tongue and the braine, laying them with the lights, the small guts, and the bloud, vpon the skinne, to reward the hounds, which is called the Querrie. The left shoulder of the Hart is his fee which dresseth him, and so is the skin and the right shoulder the Forresters fee." *A Jewell for Gentrie, etc.* (by T.S.), ed. 1614, sig. F2 [G2.].'

123 *mock'st*] Edd. '78 to Dyce. *Mocke* and *Mock* all preceding eds.

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Wol. Hubert!
Hem. Who? this?
Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;
I hope he has help'd himself to a tree.
Wol. The first,
The first of any,—and most glad I have you, sir:
I let you go before, but for a train.
Is 't you have done this service?
Hub. As your huntsman;
But now as Hubert—save yourselves—I will—
The Wolf's afoot! let slip! kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter, with a drum, VANDUNK, Merchants, HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET *and* SNAP.

Wol. Betray'd!
Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? rascal! good knave, Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose!—and Hemskirk,
Rogue, Hemskirk! you that have no niece: this lady
Was stolen by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right owner here.—
Take her, my prince!
Flo. Can this be possible?—
Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love!
Vand. I ha' given you her twice: now keep her better: and thank
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name,
And got me out, with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;
So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Vandunk, *et veni, vidi, vici.*—
Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.—

127 *train*] See note V. i. 82.

129–30 *But now . . . kill.*] Here pointed as by Dyce, who differs only from Edd. '78 and Weber, in placing *save yourselves* between dashes instead of within parentheses. From F1 to Seward the lines are printed thus:—

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You had your tricks, sir, had you? we ha' tricks too:
You stole the lady?
Hig. And we led your squadrons
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prig. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.
Hig. 'Tis Captain Prig, sir.
Prig. And Colonel Higgen.
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with legs,
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.
Prig. The rest too, that escaped,
Are not yet out o' the briars.
Hig. And your horses, sir,
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.
You look as you were not well, sir, and would be
Shortly let blood: do you want a scarf?
Vand. A halter!
Ger. 'Twas like yourself, honest and noble Hubert!—
Canst thou behold these mirrors all together
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;
And not so see thyself as to fall down,
And, sinking, force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the toils that took me;
And laughing in them die: they were brave snares.
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and evil,
Wol. Who? I repent,
And say I am sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,
And not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil,
And speak'st his language.—Oh, that I had my longing!
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;

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But banish'd from our state:—that is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here, this Hemskirk,
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No; let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.
Vand. A noble prince!
Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done their hearts here,
And to their loves wish joy.
Flo. As to mine own.—
My gracious sister! worthiest brother!
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good backrack;
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day.
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes!
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prig.
Prig. Our company's grown horrible thin by it.—

179 *practice*] See note I. ii. 19.
181 *their*] *of* Ed. 1711 to Weber.
182 *wish*] Seward to Dyce. *with* Ff, Q, and Ed. 1711.
185 *flap-dragons*] See note IV, i. 46.
185 *backrack*] The Edd. '78 note:—'Salt-fish. See Treaty of Peace.' What they meant will probably never be known. Mason explained that *backrack* was an excellent Rhenish wine which took its name from Backarack, a town in the Lower Palatinate. Weber says—'The wine is mentioned in Alexander Brome's Song on Canary:—

"The *Bagrag* and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish."'

Dyce gives the following extract from Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 312:—

'The wine of Baccharach, observes Henderson, "is placed by Sachs at the head of all the growths of the Rhine; but from what can be learned concerning its history, there is some difficulty in believing that it ever could have merited this distinction. The vineyards of the Rhinegau had been for several centuries in a high state of cultivation; but most of them being the property of ecclesiastical dignitaries and monks, their choicest produce would seldom come into the market. At Baccharach, however, there may have been a general depôt for the wines of the adjacent territories, as was afterwards the case at Bingen; and in this way several of the better sorts may have passed under that name, though they did not grow in the immediate vicinity of the place from which they received their denomination."'

See also *N. Eng. Dic.* s.v. *Bacharack*.

187 *this day*] Here Edd. '78, followed by Weber and Dyce, mark an 'Exit.'; but this is scarcely consistent with I. 194 below, which implies the presence of the worthy burgomaster.

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What think you, Ferret?
Fer. Marry, I do think
That we might all be lords now, if we could stand for't.
Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climate.
Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy burgomaster.
Here be friends ask to be looked on too,
And thank'd; who, though their trade and course of life
Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,
Have yet used me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;
A place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat
Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;
Where I will take the care on me to find
Some manly, and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic.
Flo. Do you hear, sirs? do so.
Hig. Thanks to your good grace!
Prig. To your good lordship!
Fer. May you both live long!
Ger. Attend me at Vandunk's, the burgomaster's.
[*Exeunt all except* HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET *and* SNAP.
Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipt twice a week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;
Or learn to go along with him his course;
That's a fine course now, i' the commonwealth.—Prig,
What say you to it?
Prig. It is the backward'st course
I know i' the world.
Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prig. Faith, hardly, very hardly.
Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind, Prince Prig:
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other climate,
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;
Snap, Ferret, Prig, and Higgen, all are left

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O' the true blood: what, shall we into England?
Prig. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute, my lads!
Higgen hath prigg'd the prancers in his days,
And sold good penny-worths: we will have a course;
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.
Prig. I'll maund no more, nor cant.
Hig. Yes, your sixpenny-worth
In private, brother: sixpence is a sum
I'll steal you any man's dog for.
Prig. For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right:
Higgen must practise, so must Prig, to eat;
And write the letter, and gi' the word.——
But now
No more, as either of these—
Prig. But as true beggars

223 *with your Brute*] 'i. e. with your Brutus,—with him who will lead you into England as Brutus, the descendant of Eneas, is said to have led thither his Trojan companions.—The Editors of 1778 rightly explained the passage as alluding to *Brute* or *Brutus*: yet Mason (who must have been seized with a fit of mental blindness) was unable to "perceive the allusion," and proposed to read "with your *brutes*,"—meaning—their horses! ! !' Dyce.

224 *prigg'd the prancers*] 'A *Prigger of Prancers* is a horse-stealer, for to *Prig* signifies in the Canting language to steale, and *Prancer* signifies a horse.' Explained, of course, by all editors. The above is quoted, with much else, by Dyce from Dekker's *Belman*, etc.

226 *The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless*] Seward, Edd. '78 and Weber take no note of this line. Steevens in a note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i., says that at the conclusion of *Beggars' Bush* 'there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift.' He then quotes the above line and adds—'This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders.'

On this Dyce remarks—'Whatever be the meaning of the passage, I do not believe that Steevens has hit it by any of his conjectures.' I suppose of course that here *is* a reference to Bottom the weaver, and I take it that Higgen, whose spirit is congenial with that worthy's belief in his capacity for all employments, now declares that this spirit in himself has grown 'inexhaustible, unfathomable' (see *New Eng. Dic.*).

Mr. K. Deighton, however (*Old Dramatists. Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 75) would read—'*not* grown bottomless,' i. e. has not had the bottom knocked out of it.

227 *maund*] See note II. i. 127.

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As e'er we were—
Hig. We stand here for an epilogue.
Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;
For women's favours are a leading alms;
If you be pleased, look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.
Prig. And let your beauties sparkle.
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels, gowns,
Still i' the fashion!
Prig. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you!
Hig. May you, gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!
Prig. May every merchant here see safe his ventures!
Hig. And every honest citizen his debts in!
Prig. The lawyers gain good clients!
Hig. And the clients
Good counsel!
Prig. All the gamesters here, good fortune!
Hig. The drunkards, too, good wine!
Prig. The eaters, meat
Fit for their tastes and palates!
Hig. The good wives,
Kind husbands!
Prig. The young maids, choice of suitors!
Hig. The midwives, merry hearts!
Prig. And all, good cheer!
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush!
We are the beggars, and your daily beadsmen,
And have your money; but the alms we ask,
And live by, is your grace: give that, and then
We'll boldly say, our word is, *Come agen!*

[*Exeunt.*

245 *gain*] *again* F2, Ed. 1711.
245, 246 *And the . . . counsel*] In one line F1 to Seward.
248–249 *The good . . . husbands*] In one line F1 to Seward.
255 *agen*] F1, Q, Dyce. *again* F2 to Weber. Exeunt] Dyce.

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THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND

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In the folios, 1647, 1679. The second folio adds, '*A Tragi-comedy.*'

Demetrius and Enanthe, Being the Humorous Lieutenant, a play, by John Fletcher: published from a manuscript dated 1625, *and containing passages never before printed. Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. London: Thomas Rodd, Great Newport Street.* MDCCCXXX.—(Title of the MS.—*Demetrivs and Enanthe a pleasant comedie written by John Fletcher, Gent.*)

In the notes on the play we have referred to this publication as 'MS.' Copies in Br. Mus. and Dyce Collection at S. Kensington. It is printed verbatim et literatim from a transcript made by Ralph Crane for Sir Kenelm Digby, which opens with a dedication to the latter, signed 'Your Commaunded Beadesman, Ralph Crane' and dated 'Nouemb: 27. 1625.' This MS. was preserved in the family of Williams of Penbedw in Denbighshire and belonged in 1830 to W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.

The | Humourous Lieutenant, | or, | Generous Enemies, | A | Comedy: | As it is now Acted by | His Majesties Servants, | at the | Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane. | London, | Printed for H. N. and Sold by William Chandler at the Peacock in | the Poultry, and Ralph Smith, at the Bible under the Piazza of | the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill. 1697. | 4to.

(This quarto, referred to, where at all, as Q1, generally follows F1.)

The | Humourous | Lieutenant. | A | Tragi-Comedy. | Written by | Mr. Francis Beaumont, | and | Mr. John Fletcher. | London, | Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black | Swan without Temple-Bar. 1717. | 4to.

(This, rarely referred to as Q2, generally follows F2.)

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THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

TEXT.—In the case of this play it has seemed impossible to avoid an eclectic text. The MS. of 1625, which Dyce reprinted, has a number of passages near the commencement (including some of the best lines), which are not found in the Folios; and its reading is often more vigorous than (e.g. I. i. 168, 180), and otherwise preferable to, theirs: but this is by no means always the case, and on the other hand it omits words, and some whole lines, which, though Fletcher died in August of the year in which it is dated, may yet have his authority. However valuable for comparison, it cannot be unreservedly accepted as a model. Its chief points of difference from the Folios are as follows:—It lacks Prologue, Epilogue, Dram. Pers., statement of locality, and list of Actors. It commences Act V. at Act IV. sc. vii. of our text. It gives the following passages not found in Folios or Quartos:—I. i. 10–15 (6 ll.), 51–9 (9 ll.), 65–6, 114–23 (14 ll.), 136–53 (18 ll.); II. i. 5–24 (19 ll.); III. ii. 98; vii. 32–3. It omits altogether I. i. 33, 34 (part), 38, 224 (part), 332; II. iv. 44, 128; III. ii. 33–4, 36–8, 41, 102; III. v. 16-8; vii. 106, 110. It enabled Dyce to restore the right order in I. i. 108–10, 316–22, which the Folios had hopelessly confused; but in one or two other places it assigns words wrongly at the beginning or end of a speech. The omissions and additions just noted are confined to Acts I.—III.; but it differs from the Folios in innumerable single words throughout the play, as also in a few unimportant prefixes or stage-directions. All these changes are duly noted in their place.

F1 in spite of many corruptions is sometimes to be preferred to the reading of MS., e. g. 'Marches' III. v. 50, 'price' V. iv. 23; but the text of F2 is decidedly the better, its correction of F1 being often confirmed by the MS., e. g. 'file' I. i. 198, 'black' IV. viii. ad fin., 'tooth' V. iii. 49.

The two Quartos are quite late, and without independent importance.

ARGUMENT.—On the outbreak of war between Antigonus, King of Syria, and the allied sovereigns, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Lysander, its conduct is entrusted to the chivalrous young prince Demetrius, under the guidance of old Leontius. The prince entertains a secret passion for Celia, the fair captive of a previous war, of whose real name and rank as Enanthe, daughter of Seleucus, he is unaware; and Antigonus, having observed her, becomes his son's rival. On Demetrius' return, overwhelmed by an unlooked-for defeat, his father urges his instant reappearance in the field; and, in his absence, employs the infamous creatures who cater for his vices to inveigle Celia to court, where, however, flattery, gifts, and even his personal suit fail to shake her loyalty to the prince. On his son's second return, crowned with victory, Antigonus informs him that Celia is dead; and, while Demetrius shuts himself up in despair, procures a love-philtre to compel her affection for himself. The potion miscarries; her resistance is maintained; and finally her virtue and eloquence convert him from his lustful purpose to countenance the prince's love. But Demetrius' joy in recovering her is clouded by jealousy of her connection with his father; and the *dénouement* is delayed by a quarrel between the lovers, which is reconciled at last by the mediation of Leontius and his revelation of Celia's true rank.

Comic relief of a coarse kind is afforded by Leucippe's conduct of the business of royal procuress; and still more by the eccentric Lieutenant, whose desperate courage, prompted by a painful disease, is impaired by his recovery,

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and temporarily restored by the delusion that he is again a sufferer. Employed, later, by Leontius to rouse the prince from his apathy, he swoons from sheer terror of a pistol Demetrius points at him; but is revived by the accidental administering to him of the magic potion, which evokes a ridiculous and short-lived passion for the King.

DATE.—Beyond the MS. of *Demetrius and Enanthe*, dated 1625, we have nothing which may help us to date the play but the somewhat uncertain evidence of the list of actors given in the second folio. From this list—that of the leading players in the King's Company—Burbage's name is absent; while that of Condell, elsewhere usually associated with his, is present. We infer that the play was produced after March 1619, when Burbage died; and before 1623, when Condell (who probably played the Lieutenant) seems to have retired from the active pursuit of his calling. (Boswell's Malone, iii. 475.) The inference from these dates was first drawn by Mr. Fleay, who seems, however, to speak too precisely—'the most definitely dated of all Fletcher's plays except those in Herbert's entries. . . . *Its original production was* 1619, just after Burbage's death and before Condell's retiring.' (See Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle*, i. 208, and Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 372–3.)

AUTHORSHIP.—This upward limit for the play's production, 1619, would probably preclude Beaumont, who died in 1615, from a share in the authorship: and the indecisive attribution of the play to Fletcher in the commendatory verse of Richard Lovelace, Robert Gardiner, and G. Hills, is further confirmed by Dyce's MS. (dated 1625), whose title (see list of old editions) affirms the play to be 'written by John Fletcher, Gent.'

SOURCE.—In regard to the sources from which Fletcher drew, preceding editors have contented themselves with transcribing the following passage from Gerard Langbaine's *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, p. 209.—'The character of the Humorous Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his Wounds, resembles the Story of the Souldier belonging to Lucullus describ'd in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2, Ep. 2 [ll. 26–40], but the very story is related in Ford's Apothegms, p. 30. How near the poet keeps to the Historian, I must leave to those that will compare the Play with the Writers of the Lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the Father and the Son. See Plutarch's *Life of Demetrius*, Justin, Appian, &c.' And, further, the last three editors, Colman, Weber, and Dyce, reproduce in their notes on Act iii. sc. 3 a note of Reed's, which, after citing Langbaine's reference to Horace, continues thus:—'But the very story is related in A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleasant and Profitable by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in these words: "Antigonus, observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his physician to heal him; who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which Antigonus noting, demanded the reason. The souldier answered, O Antigonus, thou art the reason! before I ventured nothing but a diseased corps, and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly; I invited Death to do me a courtesie: now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose."'

Thus far Ford. Horace's story represents a man robbed in his sleep of the belt which contained his savings. In the rage of despair he attacked and overthrew a wealthy fortress. He received rich rewards; but, being invited shortly after to undertake a similar achievement, recommended the prætor, with rustic shrewdness, to apply to some one who had lost a belt. Clearly the soldier of Antigonus affords a far closer parallel to the Lieutenant than does the soldier of Lucullus. The former is, then, the Lieutenant's

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ancestor; but, since Ford was not then available, where did Fletcher find him? Ford does not name his authority; and previous editors seem to have been as careless of ascertaining it as of making that comparison of the play with the historians which Langbaine indolently resigns to them. After long search we have found the story at the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Pelopidas*, where it is told apropos of Cato's distinction between courage for courage' sake, and the courage of one who has no care to live. But Ford, unless he lifted the story from some earlier collection (as the touch of euphuism in the language suggests), has embroidered a little on Plutarch, whose soldier merely replies—*Ὦ βασιλεῦ, σὺ με ποιήσας ἀτολμότερον ἀπαλλάξας ἐκείνου τῶν κακῶν, δι' ἃ τοῦ ζῆν ὀλιγώρουν.*—The stories of *both* soldiers are related together in Montaigne's *Essais*, liv. ii. ch. 1 (1580), 'De l'inconstance de nos actions,' whence, rather than directly from Plutarch, Fletcher may have taken the idea.

In regard to the historical events Fletcher does not follow Diodorus, whom Dyce suggests, though chh. 82–85 of Diodorus' 19th Book narrate Demetrius' defeat, and (ch. 85) the generosity of Ptolemy and Seleucus in liberating his captive companions without ransom. The four chapters of Justin's 15th Book contain nothing that Fletcher used, nor do those four of the *De Rebus Syriacis* in which Appian deals with these events. Nor does he seem to have used Pausanias, nor yet Polybius. His authority is simply Plutarch's *Life of Demetrius*, which he used with a wide latitude of invention. In the third chapter he found the incident of Demetrius returning from hunting and entering Antigonus' presence (during an audience of ambassadors) with a javelin in his hand, and of the latter's pointing the ambassadors to this as a proof of the confidence between them (Act i. sc. 1, 55–76). The fourth chapter records Demetrius' zeal in friendship (Act ii. sc. 2); the fifth his defeat at Gaza when sent as a young man against Ptolemy (ii. 2), with Ptolemy's magnanimous liberation of his friends (ii. 4); while in the sixth we have Antigonus' wish that the prince should not take his defeat too much to heart (ii. 4, 1–10 sqq.), his despatch of him on a second expedition, Demetrius' capture of 7000 men with the camp and person of Cilla, Ptolemy's lieutenant, and his seizure of this opportunity to rival the magnanimity previously shewn by his enemy (iii. 7). For the beautiful relation of Celia with Demetrius, and for that of Antigonus with Celia, there seems no further original than Plutarch's mention of Lamia, who (chap. 16) is captured by Demetrius (Act ii. 3, near the end) in a naval action against Ptolemy, is valued at first chiefly for her skill in music (Act iv. 1, 22, 23), afterwards wins the prince's whole affection, and in chap. 19 is made the subject of a half-jesting rebuke of him by Antigonus (Act iv. 2, 36 sqq.). Of Antigonus' vices there seems to be no hint; and Theobald (in a note on iii. 4, end) objected to this feature of the play as a slander on the King's historical character. But Fletcher is not transcribing history—the poet is under no obligation to do so: and he may have remembered how the old King Democles in Greene's *Menaphon* (ed. Arber, p. 73) tries to tempt Samela by talking of his wealth and power to advance her, as also in Sidney's *Arcadia* the passion of old King Basilius for the supposed Amazon, Zelmane. In general he seems to have in mind the historical coalition of the three Kings against Antigonus in 315 B.C., and the resultant war which was concluded by a peace in 311: though the reference (v. 5, 25–6) to a previous sack of Antioch by Antigonus fighting against Seleucus, and the ambassador's recurrence (i. 1, 107–13) to lands seized, cities sacked, and prisoners made, point, perhaps, rather to the resumption of hostilities in 310 B.C. which ended in the overthrow of Antigonus and Demetrius and the death of the former at the battle of Ipsus in 301. Fletcher, in fact, provides a general basis of historical fact, recognisable by the better informed; and the historical accuracy of his details, about Celia and Demetrius, about the private life of

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Antigonus or the humours of the Lieutenant, would cause an Elizabethan audience as little anxiety as a Victorian.

We may add that the relations of Leontius and Demetrius are an echo of those between Mardonius and Arbaces in *A King and No King*; and that Demetrius' somewhat strained suspicions of Celia in Act iv. sc. 8, remind us of a similarly forced jealousy about Zenocia on the part of Arnoldo in *The Custom of the Country*, iv. 3.

Dr. E. Köppel (Münchener Beiträge, Heft ii., 1895, pp. 83-6) considered the Lieutenant's swoon before Demetrius' pointed pistol (IV. iv. 34) reminiscent of Falstaff's falling down as if dead before the Douglas in 1 *Hen. IV.*, V. iv. 76; and his drinking of the potion in the same scene suggested by Falstaff's 'If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged,' in II. ii. 20; pointing also to the verbal reproduction from the same play in 'like sacrifices In our best trim' (II. ii. 47, of ours; cf. note). He notes a further reminiscence of Hamlet's ridicule of Polonius where Celia pretends to read *from her book*, 'The Vanity of Lust,' some home-truths to Antigonus on senile passion (IV. v.). Undoubtedly Shakespearean reminiscence abounds in Fletcher. These, though quite worth mention, form but a small contribution to a question of Sources.

HISTORY.—Pepys saw the play at the Cockpit Ap. 20, 1661, and at the King's house Jan. 23, 1667: on the first occasion 'not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer': while of the second he notes, 'a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. . . . Knipp took us all in, and brought us to Nelly [Nell Gwynn], a most pretty woman, who acted the great part Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well; I kissed her. . . . We also saw Mrs. Ball, which is my little Roman-nose black girl,' etc.

'This play continued long a favourite with the public. A droll taken from it, and entitled *Forced Valour*, which was performed during the suppression of the theatres, may be found in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 87. After the Restoration *The Humorous Lieutenant* enjoyed much popularity: it was the first play that was acted, and that for twelve nights successively, at the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane, April 8, 1663. Langbaine says that he had "often seen it acted with applause." The Editors of 1778 inform us that it "used, until a few years past, to be sometimes acted at the theatre in Covent Garden." In 1817 an alteration of it was brought out at the last-mentioned theatre, but with slight success.' Dyce.

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PROLOGUE.

WOULD some man would instruct me what to say!
For this same prologue, usual to a play,
Is tied to such an old form of petition,
Men must say nothing now beyond commission;
The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We stand in must be one, and one the face,—
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hiss hangs on our levity.
We have a play, a new play, to play now,
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your suffrage and kind ear.
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
Let them speak then have power to stop a storm;
I never loved to feel a house so warm.
But for the play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: all new things you shall see,
And those disposed to all the mirth that may;
And short enough we hope: and such a play
You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and see:
If it miscarry, pray, look not for me.

PROLOGUE given in both Ff, not in MS.—doubtful if Fletcher's.

4 *beyond commission*] From this line Weber infers that the actors had been in the habit of amplifying the prologues written for them, as the clowns of Shakespeare's day their parts.

5 *cloaks*] i. e. the black velvet cloaks worn by the speakers of prologues: see Prologue to *The Woman-Hater*, vol. x. 'Gentlemen, Inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse is as stale as a black Velvet Cloak and a Bay Garland.'

5 *legs*] i. e. bows.

19 *those*] F1. F2 'these.'

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PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.[1]

	(Actors, Drury Lane, 1697.)
KING ANTIGONUS, an old man with young desires.	Mr. Harland.
DEMETRIUS, son to ANTIGONUS, in love with CELIA.	,, Cibber.
SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, — Three kings, equal sharers with ANTIGONUS of what Alexander [the Great] had, with united powers opposing ANTIGONUS.	,, Simpson. ,, Disney. ,, Rogers.
LEONTIUS, a brave old merry soldier, assistant to DEMETRIUS.	,, Mills.
TIMON, CHARINTHUS, MENIPPUS, — servants to ANTIGONUS and his vices.	,, Fairbank. ,, Essex. ,, Provost.
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.	,, Pinkeithman.
Gentlemen, friends and followers of DEMETRIUS.	
Three Ambassadors, from the three Kings.	
Gentlemen-Ushers.	
Grooms.	
Citizens.	
Physicians.	
Herald.	
Magician.[2]	
Soldiers.	
Host.	

Women.

CELIA, alias ENANTHE,[3] daughter to SELEUCUS, mistress to DEMETRIUS,	Mrs. Verbruggen.
LEUCIPPE, [wife of MENIPPUS] a bawd, agent for the King's lust.	,, Bullock.
Ladies.	
Citizens' wives.	
Governess to CELIA.	,, Powell.
A country woman.	
PHŒBE, her daughter.	
Two servants of the game.[4]	

SCENE.—*Greece.*[5]

The principal actors were :—

Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
John Lowin.	William Eglestone.
Richard Sharpe.	John Underwood.
Robert Benfield.	Thomas Pollard.

[1] Persons Represented] Taken verbatim from F2, as is the statement of locality, and the list of actors. F1 and MS. lack all three.
[2] *Magician*] Q1 misprints 'Musicians.'
[3] *Enanthe*] F2 misprints Evanthe, though calling her Enanthe in the last scene.
[4] *Servants of the game*] Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5, 63, 'daughters of the game.'

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THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The capital.—The audience-chamber in the Palace.
Enter two Gentlemen-Ushers *and* Servants, *with perfumes, etc.*

First Usher. Round, round, perfume it round; quick.
Look ye diligently
The state be right. Are these the richest cushions?
Fie, fie! who waits i' the wardrobe?
Sec. Usher. But, pray ye, tell me,
Do you think for certain these ambassadors
Shall have this morning's audience?
First Usher. They shall have it!
Lord, that you live at court, and understand not!
I tell you, they must have it.
Sec. Usher. Upon what necessity?
First Usher. Still you are off the trick of court: sell your place,

ACT I. . . . Palace] The Play is divided into Acts, and the several scenes in each are marked in MS. and Ff. Weber first marked their localities.
Gentlemen-Ushers and Servants, with perfumes, etc.] MS.: Ff have 'Ushers and Grooms with perfumes.'
1 *quick*] Not in MS.
2 *state*] Raised chair or throne of state as in *Noble Gentleman*, IV. iv. etc. Weber quotes Gifford's observation that the word occurs in the firs ed. of Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, and for the last time in Swift's [Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull.*
3 *ye*] Only MS.
5 *morning's*] Ff *morning.*
6 *Lord, that you live*] MS. *That you should live.*
8 *off*] So MS. F1 *of.* F2 and Theobald *out of.* Q1 *ignorant of.*

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And sow your grounds; you are not for this tillage.—

Enter Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

Make all things perfect: would you have these ladies,
They that come here to see the show, these beauties
That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,
And wash'd and curl'd, perfumed, and taken glisters
For fear a flaw of wind might overtake 'em,
Lose these and all their expectations?——
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.

Ladies. We thank you, sir.

[*Exeunt* Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

First Usher. Would you have all these slighted? who should report, then,
The ambassadors were handsome men? his beard a neat one;
The fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,
And, where it breaks, as blasting; his legs, though little ones,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?
Who shall commend their clothes? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?
Ye live a raw man here.

Sec. Usher. I think I do so.

Enter divers Citizens *and their* Wives.

First Usher. Why, whither would ye all press?

First. Cit. Good master usher——

Sec. Cit. My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours here——

First Usher. Prithee, begone, thou and thy honest neighbours:

9 Enter Ladies and Gentlemen] MS. has 'Enter 2 or 3 Ladies.'

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Thou look'st like an ass: why, whither would you, fish-face?
Sec. Cit. If I might have but the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,
A capon bridled and saddled, I 'll assure your worship,
A shoulder of mutton and a pottle of wine, sir:
I knew your brother; he was as like ye,
And shot the best at butts——
First Usher. A [pox] upon thee!
Sec. Cit. Some music I 'll assure you too; my toy, sir,
Can play o' the virginals.
First Usher. Prithee, good toy,
Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown;
And, shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no place for ye.——
Nay, then, you had best be knock'd. [*Beats them out.*

Enter CELIA *in poor attire.*

Celia. [*Aside.*] I would fain see him,
The glory of this place makes me remember——
But, die those thoughts, die all but my desires!
Even those to death are sick too. He 's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me——
First Usher. What 's your business?
Who keeps the outward door there? here 's fine shuffling!—

30 *If I might . . . worship*] Dyce is doubtless right in following here the metrical arrangement of MS. The hypermetric syllables are a form of the Sec. Cit.'s volubility.
31 *bridled and saddled*] i. e. with appendages, sausages and the like.
33 *knew*] Dyce's alteration for 'know' of Ff (this line is not in the MS.).
34 *pox*] A break here in both the folios (this speech is not in the MS.).
36 *the virginals*] A kind of spinet.
37 *if*] MS. *he.*
38 *shoulder, take thy flap along*] This line not in MS. The citizen is edging and pushing. 'Flap' refers to his cloak which he thrusts in the usher's face, with allusion to 'fly-blown' of the previous line; a fly-flap being anything whose continual motion would keep flies off. Tarlton (Shak. Soc.) p. 120, 'a taile like a flie flap.'
39 s.d. in poor attire] Only in MS.
42 *sick*] MS. *lost.*
44 *door*] MS. *dores.*

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You waistcoateer, you must go back.
Celia. [*Aside.*] There is not,
There cannot be,—six days, and never see me!—
There must not be desire.—[*Aloud.*] Sir, do you think
That if you had a mistress——
First Usher. Death, she is mad!
Celia. And were yourself an honest man—— It cannot——
First Usher. What a devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty?
Celia. I crave your mercy; I meant no such thing to you:
But, if you were a gentleman——
Sec. Usher. Alas, poor woman!
Pray, do not thrust her so.
Celia. Nay, even continue,
And do not let your office fall, sir, I beseech you,
For want of indiscretion and ill manners:
You would have made a notable sturdy beadle.
First Usher. She must go out.
Celia. I am out already, sir,
Out of my wits, you say: pray Heaven it prove not,
If this fell fit afflict me!
First Usher. Will you be jogging,
Good nimble-tongue?—My fellow door-keeper!
Sec. Usher. Prithee, let her alone.
First Usher. The king is coming;
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs
Come to crave audience too?
Celia. Before, I thought ye
To have a little breeding, some tang of gentry,

45 *waistcoateer*] Strumpet, as in *Wit without Money*, IV. iv. 211, though Nares thinks the 'waistcoat' only a mark of such when worn without over-dress. The widow is to wear one in *Scornful Lady*, IV. ii. In the *Woman-Hater*, II. ii, Francissima is the 'waistcoat-waiter' of Julia, a courtesan.
48 *Death*] Not in MS.
50 *a devil*] Not in MS.
51 Celia. *I crave . . . afflict me*] These nine lines only in MS. By 'this fell fit' she means the First Usher.
60 *My*] So both the folios and MS.: but qy. *Why?* (Dyce.)

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And did forgive that hereditary folly
Belongs to your place; but now I take ye plainly,
Without the help of any perspective,
For that ye cannot alter.
First Usher. What 's that?
Celia. An ass, sir: you bray as like one,
And, by my troth, methinks, as you stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of gravity and wisdom.
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But, if ever any of that butter stick to your bread——
Sec. Usher. You must be modester.
Celia. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good clothes to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue
As though they hung on gibbets.
Sec. Usher. A parlous wench!
First Usher. Thrust her into a corner; I 'll no more on her.
Sec. Usher. You have enough.—Go, pretty maid, stand close,
And use that little tongue with a little more temper.
Celia. I thank ye, sir.
Sec. Usher. When the shows are past,
I 'll have ye into the cellar; there we 'll dine,—
A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!—
And there we 'll be as merry! Can ye be merry?
Celia. Oh, very merry, sir!
Sec. Usher. Only ourselves
This churlish fellow shall not know.
Celia. By no means.
Sec. Usher. And can you love a little?
Celia. Love exceedingly:
I have cause to love you dear, sir.
Sec. Usher. Then I 'll carry ye,

65 *And did forgive . . . your place*] Only in MS.
67 *perspective*] Here of an optical glass.
69 *one*] Not in MS. Perhaps its *as like* was for *ass-like*.
78 *parlous*] i. e. *perilous*—dangerously shrewd. So MS. Ff *perilous*.
82 *shows are past*] So F1. F2 *show's past;* and so Theobald. MS. *showes are past ye*.
86 *sir*] Only MS.
89 *you dear, sir*] Following Dyce's alteration, probably for metre's sake, of the punctuation of F2, *you, dear sir*.

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And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks; and then, sweet,
You shall tell me where you lie.
Celia. Yes, marry, will I.
Sec. Usher. And 't shall go hard but I'll send ye a venison pasty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.
First Usher. Make room there!
Sec. Usher. Room there afore!—Stand close; the train is coming.
Celia. [*Aside.*]—Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—

Enter ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, MENIPPUS, *and* Train.

Yet, yet I see him not. Oh, what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the ambassadors.
First Usher. Make room there!
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Ant. They shall not wait long answer.
Celia. [*Aside.*] Yet he comes not. [*Flourish.*

Enter three Ambassadors *with* Attendants.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow to make these wonders? Oh, good gods!
What would these look like, if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.
Ant. Now your grievances;
Speak short, and have as short despatch.
First Amb. Then thus, sir:
In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,

95 *Room there afore*] MS. adds these words to the First Usher's speech.
96 and Train] Om. Ff: 'Enter King Antigonus, and his Traine.' MS.
98 *expected*] Kept in expectation; or else 'love' is used both of Demetrius' love and her own.
100 *wait long answer*] Colman and Weber chose to read *long wait answer*.
100 [Flourish] Omitted in MS.

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Ye have done injustice, broke the bonds of concord;
And from their equal shares (from Alexander
Parted, and so possess'd) ye have hedged in
(Not like a brother, but an open enemy)
Whole provinces; mann'd and maintain'd these injuries;
And daily with your sword, though they still honour ye,
Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.
Sec. Amb. We, therefore,
As yet the ministers of peace, of friendship,
As yet our masters' swords and angers sleeping,
All former injuries forgot and buried,
As yet to stop that swelling tide of blood,
(Oh, mighty sir!) that when it comes, like tempests
Broke from the raging north, beats all before it,
We yet crave restitution of those lands,
Those cities sack'd, those prisoners, and that prey
The soldier by your will stands master of.
Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
You late held with our masters; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way; when your angers,
Like so many brother-billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em:

107 *bonds*] Silently altered by Weber to *bounds*.

108 *from Alexander parted*] i. e. divided into parts. Weber's proposal of *by* for *from* contradicts history.

109 *ye have hedged in*] In Ff these words are transferred so as to follow 'but as an open enemy.' We follow the order of MS., which omits *as*.

111 *mann'd*] i. e. strengthened, supported. In *The Scornful Lady*, I. i., occurs to 'man whores.'

112 *daily*] Weber printed *duly!*

113 *roads*] i. e. inroads, which F2 reads.

114 *We, therefore . . . stands master of*] These ten lines are only found in MS., which however reads *em* for *it* in l. 120, and *soldiers* in l. 123. 'Soldier' for 'Soldiery' occurs *King and No King*, I. i. 59.

125 *You late held*] So MS. F1, Q1 *Yourselfe hold.* F2 *Yourself held;* and so the first three editors.

128 *Like*] 'This worse than superfluous "*Like*" is very like an interpolation of some matter-of-fact critic—all *pus, prose atque venenum.* The "*your*" in the next line, instead of "their," is likewise yours, Mr. Critic!" Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 302. But the MS. agrees here exactly with the two folios.' Dyce.

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Oh, think of these! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-eyed,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame courted;
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye!
Third Amb. Choose which you will, or peace or war:—though rather
I could afford your age so much discretion
To leave off brawling now: the wars are doubtful;
And on our horsemen's staves Death looks as grimly
As on your keen-edged swords; our darts sure-pointed;
And from our sinewy bows we can raise showers
Of bloody shafts shall hide the face of heaven,
And cast as deep eclipses o'er the day
And terrible as yours; our strengths are equal,
Our hopes as high and wanton; even our men
The same in labours and in sufferance;
Hunger they dare contemn as well as yours,
And, where they find no meat, feed on their angers;
March on the edge of danger; rest and sleep
(The souls of soft and tender bodies) they
Shake off as well as yours; and when tired nature
Locks up their spirits, yet, like storms far off,
Even in their rest they raise a warlike murmur:—
We come prepared for either.
First Usher. Room for the prince there!
Celia. [*Aside.*] Was it the prince they said? how my heart trembles!

Enter PRINCE DEMETRIUS *from hunting, attended wit young* Gentlemen.

'Tis he, indeed: what a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! young Meleager-like,

132 *led your fortunes open-eyed, Chain'd fast by confidence*] A double sense: 'your boldness obviated the blindness and restrained the vagaries of Fortune, and she remained your prisoner without the precaution of blindfolding and pinioning.' MS. has *lead* for *led*.
136 *though rather . . . warlike murmur*] These 17 lines only in MS.
155 *trembles*] So MS. Ff *trembled*.
155 Enter Prince . . . Gentlemen] So MS. Ff 'Enter Demetrius with

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When he return'd from slaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.
Who could deny him love?
Dem. Hail, royal father!
Ant. Ye are welcome from your sport, sir.—Do you see this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes,
To shake and totter my designs? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man, my son, this nature,
That in one look carries more fire and fierceness
Than all your masters' lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatch'd in blood; all these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden,
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding;
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great master? yours? or yours?
Dem. Oh, Hercules!
Who says you do, sir? is there anything
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,
Able to work such wonders?
Celia. [*Aside.*] Now a god speaks!
Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!
Dem. You call 'em kings: they never wore those royalties,
Nor in the progress of their lives arrived yet
At any thought of king; imperial dignities,
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
Than I can with this mortal hand hold heaven:
Poor petty men! nor have I yet forgot

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The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em:
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,
Was but grand-master of the elephants;
Seleucus of the treasure; and for Ptolemy,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some master of munition: and must these men——
Celia. [*Aside.*] What a brave confidence flows from his spirit!
Oh, sweet young man!
Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file hang their memories?
Must these examine what the wills of kings are?
Prescribe to their desires, and chain their actions
To their restraints? be friends and foes when they please?
Send out their thunders and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?—
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their vast cities;
And tell 'em, out of love we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on
Than they have able wits and powers to manage;
And so we shall befriend 'em.—[*Aside.*] Ha! what does she there?
First Amb. This is your answer, king?
Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.
Dem. [*Aside to* CELIA.]—Fie, sweet! what make you here?

190 *his*] F1, Q1 and MS. F2 *the;* and so Theobald.
195 *munition*] So MS.; and so Theobald from conjecture. Ff *ammunition;* and so Colman and Weber.
195 *and*] MS. *or.*
197 *pace*] Needlessly altered by Theobald to *place,* 'to preserve an uniformity in the metaphor' with 'file.' F1 *peace.*
198 *file*] So MS. and F2. The first folio *field.*
198 *memories*] i. e. memorials, as in IV. v. 'The ever-living memories raised to you.'
200 *desires*] So MS. Ff *designes.*
203 *things*] F1 alone has *thing.*

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Celia. Pray ye, do not chide me.
Dem. You do yourself much wrong, and me.
Celia. Pray you, pardon me:
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Through my dear love to you. I have not seen ye,
(And how can I live, then?) I have not spoke to ye——
Dem. I know this week ye have not. I will redeem all:
You are so tender now! think where you are, sweet.
Celia. What other light have I left?
Dem. Prithee, Celia,——
Indeed, I'll see you presently.
Celia. I have done, sir.
You will not miss?
Dem. By this, and this, I will not. [*Kisses her.*
Celia. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.
Dem. No more of these assemblies.
Celia. I am commanded.
First Usher. Room for the lady there!—Madam, my service——
First Gent. My coach, an 't please you, lady——
Sec. Usher. Room before, there!
Sec. Gent. The honour, madam, but to wait upon you—
My servants and my state——
Celia. [*Aside.*] Lord, how they flock now!
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me:
How these flies play i' the sun-shine!—[*Aloud*] Pray ye, no services;
Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em. Fare ye well:
Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen: I am old enough
To go alone at these years without crutches. [*Exit.*
Sec. Usher. Well, I could curse now: but that will not help me:
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately—

234 *Madam, my service*] not in MS.

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Do but consider how the devil has cross'd me!
'Meat for my master,' she cries. Well——
Amb. Once more, sir,
We ask your resolutions; peace or war yet?
Dem. War, war, my noble father!
Ant. Thus I fling it:
And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell! You have your answers.
Conduct out the ambassadors, and give 'em convoys.
Dem. Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i' the field in expectation of us;
We 'll ease your men those marches: in their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.
First Amb. You will find so hot a soldier's welcome, sir,
Your favour shall not freeze.
Sec. Amb. A forward gentleman:
Pity the wars should bruise such hopes.
Ant. Conduct 'em.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors *with* Attendants.
Now, for this preparation: where's Leontius?
Call him in presently; for I mean in person,
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Myself, with my old fortune——
Dem. Royal sir, [*Kneels.*
Thus low I beg that honour. Fame already
Hath every where raised trophies to your glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks

237 s.d. Amb.] So MS., while Ff have '3 Em.' All three speak together.
238 *yet*] Not in MS.
239 Ant. *Thus . . . farewell*] In spite of MS. 'Emb.' and Ff '1 Em.' we follow Colman in assigning these words to Antigonus. A predisposition for war need not prevent his calling Peace 'fair-eyed,' as Weber supposes; and unless these words be his, the answer besought by the Ambassadors and Demetrius is not actually given.

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You daily set her in: 'tis now scarce honour
For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,
To sparkle such poor people. The royal eagle,
When she hath tried her young ones 'gainst the sun,
And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even birds of noble plume: I am your own, sir;
You have found my spirit; try it now, and teach me
To stoop whole kingdoms. Leave a little for me;
Let not your glory be so greedy, sir,
To eat up all my hopes: you gave me life;
If to that life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble name, for man you have made a shadow.
Bless me this day: bid me go on, and lead;
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus;
And to my maiden sword tie fast your fortune;
I know 'twill fight itself then. Dear sir, honour me:
Never fair virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command, then;
And be as fortunate as I expect ye:
I love that noble will. Your young companions,
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope, Demetrius,
You will make soldiers, too; they must not leave ye.

Sec. Gent. Never till life leaves us, sir.

Enter LEONTIUS *with* Attendant.

Ant. Oh, Leontius,
Here's work for you in hand!

Leon. I am even right glad, sir;
For, by my troth, I am now grown old with idleness.

259 *sparkle*] 'scatter like sparks' (Theobald). Dyce compares *Loyal Subject*, I. v. 'beaten . . and all his forces sparkled.'

260 *tried*] Colman suspected the right word to be 'tired,' a term in falconry, meaning to prey upon. Mason considered that to *prey upon against the sun* would be absolute nonsense.

[illegible] So MS. Ff *it*.

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I hear we shall abroad, sir.
Ant. Yes, and presently:
But who, think you, commands now?
Leon. Who commands, sir!
Methinks mine eye should guide me. Can there be,
If you yourself will spare him so much honour,
Any found out to lead before your armies
So full of faith and fire as brave Demetrius?
King Philip's son, at his years, was an old soldier:
'Tis time his fortune be a-wing; high time, sir;
So many idle hours as here he loiters,
So many ever-living names he loses:
I hope 'tis he.
Ant. 'Tis he, indeed; and nobly
He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those
Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;
And, as you go, press all the provinces.
Leon. We shall not need: believe 't, this hopeful gentleman
Can want no swords nor honest hearts to follow him:
We shall be full, no fear, sir.
Ant. You, Leontius,
Because you are an old and faithful servant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions, lest his youth
Lose valour's best companion, staid discretion:
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety;
In execution not to break nor scatter,
But with a provident anger follow nobly;
Not covetous of blood and death, but honour:
Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,
And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour.—
Love him, and think it no dishonour, my Demetrius,
To wear this jewel near thee; he is a tried one,
And one that, even in spite of time, that sunk him

289 *a-wing*] MS., F1. F2 *o' wing*. Three first edd. *o' th' wing*.
297 *believe 't*] So MS. Ff *believe*.
301 *wars*] '*his* vantages' led Mason to propose and Weber to adopt *war*: but MS. and Ff are unanimous—*warrs*.
302 *instructions*] So MS., Ff. Mason proposed *instruction*. 'To his' means 'to give him.'

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And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely: take his counsel.
Leon. Your grace hath made me young again and wanton.
Ant. Did not you mark a woman my son riss to?
Char. I saw her, sir.
Ant. Do you know her?
Char. No, believe 't, sir.
Ant. Did you observe her, Timon?
Tim. I look'd on her:
But what she is——
Ant. I must have that found.
Tim. Well, sir.
Ant. [*to* DEMETRIUS.]—When you have done, come in and take your leave, sir,
And some few prayers along.
Dem. I know my duty.
[*Exeunt* ANT., TIM., CHAR., Men *and* Attendants.
You shall be half my father.
Leon. All your servant.—
Come, gentlemen, you are resolved, I am sure,
To see these wars.
First Gent. We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though most assured death hung round about us.
Leon. That bargain 's yet to make,
Be not too hasty when ye face the enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly;
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies,
And you shall see what sport we 'll make these madcaps:
You shall have game enough, I warrant ye;
Every man's cock shall fight.

316 Leon. *Your grace . . . my duty.*] This passage, printed as by Dyce from MS. (with substitution of 'Char.' for 'Gent' twice in l. 318) is given with various confusion by Ff, which earlier edd. were compelled, in their ignorance of the MS., to follow. Both Ff substitute Ant. *She must be known and suddenly* for Ant. *Did not . . . saw her, sir.* ll. 317–8. F1 transposes Antigonus' speech to Demetrius *When you have . . . prayers along* so as to precede Ant. *Do ye know her?* etc.; while F2, retaining the right order, omits Tim. *Well, sir.* Ant. *When you have done*—and assigns *And some few prayers along* to Tim.

317 *riss*] rose, as in *Wit at Several Weapons*, I. i. *I riss ungently* and Epilogue of same play.

332 *You . . . ye*] This line not in MS.

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Dem. [*Aside.*] I must go see her.—
Brave sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I 'll meet you in the park: draw the men thither.—
Wait you upon Leontius.
Gentlemen. We 'll attend, sir.
Leon. But, I beseech your grace, with speed; the sooner
We are i' the field——
Dem. You could not please me better. [*Exit.*
Leon. You never saw the wars yet?
First Gent. Not yet, colonel.
Leon. These foolish mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper and so hug, (I know it, gentlemen,)
And so entice ye, now ye are i' the bud!
And that sweet tilting war with eyes and kisses,
Th' alarums of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles,
Spoils all our trade. You must forget these knick-knacks:
A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,
She is necessary; but make no business of her.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Oh, sir, as ill as ever!
We shall have wars, they say; they are mustering yonder:
Would we were at it once!—Fie, how it plagues me!
Leon. Here's one has served now under Captain Cupid,
And crack'd a pike in 's youth: you see what 's come on 't.
Lieut. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.
Leon. Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.
Lieut. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company:
They are pox of thirty coats.

333 *her*] So MS.; anticipated by Theobald's conjecture. Ff *Sir.*
336 *We 'll attend, sir*] MS. alone attaches these words to Leontius' succeeding speech.

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Leon. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely.—
Here 's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
Which I believe we may: this poor Lieutenant,
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a devil it be, I 'll say this for him,
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen:
Shew him an enemy, his pain 's forgot straight;
And where other men by beds and baths have ease,
And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger,
A danger that 's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely, not a pang remember'd.
I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at.

First Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseased so.

Leon. I am sure 'tis true.—Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?

Lieut. Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this!

First Gent. I would take physic.

Lieut. But I would know my disease first.

Leon. Why, it may be the colic: canst thou blow backward?

Lieut. There 's never a bagpipe in the kingdom better.

First Gent. Is 't not a pleurisy?

Lieut. 'Tis any thing
That has the devil and death in 't. Will ye march, gentlemen?
The prince has taken leave.

Leon. How know ye that?

Lieut. I saw him leave the court, despatch his followers,

356 *mew'd 'em*] moulted them. The allusion is to his raggedness, Leontius choosing to take the Lieutenant's 'coats' (of arms) literally as 'garments.' Dyce illustrates 'mew'd' by *Wit without Money*, III. iv. 85, 'You are strangely mew'd,' of one who had lost his clothes. Cf. *The Double Marriage*, III. ii. 10. 'How he has mew'd your head,' i. e. stripped it of its hair.

372 *do*] MS. *be*.

376 *colic*] 'A painful windinesse in the stomach or entrails.' Cotgrave.

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And met him after in a by-street: I think
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go. Would I had such another,
To draw this foolish pain down!
Leon. Let's away, gentlemen;
For, sure, the prince will stay us.
Gentlemen. We'll attend, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the lodgings of CELIA.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Must ye needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.
Celia. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie, Celia!
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:
Would you have your love a coward?
Celia. No, believe, sir;
I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.
Dem. Wouldst have it thus, or thus? [*Kisses her.*
Celia. If that be fighting——
Dem. Ye wanton fool! when I come home again,
I 'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,
And conquer thee too.
Celia. That you have done already;
You need no other arms to me but these, sir.
But will you fight yourself?
Dem. Thus deep in blood, wench,
And through the thickest ranks of pikes——
Celia. Spur bravely
Your fiery courser, beat the troops before ye,

386 *stay us*] i. e. stay, wait, for us. So MS. Cf. *Mad Lover*, III. ii, 'Let the Fool and boy stay him.' Ff *stay on us*; followed by the first

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And cram the mouth of death with executions!
Dem. I would do more than these. But, prithee, tell me,
Tell me, my fair, where gott'st thou this male spirit?
I wonder at thy mind.
Celia. Were I a man, then,
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,
And some great leader.
Celia. Sure, I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extremely envious of your youth and honour.
Dem. And fight against me?
Celia. Ten to one, I should do it.
Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?
Celia. In this mind I am in,
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye;
Unless 'twere thus: but, in my man's mind——
Dem. What?
Celia. I should be friends with you too, now I think better.
Dem. Ye are a tall soldier. Here, take these, and these;
This gold to furnish ye; and keep this bracelet.
Why do you weep now? you a masculine spirit!
Celia. No, I confess I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you——
Dem. You shall not:
These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one!
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.
Celia. I hope you shall. But then, my dear Demetrius,
When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;
Say, then, your eye, surveying all your conquest,
Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,

14 *cram the mouth of death with executions*] Dyce rightly interprets simply as 'gorge death with slaughter,' and compares II. iv. 47, 'fill up the mouth of ruin'; rejecting Weber's fanciful legal interpretation of 'executions,' which he tries to support by citing the case of an attendant of Clare in

A constant face, that in the
With a forced smile, both scorn
Say you find such a one, so nob
And in her figure all the sweets
Dem. Prithee, no more of thi
Celia. That shews as far beyo
And will run mad to love ye t
Dem.
And do you think, besides this
This heart, where all my hope
Celia.
No, sure, I think ye honest, w
Pray, do not frown; I'll swea
Dem.
Celia. But how long will y
Dem.
Celia. I know you are angr
I 'll ask no more such questio
Dem.
I can no longer stay.
Celia. They
How fain you would leave
Dem.
Unless a greater power tha
Commands my life, mine h
Celia.
Dem. Prithee, farewell,
Celia. I would not ha
venturous——
But, good sweet prince, p
But do not thrust this bo

49 *You may choose*] i. e. have
Compare the Governess in III.
52 [Drums, etc.] Not in Ff.
53 *but*] Ff, MS. In answer
'Celia means to say, that the d
make them march; and accord
says, "Hark, they march now
56 *Commands my life, mine*
semicolon at the close of the p
an inversion for 'mine honour
Ff which Theobald alone rep
greater power than love could
as it does, my life.'

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'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek wounds, sir;
For every drop of blood you bleed——
Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful. [*Drums beat a march.*
Celia. My heart, that loves ye dearly——
Dem. Prithee, no more; we must part: hark, they march now!
Celia. Pox on these bawling drums! I am sure you 'll kiss me;
But one kiss? What a parting's this!
Dem. Here, take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forget the trust——
Celia. I have done: farewell, sir!
Never look back; you shall not stay, not a minute.
Dem. I must have one farewell more.
Celia. No, the drums beat;
I dare not slack your honour; not a hand more!
Only this look: the gods preserve and save ye!
[*Exeunt severally.*

63 Drums beat a march] MS. Drome agen. Ff Drums a March.
65 *Pox*] MS. has *Fye:* but we have already had the former exclamation put into the mouth of a lady; see *Custom of the Country*, III. iv. 16. 'Pox o' this stale courtship!' (Dyce.)
73 Exeunt sevarally] MS. only.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, CHARINTHUS, *and* TIMON.

Ant. What, have you found her out?
Char. We have hearken'd after her.
Ant. What 's that to my desire?
Char. Your grace must give us
Time and a little means.
Tim. She is, sure, a stranger:
If she were bred or known here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours
Should never be employ'd: how are you certain
She is a stranger?
Tim. Being so young and handsome,
And not made privy to your grace's pleasures;
For, I presume, under your gracious favour,
You have not yet, sir——
Ant. What, sir?
Tim. As they say, sir,
Made any sally on her, or delighted
Your royal body——
Ant. You prate like a coxcomb.
Tim. Sure, I think I do, sir; but, howsoever,
I speak within my compass: in these matters
That concern party and party, and no farther,
That reach but to the mere instruction
And garnishing of youth——
Ant. You 'll hold your prating?
Tim. I know not: for these twenty years, I am sure
on 't,

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I think I have done so, and I think I have fitted you;
And, if a coxcomb can do these things handsomer——

Enter MENIPPUS.

Ant. Welcome, Menippus!
Men. I have found her, sir;
I mean, the place she is lodged in: her name is Celia;
And much ado I had to purchase that too.
Ant. Dost think Demetrius loves her?
Men. Much I fear it;
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I 'll tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A stranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how should he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.
Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife?
Men. No, sir; I am going to her.
Ant. Go, and despatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out ye can.
Men. I 'll do my best, sir.
[*Exeunt* ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS *severally.*
Tim. Blest be thy wife! thou wert an arrant ass else.
Char. Ay, she is a stirring woman indeed; there 's a brain, brother!
Tim. There 's not a handsome wench of any mettle
Within an hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confident to court as to a sanctuary.
What had his mouldy brains ever arrived at,
Had not she beaten it out o' the flint to fasten him?
Char. They say she keeps an office of concealments.

36 *thy wife*] i. e. that of Menippus, Leucippe.
41 *confident*] So MS. Ff *confidently.*
43 *beaten it out o' the flint to fasten him*] i. e. found beauty in impossible quarters to enchain Antigonus.
44 Char.] So MS. Ff omitting this prefix make it the seventh line of Timon's

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Tim. There is no young wench, let her be a saint,
(Unless she live i' the centre) but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her.
If my wife would have follow'd her course, Charinthus,
Her lucky course,—I had the day before him,—
Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother!
But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,
These things of honest thrift, groans, 'Oh, my conscience!
The load upon my conscience!' when, to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burden than a brood-goose, brother.
But let 's do what we can: though this wench fail us,
Another of a new way will be look'd at.
Come, let 's abroad, and beat our brains: time may,
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The field of battle. Drums and alarums within.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus: give me way, sir;
I shall forget you love me else.
Leon. Will ye lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing,
So you, and those we have preserved from slaughter,
Come safely off.
Dem. I have lost myself——
Leon. You are cozen'd.
Dem. And am most miserable.
Leon. There's no man so,
But he that makes himself so.
Dem. I will go on.

45 *There is*] Ff. MS. *There's.*
46 *the centre*] of the earth, as often.
54 *brood-goose*] F1, MS.; F2 misprints *brood-goose*. The brood-goose must have laid, before she can sit upon, her eggs. Romeo's 'far and wide a

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Leon. You must not: I shall tell you, then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern
That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,
That have not so much manly sufferance left ye
To bear a loss!
Dem. Charge but once more, Leontius:
My friends and my companions are engaged all.
Leon. Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their arms; nor could then
The policy nor strength of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And shall I live to know this, and stand fooling?
Leon. By my dead father's soul, you stir not, sir!
Or, if you do, you make your way through me first.
Dem. Thou art a coward.
Leon. To prevent a madman.
None but your father's son durst call me so:
'Death, if he did—— Must I be scandall'd by ye,
That hedged in all the helps I had to save ye?
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedged it,
For fear it should bite you? am I a coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the king's son;
Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction,—
You cannot miss the way; be bravely desperate,
As your young friends before ye, that lost this battle,
Your honourable friends that knew no order;
Cry out, 'Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
The wise and fortunate Antigonus,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,
To bury in an hour his age of honour!'
Dem. I am ashamed.

15 *give 'em lost*] F. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii, 96: 'Your favour I do give lost.'
18 *live to know*] So MS. Ff simply *know*.
19 *dead*] 'Silently altered by Theobald to *dear*; and so Weber' (Dyce).
23 *'Death,*] Ff. MS. *Sure.*
29 *Hang all*] MS. *hang out.* Weber notes the anachronism of attributing this chivalrous custom to antiquity, as also that of the dying knight commending his soul to God and his lady, l. 80, below. Compare the mention of gun and pistol in IV. iv.
32 *As*] So MS. Ff *And.*
33 *knew*] Ff. MS. *know*

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Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye;
The coward will not long be after ye:
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely-spirited,
How young and fair he fell. We 'll all go with ye;
And ye shall see us all, like sacrifices,
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin.
Will this faith satisfy your folly? can this shew ye,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt Fortune, now she has held ye,
Held you, from sinking, up——
Dem. Pray, do not kill me:
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,
The smarting wounds of loss.
Leon. Ye are too tender:
Fortune has hours of loss and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both: take comfort;
The next is ours; I have a soul descries it:
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memory,
And we shall find a time——

Enter LIEUTENANT *wounded.*

How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I know not; we are maul'd; we are bravely beaten;
All our young gallants lost.
Leon. Thou art hurt.
Lieut. I am pepper'd:
I was i' the midst of all, and bang'd of all hands;
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;

40 *The coward*] In allusion to Demetrius' reproach, l. 21.
41 *saw you*] MS. *see ye.*
47 *In our best trim*] The author was thinking here of Shakespeare's *Henry IV. Part I.*, IV. i.—
'They come *like sacrifices in their trim.*' (Dyce.)

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Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have famed it;
I have got immortal fame: but I 'll no more on 't;
I 'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil 's in 't,
I crawl'd away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily:
But now I have nothing near so much pain, colonel;
They have sliced me for that malady.

Dem. All the young men lost?

Lieut. I am glad you are here; but they are all i' the pound, sir;
They 'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it:
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
And such careering with their mistress' favours!
And here must he be pricking out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit*;
Another spurs in there, cries, 'Make room, villains!
I am a lord!' scarce spoken, but, with reverence,
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him—
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!

Leon. Now, sir,
Do you find this truth?

Dem. I would not.

Lieut. Pox upon it!
They have such tender bodies too, such cullises,
That one good handsome blow breaks 'em a-pieces.

Leon. How stands the enemy?

68 *such scratching saint*] i. e. ill-tempered mistress (II. v. 15), one whose service brings such scratches.

78 *pricking out*] i. e. spurring out in front, against which Leontius warned them, I. i. 328-30.

79 *pilgarlick*] Johnson says 'a sneaking or hen-hearted fellow'; but from *The Merry Adventure of the Pardonere and Tapster at the Inn at Canterbury* (quoted by *The Cent. Dict.* from Urry's *Chaucer*) l. 122: 'And ye shul here how the tapster made the pardonere *pull garlik* al the long nyghte, for the more chere she made of love, the falser was her lay'—the real force of the expression for one who has to swallow the unpalatable, is fooled, or gets the worst of a bout, becomes apparent. In Skelton's *Why Come ye not to Court* (1522), l. 106, quoted by *N.E.D.*, 'pyll garlycke' is enumerated among petty functions, as opposed to those of real authority. We might paraphrase 'toy-soldier.'

85 *Pox upon it*] Omitted in MS. but [illegible]

Lieut. Even cool enough too ;
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated ;
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.
Leon. He marches not i' the tail on 's ?
Lieut. No ; plague take him !
He 'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals ; and, ten to one, colonel,
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes——
Leon. Thou art merry,
Howe'er the game goes.—Good sir, be not troubled ;
A better day will draw this back again ;
Pray, go and cheer those left, and lead 'em off ;
They are hot and weary.
Dem. I 'll do anything. [*Exit.*
Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To the king, and let him know our state ; and, hark ye,
Be sure the messenger advise his majesty
To comfort up the prince ; he 's full of sadness.
Lieut. When shall I get a surgeon ? this hot weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, colonel.
Leon. Go ; I 'll prepare thee one.
Lieut. If ye catch me, then,
Fighting again, I 'll eat hay with a horse.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The capital. A room in the house of MENIPPUS. LEUCIPPE *reading, and two* Maids *at a table writing.*

Leu. Have ye written to Merione ?
First Maid. Yes, madam.
Leu. And let her understand the hopes she has,
If she come speedily ?

90 *juleps*] Cf. *Scornful Lady* II, ii. 164, 'this cooling julap,' etc.
91 Leon.] MS. Dem.
91 *No ; plague take him*] Ff. MS. *Noe, noe, hang him.*

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First Maid. All these are specified,
Leu. And of the chain is sent her, and the rich stuff to make her shew more handsome here?
First Maid. All this is done, madam.
Leu. What have you despatch'd there?
Sec. Maid. A letter to the country maid, an 't please ye.
Leu. A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish. Have ye bought the embroider'd gloves and the purse for her, and the new curl?
Sec. Maid. They are ready pack'd up, madam.
Leu. Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now—
[*She turns over a book.*
She is not fifteen, they say—for her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe—here I have her—*Cloe,*
The daughter of a country gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen: now her complexion—
A lovely brown—here 'tis—*eyes black and rolling;*
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
Sings most enticingly: these helps consider'd,
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely.
Her father's poor; some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.—
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?
First Maid. I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom she is?
First Maid. Very well, madam;
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.
Leu. Those kind are subtle.
Did she not cry and blubber when you urged her!
First Maid. Oh, most extremely! and swore she would rather perish.
Leu. Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of easy nature.
Had she the plate?
First Maid. She look'd upon 't, and left it;

8 *plaguy*] Ff. MS. *very.* 9 *the purse*] MS. Ff *that purse.*
12 She turns . . . book] MS. only.

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And turn'd again and view'd it.
Leu. Very well still,
First Maid. At length she was content to let it lie there,
Till I call'd for 't, or so.
Leu. She will come?
First Maid. Do you take me
For such a fool, I would part without that promise?
Leu. The chamber next the park.
Sec. Maid. The widow, madam,
You bad me look upon?
Leu. Hang her, she is musty;
She is no man's meat: besides, she is poor and sluttish.
Where lies old Thisbe now? you are so long now!
Sec. Maid. Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent Thisbe—oh, I have her;
She lies now in Nicopolis.
Leu. Despatch a packet
And tell her, her superior here commands her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use some twenty young and handsome,
As also able, maids, for the court service,
As she will answer it: we are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to vend it.
[*Knock within.*
Who 's that? look out; follow your business, maid;
There 's nothing got by idleness. [*Exit* First Maid.

---

left at his house as a bribe: cf. his own confession (1621), art. 9. (*Life and Letters*, vii. 255.)

36 *chamber*] So MS. and F1, in spite of Dyce who makes here one of his so rare textual inaccuracies. Q1 which usually follows F1 has *chambers*, F2 *chamber's*.

36 *widow*] MS., Ff; but Q1 (unfollowed) *window*.

37 *bad*] Q1, F2. MS., F1 *bid*.

39 *so long*] F2 and MS. F2 *so, so long*.

40 *This*] Not in MS. F2 prints the name in full for the third time.

48 *blown*] Weber explains 'fly-blown.' More probably it means 'past the bud.' In II. iv. 88 the young men who have been made captive are called 'unripe . . . unblown.'

48 [Knock within] Ff, om. MS.

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There is a lady,
Which if I can but buckle with—Altea—
[*She turns over the book.*
A, A, A, A.—*Altea, young and married,*
And a great lover of her husband—well—
Not to be brought to court. Say ye so? I am sorry:
The court shall be brought to you, then.

Re-enter First Maid.

How now! who is 't?

First Maid. An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little money,
It seems, she would put her to your bringing-up, madam.

Leu. Let her come in.

[First Maid *brings in* Country Woman *and* PHŒBE.
Would you aught with us, good woman?
I pray, be short; we are full of business.

C. Wom. I have a tender girl here, an't please your honour——

Leu. Very well.

C. Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

Leu. It may be so: I am full of maids.

C. Wom. She is young, forsooth; and for her truth, and, as they say, her bearing—

Leu. Ye say well.—Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulse:
'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow stronger.
Let me see your leg;—she treads but low i' the pasterns.

C. Wom. A cork heel, madam——

Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman. What do you pitch her at?

51 She turns . . . book] MS. only.

52 *A, A, A, A,*] 'The list was alphabetical, which accounts for her repeating the letter A in this manner when she is looking for *Altea*.' Weber.

56-90 First Maid. *An . . . instruct 'em.*] Reluctantly we follow F2 and Dyce, who print the whole scene as verse: we except, however, ll. 4-5, 9-11, 61-7, 84-90.

59 First Maid . . . Phœbe] No s. d. in MS.: Enter Woman and Phœbe. Ff.

68 *Come ye*] MS. simply *come*.

72 *aim*] Ff, i. e. guess, suggestion. MS. *helpe*.

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She 's but a slight toy; cannot hold out long.
C. Wom. Even what you think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten crowns; we are full of business:
She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese home.
Enter the wench i' the office.
[*Exeunt* C. Woman *and* First Maid.
Sec. Maid. What 's your name, sister?
Phœbe. Phœbe, forsooth.
Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well:
Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phœbe.
[*Exit* PHŒBE.
Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I 'll put her into action for a waistcoat:
And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace
Shall sail for gold, and good store too. [*Knock within.*
Who 's there?
Lord, shall we never have any ease in this world? Still troubled! still molested!

Enter MENIPPUS.

What would you have? I cannot furnish you faster than I am able; an ye were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it. At least a dozen posts are gone this morning for several parts of the kingdom; I can do no more but pay 'em, and instruct 'em.
Men. Prithee, good sweetheart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;

73 *She 's but a slight toy*, etc.] ' "This examination," says Sir Richard Steele, "of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy, though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's baseness more odious." ' *Spectator*, vol. iv., No. 266. (Reed.)

77, 80 Exeunt, etc.] Exit Ph.] Ff. Om. MS.

80 *Let my old velvet skirt*, etc.] So punctuated in Ff (except that F1 has a full stop at the end of the first line) and so by the modern editors. MS. punctuates:

'Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her
(I 'll put her into action) for a waistcoat.'

I have preferred the folio reading, thinking it better to suppose that Leucippe intends Phœbe forthwith to *earn* her waistcoat, rather than that she means her old skirt to be translated into one.

83 Knock within] Ff. No s. d. in MS.

83 *Who 's there?*] So Ff. MS. *Who 's that there?*

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I know, thou labour'st truly: hark in thine ear. [*Whispers.*
Leu. Ha!
What do you make so dainty on 't? look there;
I am an ass, I can do nothing! [*Shewing him a book.*
Men. [*Reads.*] *Celia!*—Ay, this is she—*a stranger born.*
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prithee, my best Leucippe—there's much hangs on 't.—
[*Reads.*] *Lodged at the end of Mars's Street*—that 's true, too—
At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,
Preserved a prisoner; and by prince Demetrius
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd.—
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poor weak man,
I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleeping)
Abroad, and full of business.
Men. You never tried her?
Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedged in
By the prince's infinite love and favour to her—
Men. She is a handsome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof-arms herself.
Men. Come in, then:
I have a great design from the king to you,
And you must work like wax now.
Leu. On this lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some note: old as I am,
I think my brains will yet work without barm.—
Take up the books.
Men. As we go in, I 'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

93, 96, 99 Whispers] Reads] Not in old eds.
94 *What*] i. e. for what, why. Cf. *The Night-walker*, IV. v., 'What do I instance these?' *make so dainty on 't*, make such a secret of it.
95 Shewing . . . book] Not in old eds.
104 *art*] Ff.
109 *proof-arms herself*] arms herself in proof.

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SCENE IV.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, TIMON, Lords, *and a* Soldier.

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him),
Nor no man miss a friend: I know his nature
So deep impress'd with grief for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.—
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?
Sol. Faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion.
The young men, out of heat——
Ant. I guess the manner.
First Lord. The prince, an 't like your grace.

Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, *and* LIEUTENANT.

Ant. You are welcome home, sir!
Come, no more sorrow: I have heard your fortune,
And I myself have tried the like: clear up, man;
I will not have ye take it thus. If I doubted
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Basely besought their mercies——
Leon. No, no; by this hand, sir,
We fought like honest and tall men.
Ant. I know 't, Leontius.—Or if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with ye,
Or too-vain glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd——
Leon. None of these, sir;
He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. These being granted,
Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,
That nought but discontent dwells round about ye?

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I have lost a battle.
Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as much means as man——
Leon. Or devil could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one, of our side now.
Leon. Turn tables;
Beaten like dogs again, like owls. You take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And, to say truth, 'twas no flight neither, sir;
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I have tumbled,
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,
And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver,
Bloodied and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad shaver;
He fights his share, I am sure, whene'er he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,
And cry, 'The devil take the hindmost ever!'
Lieut. I learn'd it of my betters.
Leon. Boudge at this?
Ant. Has Fortune but one face?
Lieut. In her best vizard,
Methinks, she looks but lousily.
Ant. 'Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,
And lost my people, left mine honour murder'd,

23 *I have lost a battle*] Without authority we feel tempted to assign these words to Demetrius, to whom Leontius' response would be much more appropriate.

25 *of*] i. e. on, to which Theobald and Colman altered it.

26 *Beaten like dogs*, etc.] MS., Ff, i. e. and then they are beaten like dogs. Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes very plausibly to read *Beat em' like dogs*, etc. (Dyce.)

28 *truth*] MS., F1; F2 *the truth;* and so Theobald and Colman.

31 *an arming quiver*] i. e. a *full* quiver, donned with the armour.

32 *Bloodied*] MS. Ff *Blouded.*

35 *tithly*] i. e. tightly, smartly. The three first edd. gave *tightly.* Dyce compares *Loyal Subject*, III. iv. 'She goes tith': and in *Mad Lover*, III. iii. 17, corrects 'a tother' of F1 to 'a tither . . . and more yare.'

37 *Boudge*] Colman and Nares regard the word as equivalent in sense to 'budge' (Fr. *bouger*), to stir or move off, though used here of the emotions to 'start,' 'be moved at.' Mason and Gifford wanted to read *Boude* as if from Fr. *bouder*, to pout, be out of humour: but it seems doubtful whether this word was ever Anglicised.

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My maiden honour, never to be ransomed,
(Which to a noble soul, is too too sensible,)
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,
And new swords cut new ways to nobler fortunes:
But I have lost——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loss.
Dem. Oh, sir, forgive me!
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred with me;
I have lost myself (they were the pieces of me);
I have lost all arts (my schools are taken from me),
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!
I lived to see these men lost, look'd upon it;
These men that twined their loves to mine, their virtues;
Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not save 'em!
This carries sulphur in 't, this burns and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory.
Ant. This was hard fortune; but, if alive and taken,
They shall be ransomed, let it be at millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead!
Lieut. When would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leon. Good prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: the enemy,
Though he be hot and keen, yet holds good quarter.——
[*A joyful shout within.*
What noise is this?
Lieut. He does not follow us?
Give me a steeple-top!

Enter Gentlemen.

Leon. They live, they live, sir!
Ant. Hold up your manly face: they live; they are here, son.
Dem. These are the men!
First Gent. They are; and live to honour ye.

44 *My maiden*, etc,] This line not in MS.
49 *But*] So MS. Ff *O.*
65 *holds good quarter*] admits to quarter easily.

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Dem. How scaped ye, noble friends? methought, I saw ye
Even in the jaws of Death.
Sec. Gent. Thanks to our folly
That spurr'd us on: we were indeed hedged round in 't;
And, even beyond the hand of succour, beaten,
Unhorsed, disarm'd: and what we look'd for then, sir,
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll,
And see the grave a-digging, tell.
Dem. For heaven sake
Delude mine eyes no longer! how came ye off?
First Gent. Against all expectation. The brave Seleucus,
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,
When through the troops he saw ye shoot like lightning,
And at your manly courage all take fire;
And after that, the misery we fell to,
The never certain fate of war, considering;
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,
Nothing but death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes:
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cried out to us,
'Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,
To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius;
Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against me
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,
Deserves even from an enemy this courtesy,
Your lives and arms; freely I give 'em: thank him.'
And thus we are return'd, sir.
Leon. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done. Was 't not a noble part, sir?
Lieut. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on 't:
These noble tricks, I never durst trust 'em yet.

76 *heaven sake*] MS., F1. F2 *Heavens sake.*
81 *take*] So MS. Ff *took.*
84 *all*] MS. *then.*
86 *made a stand upon*] stopped to consider.
95 *I*] So MS. The folios *I'le* and *I'll.*
95 *him*] i. e. not me.
98 *up had I gone*] i. e. I should have been strung up.

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Leon. Let me not live, an 'twere not a famed honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way! Now would I wish, Heaven,
But e'en the happiness, e'en that poor blessing,
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But e'en i' the head o' the field to take Seleucus!
I should do something memorable.—Fie, sad still?
First Gent. Do you grieve we are come off?
Dem. Unransomed was it?
Sec. Gent. It was, sir.
Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said ye not so?
Leon. Ye have heard it.
Dem. Oh, Leontius!
Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,
All my father's hopes!
Leon. Mercy upon you!
What ail ye, sir? 'Death, do not make fools on 's!
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?
That 's a fine hornpipe.
Ant. What 's now your grief, Demetrius?
Dem. Did he not beat us twice?
Leon. He beat a pudding!
Beat us but once.
Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a coward;
Beat me to nothing!
Lieut. Is not the devil in him?
Leon. I pray it be no worse.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me!
Leon. Bear witness all the world, I am a dunce here.

100 *honesty*] 'Is here used in the sense of *honnêteté* in French, and means a liberal, generous proceeding.' Mason.

102 *poor*] Ff. MS. *pure.* 105 *still*] MS. adds *sir.*

108 Leon.] MS. Gent; and rightly perhaps. (Dyce.)

111 *ail ye sir? 'Death*] *ayle ye? pray* MS. *ayle ye Sir? 'Death*, F1. *ails you, Sir? Death*, F2.

112 *Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?*] 'We suppose this to have been a familiar old saying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleased neither way; being distressed at their loss, and grieved at their recovery.' (Colman.) The mention of 'hornpipe' in this connection suggests S. Matt. xi. 17.

114–5 *He beat a pudding! Beat us but once.*] So arranged in both the folios, as also in MS., which omits *He.* The modern editors make these words a single line (Dyce). For the substitution of 'a pudding' in way of ridicule, cf. *A King and no King*, I. i. 8, 'Set thee perdu for a pudding.'

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Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour:
That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou not feel it?
Leon. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.
Dem. All these gentlemen
That were his prisoners—
Leon. Yes; he set 'em free, sir,
With arms and honour.
Dem. There, there; now thou hast it:
At mine own weapon, courtesy, h'as beaten me,
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd me;
Hotter than all the dint o' the fight he has charged me:
Am I not now a wretched fellow? think on 't;
And when thou hast examined all ways honourable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.
Ant. I have observed your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as Demetrius:
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;
I and my power will sink first. You, Leontius,
Wait for a new commission: ye shall out again,
And instantly; you shall not lodge this night here;
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with ye,
Before you be i' the field. The enemy is up still,
And still in full design: charge him again, son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy body by him.
Dem. Now ye raise me;
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.
Leon. Ay, ay, sir; I am thinking who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight, and who we shall give to the devil.—
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I say nothing.——
[*Aside.*] Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,

120 Struck] MS. strake

Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes against my stomach.
Dem. Good sir, presently!
You cannot do your son so fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll see ye march away too.——
Come, get your men together presently, Leontius,
And press where 't please you, as you march.
Leon. We go, sir.
Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring ye to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.
Dem. Ye love me.
[*Exeunt* ANT., DEM., TIM., *and* Lords.
Leon. Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant.
Lieut. Hark ye, sir;
I have a foolish business they call marriage——
Leon. After the wars are done.
Lieut. The party stays, sir;
I have given the priest his money too: all my friends, sir,
My father and my mother——
Leon. Will you go forward?
Lieut. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leon. Half a dozen bastards.
Lieut. Some forty, sir——
Leon. A goodly company.
Lieut. I mean, sir, pounds a year. I'll despatch the matter;
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake ye, sir.
Leon. The two old legions? yes.—Where lies the horse-quarter?
Lieut. And, if it be a boy, I'll even make bold, sir——
Leon. Away with your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,

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Now you are cured and well, must ye be clicketing?
Lieut. I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my absence,
He's a sufficient gentleman.
Leon. Get forward.
Lieut. Only receive her portion!
Leon. Get ye forward;
By this good light, I'll bang you forward.
Lieut. Strange, sir,
A gentleman and an officer cannot have the liberty
To do the office of a man.
Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieut. This whore, sir!
'Tis strange, a poor whore——
Leon. Do not answer me:
Troop, troop, away! do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore——
Lieut. That 's very hard, sir.
Leon. For, if thou dost,—look to 't,—I'll have thee gelded.
I'll walk ye out before me: not a word more! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in the house of MENIPPUS.

Enter LEUCIPPE *and* Governess.

Leu. Ye are the mistress of the house, ye say,
Where this young lady lies?
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose.

173 *clicketing*] Halliwell gives it as a 'term applied to a fox when *maris appetens*.' Weber says a clicket is a latch-key, and quotes *The Marchantes Tale*, 873.

'This fresshe May, that I spak of so yore,
In warme wex hath emprented the cliket,
That Januarie bar of the smale wiket.'

Cotgrave gives '*Cliquet*, the ring knocker, or hammer of a door,' but the word is also used to-day of a catch or cog to fit into the teeth of a wheel.

174 *ancient*] i. e. ensign. Dyce refers to *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V. ii. 'Ancient, let your colours fly.'

177 *By this good light*] MS. Ff merely *Else*.

179 *Shame light on thee*] MS. *Out upon thee*.

v. 1 Governess] Ff. Hostisse. MS. and elsewhere.

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When was the prince with her? answer me directly.
Gov. Not since he went a-warring.
Leu. Very well, then:
What carnal copulation are you privy to
Between these two? Be not afraid; we are women,
And may talk thus amongst ourselves: no harm in 't.
Gov. No, sure, there's no harm in 't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwise given than a hopeful gentlewoman——
Leu. You 'll grant me, the prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with ye;
And (the gods bless him!) promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there awhile. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extremely;
And truly makes a very saint of her.
Leu. I should think now,
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with me;
I see 'tis none of the worst—come, sit down by me,)
That these two cannot love so tenderly——
Gov. Being so young as they are too——
Leu. You say well—
But that, methinks, some further promises——
Gov. Yes, yes;
I have heard the prince swear he would marry her.
Leu. Very well still. They do not use to fall out?
Gov. Heaven knows, the tenderest chickens to one another!
They cannot live an hour asunder.
Leu. I have done, then;
And be you gone. You know your charge, and do it:
You know whose will it is: if you transgress it,
That is, if any have access, or see her,
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——
Gov. Not the prince, madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I 'll assure ye.
Gov. But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey ye.
Leu. Away, and to your business, then!
Gov. 'Tis done, madam. [*Exeunt severally.*

9 *there's*] Ff. MS. *there is.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

The garden of the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS.

Ant. Thou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet, Menippus,
You understand not of what blood and country?
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it,
A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this language.
Ant. Is she so excellent handsome?
Men. Most enticing.
Ant. Sold for a prisoner?
Men. Yes, sir; some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say extremely.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented, then. Yes, I perceived it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desired an hour, but half an hour, a minute;
Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business;
I knew 'twas she he hunted on: this journey, man,
I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended,
And would not give him time to breathe. When comes she?
Men. This morning, sir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight, then;
For I would have her tried to the test: I know
She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffic;
Which when we have found, the shame will make him leave her;
Or we shall work a nearer way: I 'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.

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You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes: and, do you hear, Menippus,
Observe her with all sweetness; humour her;
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.
Men. I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The lodgings of CELIA.

Enter CELIA *and* Governess.

Celia. Governess, from whom was this gown sent me?
Prithee, be serious, true: I will not wear 't else:
'Tis a handsome one.
Gov. As though you knew not!
Celia. No, faith:
But I believe, for certain too—yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: does it please you?
Celia. 'Tis very rich, methinks, too, Prithee, tell me.
Gov. From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady;
These are no gifts to be put off with poutings.
Celia. Poutings, and gifts! is it from any stranger?
Gov. You are so curious that there is no talk to ye.
What if it be, I pray ye?
Celia. Unpin, good governess;
Quick, quick.
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Celia. Quick, good governess:

24 *Observe her*] i. e. obsequiously attend on her (Dyce).
25 *lie*] Ff. MS. *be.*

ii. 1 Celia] 'The honesty of Celia's conduct, her inviolable affection to the Prince, her jealousy of being decoyed by the base Court-agents, and her absolute defiance to all addresses whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole character.' Theobald.
1 *from whom*] MS. *from whence.*
3 *knew*] So MS. Ff *know.*

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Fie on 't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!
A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess!
I vow, I would not wear it—out! it smells musty,—
Are these your tricks?—now I begin to smell it,
Abominable musty. Will you help me?
The prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, sure?
Celia. As I live, I 'll cut it off: a pox upon it!
For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries?
Stales to catch kites? dost thou laugh too, thou base woman?
Gov. I cannot choose, if I should be hang'd.
Celia. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuse ye:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that 's thirsty?
You want clothes; is it such a heinous sin, I beseech ye,
To see you stored?
Celia. There is no greater wickedness
Than this way.
Gov. What way?
Celia. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: and take heed, woman;
My curses never miss.
Gov. Curse him that sent it.
Celia. Tell but his name——
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Dare not!
By this fair light——
Gov. You are so full of passion——
Celia. Dare not be good! be honest! dare not curse him?
Gov. I think you dare not; I believe so.
Celia. Speak him.

16 *trick*] MS. *trap.*
16 *Well said*] 'Equivalent to—Well done, as in *The Maid's Tragedy*, I. ii. 3. —the Governess having begun, though reluctantly, to give some slight assistance in unpinning the gown' (Dyce).
18 *now I begin to smell it*] MS. *how I begin to sweatt now!*
21 *a pox upon it*] MS. *out upon it!* See note on I. ii. 65.
23 *Stales*] birds, live or imitation, to decoy others. G. Markham's *Mysteries of Husbandry*, p. 249, 'if you cannot get conveniently a live stale, shoot a lark.'
32–3 Celia. *Dare not!* . . . *of passion*] Not in MS.
35–7 Celia. *Speak him* . . . *hang me!*] Not in MS.

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Gov. Up with your valour, then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.
Celia. If I do not, hang me!
Tell but his name.
Gov. 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:
Now, now, give fire; kill him i' th' eye now, lady!
Celia. Is he come home?
Gov. It seems so. But your curse now!
Celia. You do not lie, I hope.
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Prithee, do not abuse me; is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.
Gov. Nay, you may choose. Alas, I deal for strangers,
That send ye scurvy, musty gowns, stale liveries!
I have my tricks!
Celia. 'Tis a good gown, a handsome one:
I did but jest. Where is he?
Gov. He that sent it——
Celia. How! he that sent it! is 't come to that again?
Thou can'st not be so foolish: prithee, speak out;
I may mistake thee.
Gov. I said he that sent it——
Celia. Curse o' my life, why dost thou vex me thus?
I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou not?
I charge thee speak truth: if it be any other——
Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and the justice.
His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman,
Thou beastly woman! and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensibly, I am no ward,

39 *kill him i' th' eye now*] MS. omits *now*. So in *Philaster:* 'He forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he *killed in the eye.*' [Act IV. ii. 17.] (Weber.) Colman's note on the passage in *Philaster* regards it as a term of reproach, the heart being the hunter's proper mark.

41 Celia. *You do . . . curse him*] Not in MS.

44 *you may choose*] i. e. have your own way, an expression implying annoyance, as in I. ii. 49.

51 *Curse o' my life*] MS. *Beshrew thy hart.*

54–6 *and the justice . . . spiteful woman*] Ff. MS. *and the Justice, / his angry will, if ere he come to know this, / as he shall, he shall, thou spightfull woman.*

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No sale stuff for your money-merchants that sent it.
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——
Gov. What you please;
For this is ever the reward of service.
The prince shall bring the next himself.
Celia. 'Tis strange
That you should deal so peevishly: beshrew ye,
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am sure ye have kill'd me;
I ne'er received such language; I can but wait upon ye,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve ye.
Celia. You know my nature is too easy, governess;
And you know now I am sorry too. How does he?
Gov. Oh, God, my head!
Celia. Prithee, be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me since he came? nay, see now,
If thou wilt leave this tyranny! good, sweet governess,
Did he but name his Celia?—look upon me;
Upon my faith I meant no harm: here, take this,
And buy thyself some trifles—did he, good wench?
Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.
Celia. That's my good governess!
Gov. There's more clothes making for ye.
Celia. More clothes!
Gov. More;
Richer and braver; I can tell ye that news;
And twenty glorious things.
Celia. To what use, sirrah?
Gov. Ye are too good for our house now: we, poor wretches,
Shall lose the comfort of ye.
Celia. No, I hope not.

59 *sale stuff*] We prefer this, the reading of Ff, to *stale stuff*, the reading of the MS., though Weber anticipated the latter by conjecture.
59 *money-merchants*] MS. *money marts.*
60 *dare . . . durst*] MS. *dares . . . darst.*
67 *my nature is too easy*] i. e. I yield too easily to impulse. Cf. II. iii. 30.
69 Gov. *Oh, God, my head!* etc.] A recollection of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, II. v.
'*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches!', etc. (Dyce). MS. has *Oh, my head, my head!*
77 *braver*] i. e. finer, more splendid.
78 *sirrah*] used to a woman in *The Loyal Subject*, II. ii. 38, 'Sirrah Petesca,' and *Ant. and Cleo.* V. ii. 229.

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Gov. For ever lose ye, lady.
Celia. Lose me! wherefore?
I hear of no such thing.
Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so:
You must shine now at court: such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——
Celia. To the court, wench!
Was it to the court, thou saidst?
Gov. You'll find it so.
Celia. Stay, stay; this cannot be.
Gov. I say, it must be.
I hope to find ye still the same good lady.
Celia. To the court! this stumbles me. Art sure for me, wench,
This preparation is?
Gov. [*Aside.*] She is perilous crafty;
I fear, too honest for us all too.—[*Aloud.*] Am I sure I live?
Celia. To the court! this cannot down: what should I do there?
Why should he on a sudden change his mind thus,
And not make me acquainted?—(sure, he loves me)—
His vow was made against it, and mine with him;
At least, while this king lived. He will come hither,
And see me, ere I go?
Gov. [*Aside.*] Would some wise woman
Had her in working! [*Aloud.*] That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet ye.
You shall hear more within this hour.
Celia. A courtier!
What may that meaning be? Sure he will see me
If he be come; he must. Hark ye, good governess;
What age is the king of?
Gov. [*Aside.*] Now the devil's in her!——

84-7 *To the court, wench!* etc.

. . . . . .

I hope to find you still the same good lady] MS. has:

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He 's an old man, and full of business.
Celia. I fear, too full indeed. What ladies are there?
I would be loath to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire;
And, when you are acquainted, the best company!
Celia. 'Tis very well. Prithee, go in; let's talk more;——
[*Aside.*] For, though I fear a trick, I 'll bravely try it.
Gov. [*Aside.*] I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Near the field of battle.

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* LEONTIUS *running after him.*

Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah: are you running?
Have you gotten a toy in your heels? is this a season,
When honour pricks ye on, to prick your ears up
After your whore, your hobby-horse!
Lieut. Why, look ye now;
What a strange man are you! Would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike?
Leon. Do but fight something,
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to 't!
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.
Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out: I thank ye heartily;
Ye are my dear friend.
Leon. What a devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?
Lieut. Faith, sir, I make no suit for 't:
But, rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling——
Leon. Art thou not he

1 running after him] Only in MS.
1 *running*] Mason wanted to read *rutting* as more consonant with the rest of the speech.
8 *but*] Omitted in F2.

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(I may be cozen'd)——
Lieut. [*Aside.*] I shall be discover 'd.
Leon. That, in the midst of thy most hellish pains,
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at wonders?
When thou wert mad with pain?
Lieut. Ye have found the cause out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else: I confess, sir,
The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,
Make me as daily careless what became of me,
Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eased me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my life: methinks, now,
It shew'd as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.
Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?
Lieut. I' the mind I am in.
Leon. Nor never be sick again?
Lieut. I hope I shall not.
Leon. Prithee, be sick again; prithee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.
Lieut. I 'll just be hang'd first.
Leon. If all the arts that are can make a colic
(Therefore look to 't), or if imposthumes (mark me)
As big as footballs——
Lieut. Heaven deliver me!
Leon. Or stones of ten pound weight i' the kidneys,
Through ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,
I 'll feed ye up myself, sirrah; I 'll prepare ye:
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear ye?
You shall not want provocatives; I 'll scratch ye;
I 'll have thee have the tooth-ache and the headache——
Lieut. Good colonel, I 'll do any thing.
Leon. No, no, nothing:—
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths' bellows,

18 *mad*] repeated from l. 17, perhaps with pun on *made*.
24 *shew'd*] So MS.—Ff *shews*.

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(Because ye shall be sure to have a round gale with ye,)
Fill'd full of oil o' devil and aquafortis;
And let these work; these may provoke.
Lieut. Good colonel—
Leon. A coward in full blood! Prithee, be plain with me;
Will roasting do thee any good?
Lieut. Nor basting neither, sir.
Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter First Gentleman.

First Gent. Where are you, colonel?
The prince expects you, sir: h'as hedged the enemy
Within a strait, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a passage:
He has 'em now.
Leon. I knew all this before, sir;
I chalk'd him out his way. But do you see that thing there?
Lieut. Nay, good sweet colonel,—I 'll fight a little.
Leon. That thing?
First Gent. What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.
Leon. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost!
Lieut. You may help it;
Yet you may help 't: I 'll do ye any courtesy;
I know you love a wench well.

Enter Second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him.
Do you look too.
Sec. Gent. What should I look on?
I come to tell ye, the prince stays your direction:
We have 'em now i' the coop, sir.
Leon. Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their miseries. But, look first——
Lieut. I cannot fight, for all this.
Leon. Look on this fellow.
Sec. Gent. I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave Lieutenant.

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Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off
Quickly, behind me quickly; neatly do it;
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,
And, if thou kill'st but two——
Lieut. You may excuse me;
'Tis not my fault; I dare not fight.
Leon. Be ruled yet;
I 'll bate thee one; go, wink and fight: a plague upon your sheep's heart!
Sec. Gent. What 's all this matter?
First Gent. Nay I cannot shew ye.
Leon. Here 's twenty pound; go but smell to 'em.
Lieut. Alas, sir.
I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing!
Leon. I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal: fie!
How he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!
Sec. Gent. What, sir?
Leon. Why, that, sir, that; do not you smell him?
Sec. Gent. Smell him?
Lieut. I must endure.
Leon. Stinks like a dead dog, carrion:
There's no such damnable smell under Heaven
As the faint sweat of a coward—Will ye fight yet?
Lieut. Nay, now I defy ye; ye have spoke the worst ye can of me;
And, if every man should take what you say to the heart—
Leon. God-a-mercy,
God-a-mercy, with all my heart! here I forgive thee;

64-7 Leon. *Canst thou hear this*, etc.
. . . . . *And, if thou kill'st but two*——] MS. has:—
'*Leo.* Canst thou heare this, and play the roague? steale off quickly, Behind me quickly, quickly, neately doe it.
Leiu. And run into the thickest of the enemie?
Leo. And, if thou killst but two——'
69 *I 'll bate thee one*] So MS. Both the folios *Ile beat thee on.*
69 *a plague upon your sheep's heart*] MS. has merely *for shame.*
74 *jade*] MS. *Girole.*
75 *that*] (the second) Only in MS.
79-80 *Nay, now . . . to the heart*] So arranged in MS., and in spite of hyper-

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And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,
And keep my dog.
Lieut. I love a good dog naturally.
First Gent. What 's all this stir, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Nothing, sir,
But a slight matter of argument.
Leon. Pox take thee!
Sure, I shall love this rogue, he 's so pretty a coward.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's up now, and, if Fortune
Dare play the slut again, I 'll never more saint her.—
Come, play-fellow, come; prithee, come up, come, chicken:
I have a way shall fit you:—a tame knave!——
Come, look upon us.
Lieut. I 'll tell ye who does best, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The capital. The court of the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS, *above.*

Men. I saw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen,
By me appointed.
Ant. Where 's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, sir; and some ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How shews she in her trim now?
Men. Oh, most divinely sweet!
Ant. Prithee, speak softly.
How does she take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks—For heaven sake, sir, preserve me!
If the prince chance to find this——
Ant. Peace, ye old fool.
She thinks to meet him here?

86 *argument*] MS. adds *a toy*,—omitting the commencement of the next speech. *Pox take thee.*

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Men. That's all the project.
Ant. Was she hard to bring?
Men. No, she believed it quickly,
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she lived a prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But, believe me, sir,
She has worn as good, they sit so apted to her,
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.
Here they come now: but take a full view of her.

Enter CELIA, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, *and* Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks! how she salutes all!
And how she views the place! she is very young, sure:
That was an admirable smile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung in it:
She has two-edged eyes; by Heaven, they kill o' both sides.
Men. She makes a stand, as though she would speak.
Ant. Be still, then.
Celia. Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further;
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend here.
Tim. Ye may meet many, lady.
Celia. Such as you are,
I covet few or none, sir.
Char. Will you walk this way,
And take the sweets o' the garden? cool and close, lady.
Celia. Methinks, this open air's far better.—[*Aside.*] Tend ye that way?—
Pray, where's the woman came along?
Char. What woman?
Celia. The woman of the house I lay at.
Tim. Woman!
Here was none came along, sure.
Celia. [*Aside.*] Sure, I am catch'd, then.——
Pray, where's the prince?
Char. He will not be long from ye:
We are his humble servants.

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Celia. [*Aside.*] I could laugh, now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: yet I fear not;
For, sure, I know a way to scape all dangers.
Tim. Madam, your lodgings lie this way.
Celia. My lodgings!
For heaven sake, sir, what office do I bear here?
Tim. The great commander of all hearts.
Celia. You have hit it:
I thank your sweet heart for it!

Enter LEUCIPPE *and* Ladies.

Who are these now?
Char. Ladies, that come to serve ye.
Celia. Well consider'd.—
Are you my servants?
First Lady. Servants to your pleasures.
Celia. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trouble ye.—
[*Aside.*] Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently.
Methinks, this court 's a neat place; all the people
Of so refined a size——
Tim. This is no poor rogue.
Leu. Were it a paradise, to please your fancy,
And entertain the sweetness you bring with ye—
Celia. Take breath; you are fat, and many words may melt ye.—
[*Aside.*] This is three bawds beaten into one: bless me, Heaven,
What shall become of me! I am i' the pitfall:
O' my conscience, this is the old viper, and all these little ones

41 *sweet heart*] MS., F2. F1 by mistake *sweet-heart*, which Weber follows.
44 *trouble*] So MS. Ff *trust*.
47 *no poor rogue*] i. e. she is accustomed to splendour.
48 *Were it a paradise*, etc.] To Mason's theory that this speech of Leucippe's is complete and expresses a wish, Dyce opposes the semi-colon at the end of it in F1 and Celia's obvious interruption of her.
53-4 *O' my conscience, . . . servants*] So arranged in MS. and Ff, and by Theobald and Dyce. Colman and Weber make three lines of it. This old superstition about the viper was due partly to the fact that vipers, though oviparous, are also viviparous, the eggs being hatched inside the belly; and partly to confusion of the viper with the rattlesnake, which does receive the young into its mouth on a threat of danger. See Sir Th. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. iii. ch. 16, 'Concerning Vipers.' 'The young ones, supposed to break through the belly of the dam, will, upon any fright, for protection, run into it; for then the old one receives them in at her mouth, which way, the fright being past, they will return again.'

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Creep every night into her belly.—[*Aloud.*] Do you
hear, plump servant,
And you, my little sucking ladies? you must teach me
(For I know you are excellent at carriage)
How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.
But, you say, the prince will come?
First Lady. Will fly to see you.
Celia. For, look you, if a great man, say the king now,
Should come and visit me——
Men. She names ye.
Ant. Peace, fool.
Celia. And offer me a kindness, such a kindness——
Leu. Ay, such a kindness!
Celia. True, lady, such a kindness:—
What shall that kindness be now?
Leu. A witty lady!—
Learn, little ones, learn.
Celia. Say it be all his favour——
Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.
Celia. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectful.
Celia. There 's the matter,
There 's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it:
Or a kind handsome gentleman?
Leu. You say well.
Celia. They 'll count us basely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtured.
Celia. I 'll take thy counsel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman.
Celia. I find a notable volume here, a learned one.
Which way? for I would fain be in my chamber:
In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary; fie,
How hot the air beats on me!
First Lady. This way, madam.
Celia. Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your fans!
Celia. [*Aside.*] Since I am fool'd

67 *now*] Not in MS.

I'll make myself some sport, though I pay dear for 't.
[*Exeunt all below.*

Men. You see now what a manner of woman she is, sir.
Ant. Thou art an ass!
Men. Is this a fit love for the prince?
Ant. A coxcomb!—
Now, by my crown, a dainty wench, a sharp wench,
And of a matchless spirit! how she jeer'd 'em!
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em!—Use her nobly:—
I would I had not seen her!—wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon.
[*Exeunt above.*

SCENE V.

The camp of DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS, *and the two* Gentlemen.

Leon. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to-night;
The prince will not charge the enemy till the morning:
But, for the trick I told ye for this rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward——
First Gent. Ay, if it take.
Leon. Ne'er fear it: the prince has it,
And, if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently; but you two
May help the plough.
Sec. Gent. That he is sick again?
Leon. Extremely sick; his disease grown incurable,
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.
Sec. Gent. Well, we have it;

77 Exeunt . . . below] Old eds. 'Exeunt' as l. 85.
82 *of*] So MS.; and so Theobald, silently, from conjecture. Omitted in both the folios; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber (Dyce).
1 the two Gent.] Ff. 'Gentlemen' MS.
1 *keep a round*] i. e. visit the sentries.
5 *the prince has it*, etc.] 'That is, "the prince has undertaken the business, and, if the Lieutenant drops any mention of his imaginary illness, I must appear to be a stranger to it, to avoid suspicion; but you may assist openly in carrying on the plot upon him." (Colman).' Surely, rather—The prince is informed of the design, and, if he (the prince) drop any expressions intended to lead to its accomplishment, I must appear ignorant on the subject, that the Lieutenant may not suspect me, etc.' (Dyce—rightly). *Presently*, at once.

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And here he comes.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Leon. The prince has been upon him:
What a flatten face he has now! it takes, believe it:
How like an ass he looks!
Lieut. I feel no great pain;
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,
I grow extremely faint: how cold I sweat now!
Leon. So, so, so.
Lieut. And now, 'tis even too true, I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking: how it tingles!
And as it were a stitch too. The prince told me,
And every one cried out, I was a dead man:
I had thought I had been as well——
Leon. Upon him now, boys!
And do it most demurely.
First Gent. How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.
First Gent. 'Life, how looks this man!
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?
Sec. Gent. I ever told ye
This man was never cured; I see it too plain now.—
How do you feel yourself? you look not perfect.—
How dull his eye hangs!
First Gent. That may be discontent.
Sec. Gent. Believe me, friend, I would not suffer now
The tithe of those pains this man feels—mark his forehead;
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon 't!
Lieut. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me!
A miserable man I am.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! a miserable man thou shalt be.
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled.

Enter two Physicians.

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First Phy. This way he went.
Sec. Phy. Pray Heaven, we find him living!
He 's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish thus.
First Phy. A strong-hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.
Lieut. Oh, oh!
First Gent. How now? how is it, man?
Lieut. Oh, gentlemen,
Never so full of pain——
Sec. Gent. Did I not tell ye?
Lieut. Never so full of pain, gentlemen!
First Phy. He is here.—
How do you, sir?
Sec. Phy. Be of good comfort, soldier;
The prince has sent us to you.
Lieut. Do you think I may live?
Sec. Phy. He alters hourly, strangely.
First Phy. Yes, you may live; but——
Leon. Finely butted, doctor!
First Gent. Do not discourage him.
First Phy. He must be told truth;
'Tis now too late to trifle.
Sec. Gent. Here the prince comes.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and other* Gentlemen.

Dem. How now, gentlemen?
Sec. Gent. Bewailing, sir, a soldier,
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part with:
But every living thing——
Dem. 'Tis true, must perish;
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—
How dost thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Faith, 'tis true, sir;
We are but spans and candles' ends.
Leon. He 's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art heart-whole yet, I see.—He alters strangely

36 *He's a brave*, etc.] MS. gives this line to '1 Phis.' and the next to '2 Phis.'
44 *Finely*] MS. *fairly*. *Butted* is a pun on 'hit the butt or mark (Weber). Cf. perhaps, *Tam. of Shrew*, V. ii. 39, 'these quick-witted folks . . butt together well.'
45 *truth*] MS. *truly*.
46 other] MS. only.
50 *marches*] MS. *watches*.

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And that apace too ; I saw it this morning in him,
When he, poor man, I dare swear——
Lieut. No, believe 't, sir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Here lies the pain now : how he is swell'd !
First Phy. The imposthume,
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible ;
The compass of a bushel will not hold it ;
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too—
Dem. Can you endure me touch it ?
Lieut. Oh, I beseech you, sir !
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.
Dem. [*Aside.*] He's finely wrought.—He must be cut, no cure else,
And suddenly ; you see how fast he blows out.
Lieut. Good master doctor, let me be beholding to you :
I feel I cannot last——
Sec. Phy. For what, Lieutenant ?
Lieut. But even for half a dozen cans of good wine,
That I may drink my will out : I faint hideously.
Dem. Fetch him some wine : and, since he must go, gentlemen,
Why, let him take his journey merrily.
Lieut. That's even the nearest way.
Leon. [*Aside.*] I could laugh dead now.

Enter Servant, *with wine.*

Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieut. These two I give your grace ;
[*He drinks two cans.*

54 *too*] Not in MS.
55 *believe 't*] MS. *beleeue.*
61 *too*] Ff and mod. edd. *to* MS.
66 *master doctor*] So MS. F1. F2 *master doctors ;* and so Theobald.
66 *beholding*] i. e. 'beholden,' to which it is altered by Colman and Weber. 'Beholding' occurs again, IV. viii. 59.
69 *drink my will out*] The rather forced humour that follows depends on the pun here on 'will.'
72 Enter . . . wine] Ff. Om. MS.
73 He drinks two cans] So MS. without further stage-direction as to the drinking. Ff have none at all. Colman considers the legacies to be the

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A poor remembrance of a dying man, sir;
And I beseech you, wear 'em out.
Dem. I will, soldier:
These are fine legacies.
Lieut. Among the gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance; four a-piece, gentlemen: [*Drinks the remainder of the wine.*
And so my body—where you please.
Leon. It will work.
Lieut. I make your grace my executor, and, I beseech ye,
See my poor will fulfill'd: sure, I shall walk else.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.
First Gent. The wine will tickle him.
Lieut. I would hear a drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a drum there! [*A drum beats.*
Lieut. Oh, heavenly music! I would hear one sing to't:
I am very full of pain.
Dem. Sing! 'tis impossible.
Lieut. Why, then, I would drink a drum-ful.
Where lies the enemy?
Sec. Gent. Why here, close by.
Leon. Now he begins to muster.
Lieut. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, gentlemen?
First Phy. You must not cut him;
He's gone then in a moment: all the hope left is,
To work his weakness into sudden anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the enemy;
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,

75 *wear 'em out*] Such a charge as might accompany the legacy of a garment or trinket.

78 *four a-piece*] Yet only four cups or measures remain of the 'half-dozen cans,' supposing that amount of wine to have been brought. Colman suggests that the text is corrupt, or that a blank was left in the prompt-book after 'four ——' so that the actor might insert a number before 'a piece,' corresponding to the number of gentlemen.

81 *fulfill'd*] Ff. The MS. *perform'd* loses the pun.

83 *will*] MS. *begins to.* 84 A drum beats] MS. Drum within Ff.

87 *drink a drum-ful*] As the next best accompaniment.

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Will purge itself, and break the sore;—
Dem. 'Tis true, sir.
First Phy. And then, my life for his.
Lieut. I will not die thus.
Dem. But he is too weak to do——
Lieut. Die like a dog!
Sec. Phy. Ay, he is weak; but yet he 's heart-whole.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. An excellent sign.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. Stronger still, and better.
Lieut. Hem, hem! ran, tan, tan, tan, tan! [*Exit.*
First Phy. Now he 's i' the way on 't.
Dem. Well, go thy ways! thou wilt do something, certain.
Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He 's finely wrought.
Dem. Let's after him.
Leon. Ay, pray, sir:
But how the rogue, when this cloud 's melted in him,
And all discover'd——
Dem. That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The field of battle.

Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, *and* Soldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to die; we love to sleep all,

96 *Will purge*, etc.] MS. assigns this line to 'Dem.,' and appends '*Tis true sir* to the First Physician's following speech.
99 *Ay, he is weak; but yet he 's heart-whole*] MS. *I know he 's weake; but yet his hart 's whole.*
102-4 Dem. *Well, go thy ways . . . wrought*] MS. has:—

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And death is but the sounder sleep: all ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,
Nor go we out, like tedious tales, forgotten:
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets in blood, let 's fall.
Lysim. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,
And, worse than those, captivities: we can die;
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massy burdens,
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests.
[*Alarum within.*
Ptol. They have begun: fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man, that seeks to save his life now
By price or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? who charges first? I seek a brave hand
To set me off in death.
Sold. We are not charged, sir;
The prince lies still.
Sel. How comes this 'larum up, then?
Sold. There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him
(He never durst do this else), has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole companies.
Ptol. And is not seconded?
Sold. Not a man follows.
Sel. Nor cut a-pieces?
Sold. Their wonder yet has stay'd em.

Sel. Let 's in and see this miracle.
Ptol. I admire it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the same.

Enter LEONTIUS *and* Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure he 's clouted:
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
First Gent. 'Tis admirable.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with colours in his hand driving* Soldiers *before him.*

Lieut. Follow that blow, my friend; there 's at your coxcomb!
I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.
Leon. How the knave curries 'em!
Lieut. You cannot, rogues,
Till you have my diseases, fly my fury:
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?
An my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Enter DEMETRIUS, Physicians, *and* Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast done bravely.
Dem. Mirror of men!
Lieut. There 's a flag for ye, sir:
I took it out o' the shop, and never paid for 't.

SCENE VII.] This scene alone is not specially indicated in the old eds.
Gentlemen] Ff. MS. a Gentleman.
1 *clouted*] Weber explained 'aimed at,' from 'clout,' the white mark archers shoot at. It means rather 'hit,' 'injured': Dyce quotes *Women Pleased*, Act ii. sc. 6: 'Pay him o' the pate, *clout* him for all his courtesies.'
2 driving . . . him] So MS. Ff pursuing 3 or 4 Souldiers.
3 *Follow*] Qy. *Fellow*, i. e. match it.
3 *coxcomb*] So MS. and better, as the preceding *my friend* shews, than Ff *coxcombs* (Dyce).
9 Physicians and Gentlemen] Not in MS.
11 *men*] So MS. Ff *man*.

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I 'll to 'em again; I am not come to the text yet.
Dem. No more, my soldier.—Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.
Leon. Hang him, he 'll lick all these whole.
First Phy. Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be careful of him.
Lieut. Let me live but two years, and do what ye will with me:
I never had but two hours yet of happiness.
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;
For I am even as weary of this fighting——
Sec. Phy. Ye shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,
And there the surgeons presently shall search ye;
Then to your rest.
Lieut. A little handsome litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.
Leon. Look to him.
[*Exeunt* LIEUTENANT *and* Physicians.
Dem. I do believe a horse begot this fellow;
He never knew his strength yet.—Come, Leontius,
Let 's now up to these conquerors: they are our own.
Leon. I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leon. Pray ye, take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.
Dem. I shall be ruled. Let the battles now move forward;
Ourself will give the signal.—Stay; a trumpet.

Enter Trumpet *and* Herald.

Now, Herald, what 's your message?
Her. From my masters

13 *to the text*] i. e. I am only just at the beginning.
14 *sore*] MS. *shrewdly*. 15 *these*] i. e. his wounds. So MS. Ff *those*.
22 *search*] probe, or (as Mr. W. J. Craig suggests) *clean* a wound. Cf. Malory, bk. xix. c. 12, 'searched his body of other three wounds, and they healed in likewise.'
24 Exeunt Lieutenant and Physicians] The MS. has 'Ex^t.' Ff have no stage direction here. It was inserted by Dyce first.
26-27 *Come, Leontius . . . conquerors*] Only in MS.
28-30 *I would . . . honours*] More appropriate to Dem., and *Only their lives* as part of Leontius' following speech; but the old eds. are unanimous.
33 *Stay; a trumpet*] *trumpet*, i. e. trumpeter. Only in MS.

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This honourable courtesy, a parley
For half an hour, no more, sir.
Dem. Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word.
Her. They are here to attend ye.

Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, Attendants, *and* Soldiers.

Dem. Now princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too-much tainture of our honours;
Peace; and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lysim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leon. That will not do it.
Sel. Leontius, you and I have served together,
And run through many a fortune with our swords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;
One tent a thousand times from cold night cover'd us;
Our lives have been but one; and, had we died then,
One monument had held our names and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,
And sacrifice to giddy chance such trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
Less in afflictions constant than our fortunes?
You are deceived, old soldier.
Leon. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.
Were these my wars, or led my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:
They are my king's employments; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;
This man that fled before ye. Call back that,
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,

39 *honours*] So MS. Ff *honour*.
41 *it*] Only in MS. which assigns this speech to Demetrius, and transposes 'Leontius' in the next line to the end of the line.
55 *meet your memories*] Theobald's explanation, 'Meet the remembrance of those occurrences,' which Mason and Weber approve, hardly seems to

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And then an easy peace may sheathe our swords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye:
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners?
Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: no gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.
Leon. Expect our charge, then.
Lysim. 'Tis the nobler courtesy:
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us!
Dem. Stay: have you any hope?
Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together:
Give us but room to fight.
Leon. Win it, and wear it.
Ptol. Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us
Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us.
Dem. Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,
And we 'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble
And hang a light out to ye in this darkness,
(The light of peace), give up those cities, forts,
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.
Sel. Is this the peace? traitors to those that feed us,
Our gods and people? give our countries from us?
Lysim. Begin the knell; it sounds a great deal sweeter.
Ptol. Let loose your servant, Death.
Sel. Fall fate upon us,
Our memories shall never stink behind us. [*Going.*
Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!
First Sold. The prince calls, sir.
Dem. Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,
Thou father of the war!
Leon. What means the prince now?
Dem. Give me my standard here.
Lysim. His anger 's melted.
Dem. You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,

82 *feed*] i. e. support.
86 Going] Not in old eds.

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Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,
The standard of the kingdom.—Take it, soldier.
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou hast won it; bear it off;
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.
Sel. You shall have all our countries.
Lysim. Ptol. All, by Heaven, sir!
Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble:
No; in the way of courtesy I 'll start ye.——
Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,
That these, that have subdued us, may march through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;
I 'll bear your standard for ye, follow ye.
Dem. I swear it shall be so: march through me fairly,
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus!
Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!
Dem. Nay, then, ye hate me.
[*Exeunt with drums and shouts, all except* LEONTIUS.
Leon. I cannot speak now:
Well, go thy ways! at a sure piece of bravery
Thou art the best. These men are won by the necks now.
I 'll send a post away. [*Exit.*

99 *start ye*] i. e. give you a lead.
104 *I swear*] MS. *By Heaven.*
106 Ptol.] MS. Lis. Ptol.
106 Dem. *Nay, then, ye hate me*] Omitted MS.
107 Exeunt with drums and shouts] Ff. Omitted MS.
109 *won by the necks*] i.e. ours as surely as though we held them in halters.
110 *I'll send a post away*] Omitted MS.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The capital. An apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS *disguised, and* MENIPPUS.

Ant. No aptness in her?
Men. Not an immodest motion;
And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty answers——
Ant. This more fires me:
I must not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have you put the youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty;
But, like so many whelps about an elephant——
The prince is coming home, sir.
Ant. I hear that too;
But that 's no matter. Am I alter'd well?
Men. Not to be known, I think, sir.
Ant. I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I tried her through all the points o' the compass, I think.
Sec. Gent. She studies to undo the court, to plant here
The enemy to our age, Chastity:
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close arbour,

s.d. disguised] Not in old eds.
2 *And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted*] So MS., and so Q1 correcting, as did Weber, the reading of F1: *And yet*, when *she is as free, and when she is courted.* F2 has merely '*And yet when she is courted*,' and so Theobald and Colman.
10 two Gentlemen] Ff add. 'or Lords.'

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And the sweet contents within: she hates curl'd heads too;
And setting up of beards she swears is idolatry.
First Gent. I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——
Sec. Gent. True, by her carriage;
For she 's as wanton as a kid, to the outside,
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,
Walk'd with her half an hour.
First Gent. She heard me sing,
And sung herself too; she sings admirably:
But still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently,
With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,
And such a frown as would sink all before her,
She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last fools.
Sec. Gent. Not by a hundred, I hope: 'tis a strange wench.
Ant. This screws me up still higher.
Men. Here she comes, sir.

Enter CELIA *and* Ladies *behind her.*

Ant. Then, be you gone, and take the women with ye;
And lay those jewels in her way.

[*Exeunt all but* CELIA *and* ANTIG.

Celia. [*Aside.*] If I stay longer,
I shall number as many lovers as Laïs did.
How they flock after me! upon my conscience,
I have had a dozen horses given me this morning:
I 'll even set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.
A good discreet wench now, that were not hide-bound,
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly;
For these warm things will give their souls——I can
go no where,

16 *the*] MS. *those.* 18 *knew*] MS. *see.*
18 *froze*] MS. *frozen.* 23 *admirably*] MS. *daintely.*
24 *hope*] Q1 *hopes.* 25 *those*] i. e. *hopes.* 26 *flam*] i. e. pretence.
30 behind her] so Ff. MS. 'with Ladies.' Old eds. lack s. d. for exit of Menippus, Gent. and Ladies.
34 *lovers*] MS. *loves.*
38 *hide-bound*] Too sparing of her favours. The Elizabethan sense is 'niggard' rather than 'grooved.' The *N. E. Dict.* quotes *Scornful Lady*, III. ii. 119, '[that hide-bound usurer,' and Hall's *Satires*, V. iv. 3, 'Villio's hide-bound son.'
39 *estate*] MS. *state*, i. e. income.
40 *no where*] MS. *no whether.*

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Without a world of offerings to my excellence:
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;
And no constellation in all heaven but I outshine it:
And they have found out now I have no eyes,
No mortal lights, but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at;
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now——Ha! what are these? new projects? [*Sees the jewels.*
Where are my honourable ladies? are you out too?
Nay, then, I must buy the stock; send me good carding!
I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that, that troubles me: all these were recreations,
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.—
What fellow's that? another apparition?
This is the loving'st age! I should know that face;
Sure, I have seen 't before; not long since neither.
Ant. [*Aside.*] She sees me now. Oh, Heaven, a most rare creature!
Celia. [*Aside.*] Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye;
But, if I do not fit ye, let me fry for 't.
Is all this cackling for your egg? they are fair ones,
Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.—
[*Aloud.*] My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?
Ant. Set 'em off, lady!
Celia. I mean, sell 'em here, sir?
Ant. [*Aside.*] She's very quick.—[*Aloud.*] For sale they are not meant, sure.
Celia. For sanctity, I think, much less. Good even, sir.
Ant. Nay, noble lady, stay: 'tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange; they are worthy your best beauty.
Celia. Did you speak to me?
Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they are sent, to you they are sacrificed.

45 *No*] So MS. Ff *Of.* 48 Sees the jewels] Not in old eds.
50 *I must buy the stock*] i. e. take in new cards. The stock was eight cards put aside at the game of gleek to be bought by any player who disliked his own hand. (See Nares in v.)
53 *that, that*] MS. F1, Q1. F2 has only one *that.*
55 *another apparition*] The jewels being the first.

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Celia. I 'll never look a horse i' the mouth that 's given :
I thank you, sir : I 'll send one to reward ye.
Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em ?
Celia. Never I ;
Nor never care. If it be an honest end,
That end 's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it :
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.
Ant. [*Aside.*] This has a soul, indeed.—[*Aloud.*] Pray, let me tell ye.
Celia. I care not if ye do, so you do it handsomely,
And not stand picking of your words.
Ant. The king sent 'em.
Celia. Away, away ! thou art some foolish fellow :
And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too. The king sent 'em !
Alas, good man ! wouldst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em ? He 's an old man,
A good old man, they say, too : I dare swear,
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady.
Celia. I know thou liest extremely, damnably :
Thou hast a lying face.
Ant. [*Aside.*] I was never thus rattled.
Celia. But, say I should believe ; why are these sent me ?
And why art thou the messenger ? who art thou ?
Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a king only ?
And to what beauty can they be oblations
But only yours ? For me, that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit you know I am his servant,
And have fulfill'd his will.
Celia. You are short and pithy.
What must my beauty do for these ?
Ant. Sweet lady—

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Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;
Sir-reverence, love! Now I begin to feel ye:
And I should be the king's whore; a brave title!
And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!
The chief commandress of his concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures!
Ant. [*Aside.*] A devilish subtle wench; but a rare spirit.
Celia. And when the good old sponge had suck'd my youth dry,
And left some of his royal aches in my bones;
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me——
Ant. You must not think so, lady.
Celia. Then can these, sir,
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty,
This shop here of sin-offerings, set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The king's device!
The sin 's as universal as the sun is,
And lights an everlasting torch to shame me.
Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great king's favour,
That all knees bow to purchase?
Celia. Prithee, peace:
If thou knew'st how ill-favouredly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes——
Ant. You will be wiser.

103 *Sir-reverence, love*] The comma is Dyce's, and serves to show that 'Sir-reverence' is not an ironical epithet of 'love' as preceding edd. seem to have supposed, but 'a kind of apologetical apostrophe . . . *salvâ reverentiâ*, which was contracted into *sa 'reverence*, and thence corrupted into *sir*—or *sur-reverence*' (Nares' Glossary in v. *save-reverence*, quoted by Dyce). Compare Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, IV. i., 'Sir-reverence of my mother.'

118 *The king's device!*] Theobald altered *device* to *Vice*, thinking that Celia meant to apply that term to herself, and to say that universal sin would be the consequence of so eminent an example. Colman followed Theobald's reading, though understanding 'universal' rather as 'conspicuous.' Weber restored the true reading, following Mason who explained *device* as armorial device, which Celia catches sight of on the trinkets. That Antigonus' device was a sun (which suggests the two following lines) is shown, as Mason observed, by IV. v. 52, where Celia says to him, 'Be, as your emblem is, a glorious lamp.'

120 *everlasting*] Colman and Weber by mistake gave *universal*.

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Celia. Could the king find no shape to shift his pandar into,
But reverend age? and one so like himself too?
Ant. [*Aside.*] She has found me out,
Celia. Cozen the world with gravity!
Prithee, resolve me one thing; does the king love thee?
Ant. I think he does.
Celia. It seems so, by thy office:
He loves thy use, and, when that 's ended, hates thee.
Thou seem'st to me a soldier.
Ant. Yes, I am one.
Celia. And hast fought for thy country?
Ant. Many a time.
Celia. May be, commanded too?
Ant. I have done, lady.
Celia. Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity!
Canst though forget thou wert begot in honour?
A free companion for a king? a soldier?
Whose nobleness dare feel no want but enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the bread of bawdry, of base bawdry?
Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword from thee,
Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee:
Go, beg diseases; let them be thy armours;
Thy fights the flames of lust and their foul issues.
Ant. Why, then, I am a king, and mine own speaker.
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Celia. And I as free as you, mine own disposer.
There, take your jewels; let them give them lustres
That have dark lives and souls: wear 'em yourself, sir;
You 'll seem a devil else.
Ant. I command ye, stay.
Celia. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong ye.
Celia. Then thus low falls my duty. [*Kneels.*
Ant. Can ye love me?
Say 'ay,' and all I have——
Celia. [*rising*] I cannot love ye;

128 *resolve*] i. e. explain, answer.
129 *does*] MS. *doth.* 133 *done*] Ff.: MS. *soe.*
144, 153 Throws . . . disguise] Kneels] not in old eds.
149 *Be just, I*] i. e. if you will act justly. Dyce changed the comma of the old eds. to a semicolon.

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Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear ye:
Ye hang upon my love like frosts on lilies:
I can die, but I cannot love. You are answer'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. I must find apter means: I love her truly.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, Soldiers *and* Host, *talking with* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?
Host. Yes, sir, I am sure on 't;
For, whilst I waited on ye, putting my wife in trust,
I know not by what means, but the king found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what end—
Dem. My father found her!
Host. So my wife informs me.
Dem. Leontius, pray, draw off the soldiers:
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, gentlemen.
The Prince would be alone.
[*Exeunt* LEON., LIEUT., *and* Soldiers.
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an agent too; which, if it prove so——
Host. Pull me to pieces, sir.
Dem. My father found her!
My father brought her hither! went she willingly?
Host. My wife says full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her.
No more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind.

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS, *with* LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, *and* Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close; he must not come to see her.—
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!
You have done a courteous service on the enemy,
Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it:

ii. s.d. talking with Demetrius.] MS. only. 2 *on*] MS. F1. *upon* F2.

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Ye are not now in 's debt, son. Still your sad looks?—
Leontius, what 's the matter?
Leon. 'Truth, sir, I know not:
We have been merry since we went.
Lieut. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what 's the matter now? do you want money?——
[*Aside.*]—Sure, he has heard o' the wench.
Dem. Is that a want, sir?
I would fain speak to your grace.
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deserve your anger?
Ant. That ye may too.
Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and some time my prisoner,
Which I thought well of, sir. Your grace conceives me?
Ant. I do, indeed, and with much grief conceive ye;
With full as much grief as your mother bare you.
There was such a woman: would I might as well say
There was no such, Demetrius!
Dem. She was virtuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her:
She was as fair——
Ant. Her beauty I 'll proclaim, too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;
But how she made that good, the devil knows.
Dem. She was—Oh, Heaven!
Ant. The hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thine honour:
She was a devil.
Dem. Ye are my father, sir.
Ant. And since ye take a pride to shew your follies,
I 'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.
Leon. What heat is this? the king's eyes speak his anger.
Ant. Thou hast abused thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship,

26 *some time*] Q1 and the modern edd., except Theobald. Ff and MS. *sometimes.*
20 *bare*] MS. Ff *bore.*

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Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.
Dem. Good sir, mistake her not.
Ant. A witch, a sorceress
(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Demetrius),
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms
Devilish and dark, so lock'd up all thy virtues,
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st from, glorious——
Dem. Oh, Heaven, that any tongue but his durst say this!
That any heart durst harbour it!—Dread father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——
Ant. Away! thou are bewitch'd still;
Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.
Dem. Dead! Oh, sacred sir! dead, did you say?
Ant. She is dead, fool.
Dem. It is not possible. Be not so angry:
Say she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,
Or anything but dead; say she is banish'd:
Invent a crime, and I 'll believe it, sir.
Ant. Dead by the law: we found her hell and her,
I mean, her charms and spells, for which she perish'd;
And she confess'd she drew thee to thy ruin,
And purposed it, purposed my empire's overthrow.
Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity, sir?
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shown her?
Did ye look on her face when ye condemn'd her?
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.
Dem. Can she be dead? can virtue fall untimely?

45 *sorceress*] F2, Qq. F1 and MS. *sorcerer*.
50 *Oh, Heaven*] So MS., F2, Qq. F1 reads *In Heaven*, and omits the prefix 'Dem.,' making this speech continuous with the preceding, to the destruction of all sense.
55 *Dead! Oh, sacred sir*] So MS., Ff, Qq. But Colman printed *Dead! dead! Oh sacred sir!'* and so Weber. The exquisite grief of Demetrius in this scene, and his subsequent seclusion and despair, warrant us in expecting a more indignant, a less submissive, attitude in IV. viii., when he finds he has been trifled with. Indeed, the whole relations between the chivalrous Prince and his father are a little difficult, although the dramatist has been careful to allot Antigonus his share of generous qualities.
59 *I'll*] MS., F2, Qq. F1 *doe*.
65 *shown*] Ff. MS. *showd*.
67 *into*] Ff. MS. *upon*.

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Ant. She is dead; deservingly she died.
Dem. I have done, then.—
Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd?
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your son, sir,
And to all you shall command stand most obedient:
Only a little time I must entreat you,
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, sir,
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?
Dead, my poor wench? my joy, pluck'd green with violence?
Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou destroyer,
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me!
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings!
Nothing, that loves the day, love me or seek me!
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me!
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,
Nor ne'er betray a beauty to my curses;
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing! [*Exit.*
Ant. This opinion must be maintain'd.
Men. It shall be, sir.
Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure draw him
To the right again.—Wait you instructions,
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.—
Once more, ye are welcome home all!
All. Health to your majesty!
[*Exeunt all except* LEONTIUS, LIEUT., *and* Host.
Leon. Thou went'st along the journey; how canst thou tell?
Host. I did; but I am sure 'tis so; had I stay'd behind, I think this had not proved.
Leon. A wench the reason!

84 *Nor ne'er*] Silently altered by Theobald to *Nor e'er;* and so the Editors of 1778. The old reading, as Weber remarks, 'was the phraseology of the age' (Dyce).

87 Exit] So MS. Ff 'Ex. [Dem.] and Gent.'

89 *draw him*] MS., Ff, Q2 print these words as part of the following line, followed by the three first edd. Q1 gives the speech as prose. Dyce transfers *him* only to the next line, with the most awkward effect.

91 *the soldier*] i. e. soldiery, as in *King and No King*, I. i. 59. MS. *soldiers.*

92 Exeunt all except Leontius, Lieut., and Host] Dyce. MS., Ff, Qq, 'Exit Antig., etc.'

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Lieut. Who 's that talks of a wench there!
Leon. All this discontent
About a wench!
Lieut. Where is this wench, good colonel?
Leon. Prithee, hold thy peace; who calls thee to council?
Lieut. Why, if there be a wench——
Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her,
That I 'll say for thee; and as fit thou art for her,
Let her be mew'd or stopt.

Re-enter two Gentlemen.

How is it, gentlemen?
First Gent. He's wondrous discontent; he 'll speak to no man.
Sec. Gent. H'as taken his chamber close, admits no entrance;
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.
Host. 'Tis so, sir;
And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leon. What is this woman?
Lieut. Ay!
Host. I cannot tell you,
But handsome as heaven.
Lieut. She is not so high, I hope, sir.
Leon. Where is she?
Lieut. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, sirrah——
Host. I cannot shew ye neither; the king
Has now disposed of her.
Leon. There lies the matter.
Will he admit none come to comfort him?
First Gent. Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
Will never speak.

100 *as fit*] Equally fit whether she be, etc.; Weber, pointing out that 'mew'd' means 'confined,' thinks 'stopt' may be for 'stooped,' if 'stoop' can be used causatively for 'allow to range.'
102 *he 'll*] Ff. MS. *will.*
104 *'Tis so, sir*] Not to confirm the last speaker, but noting how his report

Lieut. 'Tis the best way, if he have her;
For, look you, a man would be loath to be disturb'd in 's pastime;
'Tis every good man's case.
Leon. 'Tis all thy living.—
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it;
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,
And in the torrent of their own sighs sink themselves:
I will and must speak to him.
Lieut. So must I too:
He promised me a charge.
Leon. Of what? of children?
Upon my conscience, thou hast a double company,
And all of thine own begetting, already,
Lieut. That's all one;
I 'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em,
Knock 'em o' the head, and put in new.
Leon. A rare way!
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the prince now?
Lieut. Do you think he 's angry?
First Gent. Extremely vex'd.
Sec. Gent. To the endangering
Of any man comes near him.
First Gent. Yet if
Thou couldst but win him out, whate'er thy suit were,
Believe it granted presently.
Leon. Yet thou must think, though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,

115 *living*] MS. *life.*
125 *then*] So F2. F1 and MS. *there.*
126 *When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em*] Qy. did Sheridan recollect this when he made Sir Anthony Absolute threaten to 'unget' his son? See *The Rivals*, Act ii. sc. 1 (Dyce).
130 *To the endangering*] We have ventured to alter the metrical arrangement of this and the next speech that has prevailed since 1788: *near* may be dissyllabic.

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And——
Lieut. If he do not kill me——
Leon. There's the question.
Lieut. For half a dozen hurts——
Leon. Art thou so valiant?
Lieut. Not absolutely so neither: no, it cannot be;
I want my imposthumes and my things about me;
Yet I 'll make danger, colonel.
Leon. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand: if thou dost this,
I 'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word for 't.
Lieut. What may be done by human man——
Leon. Let's go, then.
First Gent. Away, before he cool; he will renege else.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and* LEUCIPPE.

Ant. Will she not yield?
Leu. For all we can urge to her.
I swore you would marry her; she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the magician.
I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

Enter MAGICIAN *with a bowl.*

Are all the philtres in? charms, powders, roots?
Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping spirits.
Ant. To your work, then, and despatch.
Mag. Sit still, and fear not.
Leu. I shall ne'er endure these sights.

139 *make danger*] i. e. make experiment, a translation, as Mason says, of the Latin phrase 'facere periculum.' Dyce compares *Loyal Subject*, III. iv. 'make danger, Try what they are.'

143 *renege*] i. e. deny, renounce. So MS. (with the spelling *reneage*). F1 *revenge*. (A misprint for *reneage*.) F2 *relapse*; and so the modern editors.

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Ant. Away with the woman!—
Go, wait without.
Lieu. When the devil's gone, pray, call me. [*Exit.*
Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray, doubt not. [*He conjures and sings the following*

SONG.

Rise from the shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser love!
Rise, and bestow
Upon this cup whatever may compel,
By powerful charm and unresisted spell,
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires!
Distil into this liquor all your fires,
Heats, longings, tears;
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all power defied,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

Enter SPIRITS, *who dance about the bowl and sing this*

ANSWER.

I obey, I obey;
And am come to view the day;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here 's a little, little flower;
This will make her sweat an hour,
Then unto such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice;
Here 's the powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion;
The powerful tears that Venus cried,
When the boy Adonis died;
Here 's Medea's charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch;
Omphale this spell put in,
When she made the Libyan spin.

11 He conjures . . . Exeunt Spirits] Ff have 'He conjures.' 'A Song [given as in the text]. The Answer' [given as in text], and without further stage direction proceed with the Magician's speech, *Now, sir, 'tis full*, etc. The MS. has merely, 'He seems to coniure: sweete Musique is heard, and an

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This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts and good:
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

[*Exeunt* Spirits.

Mag. Now, sir, 'tis full; and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently dote upon your person,
And never sleep nor eat, unsatisfied.
So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence;
And, those expired, 'tis done. You have my art, sir.
Ant. See him rewarded liberally.——Leucippe!

Re-enter LEUCIPPE.

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it:
Delay no time when she calls next.
Leu. I shall, sir.
Ant. Let none else touch it, on your life.
Leu. I am charged, sir.
Ant. Now, if she have an antidote, let her 'scape me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Court of the Palace before the apartments of DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, *and* Gentlemen.

First Gent. There 's the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.
Leon. Here's no man waits.
First Gent. H'as given a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him.—
Dare ye go forward?
Lieut. Let me put on my skull first:

40 *Libyan*] Retained by Seward and subsequent edd. against Sympson's suggestion of *Theban*, on the ground that one story makes Hercules the son of Jupiter Ammon.

44 Exeunt Spirits] Supplied by Weber.

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My head 's almost beaten into the pap of an apple.
Are there no guns i' the door?
Leon. The rogue will do it:
And yet I know he has no stomach to 't.
Lieut. What loop-holes are there, when I knock, for stones?
For those may pepper me:—I can perceive none.
Leon. How he views the fortification!
Lieut. Farewell, gentlemen:
If I be kill'd——
Leon. We 'll see thee buried bravely.
Lieut. Away! how should I know that then?—I 'll knock softly.
Pray Heaven he speak in a low voice now, to comfort me!
I feel I have no heart to 't. [*Knocks*]—Is 't well, gentlemen!
Colonel, my troop!
Leon. A little louder.
Lieut. Stay, stay:
Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.—
By Heaven, he 's charging of a gun!
Leon. There 's no such matter:
There 's nobody in this room.
Lieut. Oh, 'twas a fire-shovel.
Now I 'll knock louder. If he say, 'Who 's there?'
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!
[*Knocks louder.*
First Gent. Knock louder, fool; he hears not.
Lieut. You fool, do you:
Do, an you dare now.
First Gent. I do not undertake it.
Lieut. Then hold your peace and meddle with your own matters.
Leon. Now he will knock. [LIEUT. *knocks louder.*
Lieut. Sir, sir! will 't please you hear, sir?
Your grace!—I 'll look again. What 's that?
Leon. He 's there now.

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Lieut. Would I were in 't,
And a good horse under me!—I must knock again;
The devil 's at my fingers' ends. [*Knocks louder.*
He comes now.—
Now, Colonel, if I live——
Leon. The troop 's thine own, boy.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *with a pistol.*

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——
Lieut. Your father would desire ye, sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more. [*Presents the pistol.*
Lieut. Now, now, now, now! [*He swoons.*
Dem. Poor coxcomb!
Why do I aim at thee? [*Exit.*
Leon. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter LEUCIPPE, *with the Magician's bowl.*

Sec. Gent. I protest he's almost stiff: bend him, and rub him;
Hold his nose close.—You, if you be a woman,
Help us a little; here 's a man near perish'd.
Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me!
Look to my bowl: I 'll run in presently,
And fetch some water: bend him, and set him upwards.
A goodly man! [*Exit.*

30 Knocks, etc.] Weber added 'Knocks.'
31 Demetrius, with a pistol] 'One cannot suppose our authors ignorant of the anachronism in this place; but they designed it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to shoot his son with a *pistol.* The odd absurdity makes it more droll and laughable.' (Seward.) The many other anachronisms in these plays ought to have shown Seward that his note concerning the present one was itself an 'odd absurdity' (Dyce). Cp. note on II. ii. 29.
34 *Coxcomb*] i. e. *coward*, as in III. iii. 26.
34 He swoons] In MS. No stage direction here in Ff. Presents the pistol] Added by Weber.
35 Exit] Weber gave 'Fires it, and exit': but there is nothing in the text to show that Demetrius *fires* the pistol (Dyce).
36 *I protest*] MS. *Alas* (giving this line to Leontius, and the next two to 'Gent.')
36, 41 *bend him*] Compare *Maid's Tragedy*, V. iv., 'if there be any life, but bow / The body thus, and it will shew itself' (Colman). *Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 261 (when the Lady swoons), 'Bend her body.'
41 *water*] MS. *waters*, i. e. spirits.
42 *A goodly man*] Ff, Qq (not MS.) by a mistake, give these to Leontius.

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Leon. Here 's a brave heart!—He 's warm again.—
You shall not
Leave us i' the lurch so, sirrah.
Sec. Gent. Now he breathes too.
Leon. If we had but any drink to raise his spirits—
What 's that i' the bowl? upon my life, good liquor;
She would not own it else.
First Gent. He sees.
Leon. Look up, boy;
And take this cup, and drink it off; I 'll pledge thee.—
Guide it to his mouth. He swallows heartily.
Sec. Gent. Oh, fear and sorrow 's dry: 'tis off.
Leon. Stand up, man.
Lieut. Am I not shot?
Leon. Away with him, and cheer him.——
Thou hast won thy troop.
Lieut. I think I won it bravely.
Leon. Go:—I must see the prince; he must not live thus:—
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
First Gent. Well, sir.
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen *and* LIEUT.

Re-enter LEUCIPPE, *with water.*

Leu. Here, here! where 's the sick gentleman?
Leon. He 's up, and gone, lady.
Leu. Alas, that I came so late!
Leon. He must still thank ye;
Ye left that in a cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the bowl?
Leon. Yes, truly, very much comfort;
He drank it off, and, after it, spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off.
Leu. The devil choke him!
[*Aside.*]—I am undone—h'as twenty devils in him—
Undone for ever!—Left he none?
Leon. I think not.

45 *If we had but any drink*, etc.] MS. gives this line to the preceding speaker.
50 *fear and sorrow's dry*] i. e. both require drink to cure them.
54 First Gent.] MS. Gent. Both the folios make *Well, sir* a portion of the preceding speech; and so the modern editors.
54 Exeunt, etc.] Ff. MS. simply 'Ex^{t}.'
60 *after it*] MS. *after that.*

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Leu. [*looking at the bowl. Aside.*] No, not a drop: what shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swound? a vengeance swound him!
Undone, undone, undone! stay; I can lie yet,
And swear too, at a pinch! that 's all my comfort.—
Look to him; I say, look to him; and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Leon. What a devil ails the woman! Here comes the prince again,

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself, but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caused it! [*Retires.*

Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,
And found so by my father? she was a woman;
And many a one of that sex, young and fair,
As full of faith as she, have fall'n, and foully.

Leon. [*Aside.*] It is a wench: oh, that I knew the circumstance!

Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this ruin,
She having lost her honour, and abused me,
My father change the forms o' the crimes, and execute
His anger on a fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think so?
She never was to me but all obedience,
Sweetness, and love.

Leon. [*Aside.*] How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept these thirty years and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd, I cannot hold from 't:
It grieves me to the heart. [*Comes forward.*

Dem. Who 's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks ye! I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily, to see you thus, sir:
And, if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,

64, 72, 87 looking, etc.] Retires] Comes forward] Added by Weber.

65 *swound him*] This repetition in transitive or causative sense, to mark irritation, of a word that will not bear such construction, needs no illustration.

80 *crimes*] So MS.; and so Seward (from the conjecture of 'an ingenious young gentleman'), and Colman. Ff *coines* and *coins*; to the puzzlement of the edd. who preceded Dyce.

85 *these*] MS., F1. F2 *this*.

88 *A plague of*] MS. *Shame light on*, and *hartely* for *truly* at end of line.

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Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace from you,
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit——
Dem. No more of that, no more, Leontius:
Revenges are the gods'; our part is sufferance.
Farewell: I shall not see thee long.
Leon. Good sir,
Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in 't:
Do you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your soldier?
Sweet prince, the cause?
Dem. I must not, dare not, tell it;
And, as thou art an honest man, inquire not.
Leon. Will ye be merry, then?
Dem. I am wondrous merry.
Leon. 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes ye.
Shame on 't! it does not, sir; it shews not handsomely.
If I were thus, you would swear I were an ass straight,
A wooden ass. Whine for a wench!——
Dem. Prithee, leave me.
Leon. I will not leave ye:—for a tit!——
Dem. Leontius!
Leon. For that you may have any where for sixpence,
And a dear pennyworth too!
Dem. Nay, then, you are troublesome.
Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, sir.
Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket,
And now i' the dog-days, too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder
For a hey-nonny-nonny? Would I had a glass here,
To shew ye what a pretty toy ye are turn'd to!
Dem. My wretched fortune!
Leon. Will ye but let me know her?
I 'll once turn bawd—go to, they are good men's offices,

95 *Good sir*] MS. *For heaven sake.*
102 *Shame . . . does*] MS. *Fye . . . doth.*
105 *for a tit!—*] So MS. F2. F1 *for a fit*, which might mean a short period. MS. punctuation is here followed. Ff have no point before end of line.
109 *a placket*] pocket or opening in the petticoat, used like 'petticoat' for the wearer.
112 *hey-nonny-nonny*] The suggestion of this old ballad-burthen seems to be that of triviality, but Nares cites Florio to show that it sometimes carried the notion of indecorum.

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And not so contemptible as we take 'em for;——
And, if she be above ground, and a woman——
I ask no more—I 'll bring her o' my back, sir—
By this hand, I will—and I had as lieve bring the devil—
I care not who she be, nor where I have her—
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,
Which you think fittest; and, when you have danced
your galliard——
Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected!—
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!—
Wilt thou do one thing for me?
Leon. All things i' the world, sir,
And of all dangers.
Dem. Swear.
Leon. I will, by Heaven!
Dem. Come near me no more, then—
Leon. How!
Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-sore to me. [*Exit.*
Leon. Give you good even, sir:
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
I will be sorer yet.

Re-enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. How now! how does he?
Leon. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any man else
That hath his nineteen wits: he has the bots, I think;
He groans, and roars, and kicks.
Sec. Gent. Will he speak yet?
Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly he will not see a man. If ever
I look'd upon a prince so metamorphosed,
So juggled into I know not what, shame take me!

122 *galliard*] 'galliards, durets, corantoes,' etc., are danced by the knights and ladies in Beaumont's Masque. Dyce quotes its description in Sir John Davie's *Orchestra*, 67, 68, where it has 'lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre.'
126 *And*] So MS.; and so Seward, silently, from conjecture. Omitted in both the folios: and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
126 *by Heaven*] In MS. and Dyce only.
128 *plague-sore*] MS. *hart-sore.* 130 *sorer*] So MS. Ff *sorry.*
132 *the bots*] a kind of worm in a horse's stomach, described in Fitzherbert's *Boke of Husbandry* (1523) as 'an inche long, white-coloured, and a reed heed' (red head), p. 70, ed. Skeat. Petrucio is 'begnawn with the bots,' *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 56.
133 *roars*] MS. *wrings*—the better reading perhaps (Dyce).

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This 'tis to be in love.
First Gent. Is that the cause on 't?
Leon. What is it not the cause of, but bear-baitings?
And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon 't!
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,
What dogs and cats, it makes us! Men that are possess'd with 't
Live as they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devil of a several nature;
Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass! Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the ends on 's wits again?
First Gent. He is alive: but, you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.
Leon. Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.
Sec. Gent. He is now most wonderful; a blazer now, sir.
Leon. What ails the fool? and what star reigns now, gentlemen,
We have such prodigies?
Sec. Gent. 'Twill pose your heaven-hunters.
He talks now of the king, no other language,
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly;
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king,
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's colours.
Leon. Does he not lie i' the King's street too?
First Gent. He 's going thither:—
Makes prayers for the king in sundry languages,
Turns all his proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the king most dotingly,
And swears Adonis was a devil to him;
A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king——
Sec. Gent. Then down on 's marrow-bones; 'Oh, excellent king,'——
Thus he begins,—'thou light and life of creatures,

142 *with 't*] So MS. Ff *with it.*
143 *as they*] So MS. Ff *as if they.*
145 *hey-pass, re-pass*] Jugglers' terms, used, says Halliwell, in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame.*
146 *ends*] MS. Ff *end.*
150 *blazer*] blazing star, comet.
152 *pose*] Ff *poase* and *pose.* MS. *passe.* i. e. pass astrological skill to interpret.

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Angel-eyed king, vouchsafe at length thy favour!'
And so proceeds to incision. What think ye of this sorrow?
First Gent. Will as familiarly kiss the king's horses
As they pass by him—ready to ravish his footmen.
Leon. Why, this is above e-la:
But how comes this?
First Gent. Nay, that's to understand yet;
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest:
'Twould make a man leap over the moon to see him
Act these.
Sec. Gent. Will sigh as though his heart would break,
And cry like a breech'd boy; not eat a bit.
Leon. I must go see him presently;
For this is such a jig! for certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.
Sec. Gent. I think so.
Leon. Can ye guide me to him? for half an hour I am his,
To see the miracle.
First Gent. We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

165 *at length*] MS. *a wight.*

166 *And so proceeds to incision*] 'Seward and Sympson despair of discovering the meaning of this passage . . . It was the fashion in Fletcher's time for the young gallants to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink the healths of their mistresses, or to write their names, in their own blood. The custom is particularly described in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (IV. i), where Phantaste, recounting the different modes of making love, says 'a fourth with stabbing himself . . . or writing languishing letters in his blood,' and in *The Merchant of Venice*, II. i. 6, 'Let 's make incision for your love / To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.' (Mason and Weber.) Cf. *Mad Lover*, II. i. 105.

166 *sorrow*] MS. has *fellow*. Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures *sir*. But the reading of both the folios affords a good sense, viz. piteous love-passion (Dyce).

168 *footmen*] MS. *footman*.

169 *e-la*] i. e. *E*, the sixth or highest note of the Hexachord, which began on *G*, with *la* the musical name for the sixth note (Grove's *Dict. of Music*, 'Solmisation,' etc.). Cf. Lyly's *Euph. and his Eng.* (*Works*, ii. 3, l. 25), 'the Musition, who being entreated, will scarse sing sol-fa, but not desired, straine aboue Ela.'

172 *these*] MS. *this*.

173 *Will sigh*] Ff *With sighes*, printing *act these* as MS. (*act this*), with l. 172, and omitting *And* in l. 174. MS. *and cry* at end of l. 173. Rowe's *Edw. II.*

174 *breech'd boy*] i. e. one that has been whipped. Cf. 3.

SCENE V.

The garden of the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS *in splendid apparel, and* LEUCIPPE.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?
Leu. [*Aside.*] Now must I lie most confidently.——
Yes, sir, she has drunk it off.
Ant. How works it with her?
Leu. I see no alteration yet.
Ant. There will be;
For he is the greatest artist living made it.
Where is she now?
Leu. She is ready to walk out, sir.
Ant. Stark mad, I know, she will be.
Leu. So I hope, sir.
Ant. She knows not of the prince?
Leu. Of no man living.
Ant. How do I look? how do my clothes become me?
I am not very grey?
Leu. A very youth, sir;
Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April:
Heaven bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that wither:
Your grace can give content enough.
Ant. I think so.
Leu. Here she comes, sir.
Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go and perfume the room; make all things ready.
[*Exit* LEU.

Enter CELIA, *with a book in her hand.*

Celia. No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,

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You will leap anon.
Celia. [*Aside.*] Curl'd and perfumed! I smell him.
He looks on 's legs too; sure, he will cut a caper:
God-a-mercy, dear December!
Ant. [*Aside.*] Oh, do you smile now?
I knew it would work with you.—Come hither, pretty one.
Celia. Sir?
Ant. I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me.
Celia. I am reading, sir, of a short treatise here,
That 's call'd *The Vanity of Lust:* has your grace seen it?
He says here that an old man's loose desire
Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at,
Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon 't,
And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently;
And in another place he calls their loves
Faint smells of dying flowers, carry-no-comforts,
Their dotings stinking fogs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all his beams cannot beat through 'em.
Ant. [*Aside.*] How's this! is this the potion?—You but fool still:
I know you love me.
Celia. As you are just and honest,
I know, I love and honour you; admire you.
Ant. [*Aside.*] This works against me, fearfully against me.
Celia. But, as you bring your power to persecute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good as I hate you, sir;
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,
Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,
The ever-living memories raised to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?

31 *glow-worm's light the apes*, etc.] Alluding to Bidpai's fable of apes trying to light a fire by piling sticks on a glow-worm, and being rebuked by a jay who got small thanks—reproduced in Doni's *Morall Philosophie* translated by Sir Thos. North, 1570. Cf. Greene's *Menaphon* 1589 (p. 72, ed. Arber), 'one of Æsop's Apes, that finding a Glowworme in the night, took it for a fire.'

35 *carry-no-comforts*] Our hyphens are substituted for the capital letters of MS., which show that the expression is not constructed with 'faint smells,' as Dyce, by his omission of the comma in Ff at *flowers*, seems to suppose.

36 *Their dotings*] So MS. Ff *They're doting.* 37 *'em*] Not in MS.

41 *works*] So MS. Ff *makes*. *This* means the potion.

44 *lusts*] MS. *lust.*

48 *memories*] i. e. memorials, as in I. i. 198, 'on the same file hang your memories.'

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And when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be, as your emblem is, a glorious lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be, as your office is, a god-like justice,
Into all shedding equally your virtues.
Ant. [*Aside.*] She has drench'd me now; now I admire her goodness:
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.—
Can nothing in the power of kings persuade ye?
Celia. No, nor that power command me.
Ant. Say I should force ye?
I have it in my will.
Celia. Your will 's a poor one;
And, though it be a king's will, a despised one;
Weaker than infants' legs, your will 's in swaddling-clouts.
A thousand ways my will has found to check ye;
A thousand doors to 'scape ye: I dare die, sir;
As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer.
Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchased by it?
What honour won? Do you know who dwells above, sir,
And what they have prepared for men turn'd devils?
Did you never hear their thunder? start and tremble,
Death sitting on your blood, when their fires visit us?
Will nothing wring you then, do you think? sit hard here?
And like a snake curl round about your conscience,
Biting and stinging? will you not roar too late then?
Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy,
Then will I rise a star in heaven, and scorn ye.
Ant. [*Aside.*] Lust, how I hate thee now, and love this sweetness!—
Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you?
Celia. Not all the world. I am a queen already,
Crown'd by his love I must not lose for fortune:

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For in another's heart my hope and peace lies.
Ant. Your fair hands, lady! for yet I am not pure enough
To touch these lips. In that sweet peace ye spoke of,
Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!
Celia. Why, now you shew a god: now I kneel to ye;
[*Kneels.*
This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to ye;
Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal blessings dwell about ye!
Ant. Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue!
Your present comfort shall be now my business.
Celia. All my obedient service wait upon ye!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

The court of the Palace.

Enter LEONTIUS, Gentlemen, *and* LIEUTENANT.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the wars?
Lieut. Prithee, hold thy peace.
First Gent. His mind 's much elevated now.
Leon. It seems so.—
Sirrah!
Lieut. I am so troubled with this fellow!
Leon. He will call me rogue anon.
First Gent. 'Tis ten to one else.
Lieut. Oh, king, that thou knew'st I loved thee, how
I loved thee!
And where, oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!
Leon. He cannot leave his sutler's trade; he woos in 't.
Lieut. Oh, never, king——
Leon. By this hand—
Lieut. When I consider—

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My honest friend, you are a little saucy.
First Gent. I told you, you would have it.
Lieut. When mine own worth——
Leon. Is flung into the balance, and found nothing.
Lieut. And yet a soldier——
Leon. And yet a scurvy one.
Lieut. One that has follow'd thee——
Leon. Fair and far off.
Lieut. Fought for thy grace——
Leon. 'Twas for your grief: you lie, sirrah.
Lieut. He 's the son of a whore denies this: will that satisfy ye?
Leon. Yes, very well.
Lieut. Shall, then, that thing that honours thee——
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still,
And, though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever—
Leon. Here 's a new thing.
Sec. Gent. He 's in a deep dump now.
Leon. I 'll fetch him out on 't. When 's the king's birthday, gentlemen?
Lieut. Whene'er it be, that day I 'll die with ringing:
And there 's the resolution of a lover. [*Exit.*
Leon. A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or moped, or his brains melted:
Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the king,
The good old king? to dote upon him too?
Stay; now I remember what the fat woman warn'd me;
Bade me remember, and look to him too:

MS.—'Leiu. Oh, sweet king!
Leo. By thy leave—
Leiu. When I consider—etc.
The Ff read as in the text, but append the words *when I consider*—to Leontius' speech.

12 *scurvy*] So MS. Both the folios *sawcy* (an epithet the Lieutenant has just above applied to the present speaker); and so the modern editors. (Dyce.)

14 *your grief*] i. e. the pain you were suffering. So MS. Ff *some grief*.

14 *sirrah*] So MS. Ff *sir*.

19 *dump*] i. e. reverie (Dyce).

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I 'll hang, if she have not a hand in this: he 's conjured.
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal:
In the mean time I 'll wait occasion
To work upon the prince.
Sec. Gent. Pray, do that seriously.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* LEONTIUS, *on the other,* Gentlemen.

SCENE VII.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and* Lords.

First Lord. He 's very ill.
Ant. I am very sorry for 't;
And much ashamed I have wrong'd her innocence:
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;
There leave her to his love again.
Men. I am glad, sir.
First Lord. He will speak to none.
Ant. Oh, I shall break that silence.
Be quick; take fair attendance.
Men. Yes, sir, presently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He will find his tongue, I warrant ye; his health too;
I send a physic will not fail.
First Lord. Fair work it!
Ant. We hear the princes mean to visit us,
In way of truce.
First Lord. 'Tis thought so.
Ant. Come; let 's in, then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*

32 Exeunt . . . Gentlemen] Dyce. Ff Exeunt Severally. MS. Exeunt.
SCENE VII.] Here, according to MS., commences Act V.; yet Scc. vii. and viii. are both marked as such in Ff.
2 *her*] F2 and MS. F1 *his*, followed by Colman and Weber, which surprises Dyce to the extent of three notes of exclamation.
6 *attendance*] MS. *attendants.*
10 *way*] MS. *vow.*

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SCENE VIII.

The Court of the Palace, before the apartments of DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS.

Leon. There's no way now to get in; all the lights stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heaven
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,
Stronger, and, I hope, nobler. Would I could but see once
This beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumstance!—What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan. Here are some coming;
A woman too; I 'll stand aloof, and view 'em. [*Retires.*

Enter MENIPPUS, CELIA, *and* Lords.

Celia. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point;
But I forgive ye: the king might have pick'd out, too,
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.
Celia. I must think so;
For how to mend it now—He 's here, you tell me?
Men. He is, madam; and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.
Leon. [*Aside.*] I know that woman's tongue;
I think I have seen her face too: I 'll go nearer:
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow. [*Advances.*
'Tis the same face; the same most excellent woman.
Celia. [*Aside.*] This should be Lord Leontius; I remember him.
Leon. Lady, I think ye know me.
Celia. Speak soft, good soldier:—
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble:
Do not know me yet openly, as you love me;

1 *lights*] i. e. windows. So F1, MS. F2 *light*; and so the modern editors. Compare Basse's *The Woman in the Moone*, canto iv., where the 'lights engrav'd in christall' of stanza 1 become 'christall windows' in stanza 18.

8 Retires] and the s. d. at ll. 17, 25, added by Dyce.

16 *I think I have seen her face too*] In V. v. 24 Seleucus says to Leont. and Lysim. 'you both knew mine Enanthe I lost in Antioch' (and cf. l. 31). Each here recognizes the other (cf. V. i. 48), though Celia's identity must be kept awhile longer from the audience, as from Demetrius.

22 *Do not know me yet openly*] So MS. Ff *Know not me yet openly*; and so Colman and Weber. Seward silently printed *Know me not yet openly*.

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But let me see ye again ; I 'll satisfy ye.
I am wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leon. You have charged me.
Celia. You shall know where I am.
Leon. [*Aside, after retiring.*] I will not off yet :
She goes to knock at 's door. This must be she
The fellow told me of ; right glad I am on 't :
He will bolt now for certain. [CELIA *knocks.*
Celia. Are ye within, sir ?——
I 'll trouble you no more : I thank your courtesy :
Pray, leave me now.
Men. We rest your humble servants.
[*Exeunt* MEN. *and* Lords.
Celia. So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heaven he be here !—
Master ! my royal sir ! do you hear who calls ye ?
Love ! my Demetrius !
Leon. [*Aside.*] These are pretty quail-pipes ;
The cock will come anon.
Celia. Can ye be drowsy,
When I call at your window ?
Leon. [*Aside.*] I hear him stirring :
Now he comes wondering out.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. 'Tis Celia's sound, sure !
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it :
There stands the shape too !
Leon. [*Aside.*] How he stares upon her !
Dem. Ha ! do mine eyes abuse me ?
'Tis she, the living Celia !—Your hand, lady !
Celia. What should this mean ?
Dem. The very self-same Celia——
Celia. How do ye, sir ?
Dem. Only turn'd brave ;——

28 Celia knocks] Dyce : 'Knocks at the window,' Weber.
28 *bolt*] i. e. unbolt. 30 Men. (prefix)] So MS. Ff 'All Me.'
33 *quail-pipes*] The quail was supposed especially amorous.
34 *cock will come*] So MS., the meaning, of course, being that the cock-bird will answer the quail's cry by coming. F1 *corke will come.* F2, Qq *cock will crow*, followed by all the modern edd.

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I heard you were dead, my dear one;—complete!
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!
Celia. [*Aside.*] How he surveys me round! Here has been foul play.
Dem. How came she thus?
Celia. It was a kind of death, sir,
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd, I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely.——
How came you hither, Celia?—wondrous gallant!—
Did my father send for ye?
Celia. So they told me, sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Celia. I was so ever.
Dem. And ye were bravely used?
Celia. I wanted nothing.——
[*Aside.*] My maidenhead to a mote i' the sun, he's jealous:
I must now play the knave with him, to die for 't;
'Tis in my nature.
Dem. [*Aside.*] Her very eyes are alter'd:
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet.——
And what were those came for ye?
Celia. [*Aside.*] Monstrous jealous:
Have I lived at the rate of these scorn'd questions?—
They seem'd of good sort, gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Celia. They were wondrous kind; I was much beholding to 'em.
There was one Menippus, sir,——

43 *dear*] dissyllable.
44 *brave*] 'i. e. finely dressed.' Colman. *gallant*] Not in MS.
55 *to die for 't*] F1 and MS. F2, Qq, *though I dye for 't*. The meaning is the same.
56 *Mv*] MS.. F2. F1 *me*.

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Dem. Ha!
Celia. One Menippus;
A notable merry lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one Charinthus too?
Celia. Yes, there was such a one.
Dem. And Timon?
Celia. 'Tis most true.
Dem. [*Aside.*] And thou most treacherous!
My father's bawds, by Heaven! they never miss course.—
And were these daily with ye?
Celia. Every hour, sir.
Dem. And was there not a lady, a fat lady?
Celia. Oh, yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. [*Aside.*] The devil fetch her!
Celia. 'Tis even the merriest wench——
Dem. Did she keep with ye too?
Celia. She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well known here, then?
Celia. There is no living here a stranger, I think.
Dem. How came ye by this brave gown?
Celia. This is a poor one:
Alas, I have twenty richer! Do you see these jewels?
Why, they are the poorest things to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too!
Dem. [*Aside.*] Is there no modesty,
No faith, in this fair sex?
Leon. [*Aside.*] What will this prove to?
For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither. Thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted!
All that I left thee, fair and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in 't,
All that I hoped for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd black and bankrupt!
Leon. [*Aside.*] By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.
Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead! sin's surfeit slew thee;

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The ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.
Go from me, grave of honour! go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin! go, thou despised one!
And where there is no virtue nor no virgin,
Where chastity was never known nor heard of,
Where nothing reigns but falsehood and loose faces,
Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting!
Celia. You do not speak this seriously, I hope, sir:
I did but jest with you.
Dem. Look not upon me!
There is more hell in those eyes than hell harbours;
And, when they flame, more torments.
Celia. Dare ye trust me?
You durst once, even with all you had, your love, sir.
By this fair light I am honest!
Dem. Thou subtle Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;
Curse not the day!
Celia. Come, come, you shall not do this.
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me!
You are not in the field among your enemies:
Come, I must cool this courage.
Dem. Out, thou impudence.
Thou ulcer of thy sex! When I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison
That now consumes my dear content to cinders.
I am not now Demetrius; thou hast changed me;
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles hast changed me;
Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes hast slain me;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,
I was a man, and reason made and moved me,
Now one great lump of grief I grow, and wander.
Celia. And, as you are noble, do you think I did this?

91 *but falsehood and loose faces*] So MS. F1 *but imperious lust, and losers faces.* F2, Qq, *but impious lust, and looser faces.* Seward printed *but impious lust, and looseness;* and was followed by the other editors, till Dyce restored the true reading from MS.

98 *Circe*] F2, Qq. F1 and MS. *Circes.* The common older form, as in title of Henry Iden's translation from Gelli, *Circes*, 1557, 8°.

109 *wiles*] Ff. MS. *waies.*

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Dem. Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me!
Celia. I will go from ye, never more to see ye;
I will fly from ye, as a plague hangs o'er me;
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,
Wherever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,
A base suspecter of a virgin's honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cried for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that fool Demetrius,
That madman, a Demetrius; and that false man,
The prince of broken faiths, even prince Demetrius!
You think now I should cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my peace: let those that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour:
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.
Cry when you know your folly; howl and curse then,
Beat that unmanly breast that holds a false heart,
When ye shall come to know whom ye have flung from ye.
Dem. Pray ye, stay a little.
Celia. Not your hopes can alter me:—
Then let a thousand black thoughts muster in ye,
And with those enter in a thousand dotings;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing;
My innocence for ever haunt and fright ye;
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue, that barks out these disgraces,
When you shall come to know how nobly virtuous
I have preserved my life, rot, rot within ye!
Dem. What shall I do?
Celia. Live a lost man for ever!
Go, ask your father's conscience what I suffer'd,
And through what seas of hazards I sail'd through,

115 *thy*] So MS.; the modern editors having already so emended *the* of Ff.
127 *here*] in such case as this displeasure of yours: or, perhaps, in your Court.

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Mine honour still advanced in spite of tempests;
Then take your leave of love, and confess freely
You were never worthy of this heart that served ye:
And so, farewell, ungrateful! [*Exit.*
Dem. Is she gone?
Leon. [*Aside.*] I 'll follow her and will find out this matter.
[*Exit.*

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Are ye pleased now? have you got your heart again?
Have I restored ye that?
Dem. Sir, even for heaven sake,
And sacred truth sake, tell me how ye found her?
Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tried her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that story
I told ye first: but since, like gold, I touch'd her——
Dem. And how, dear sir——
Ant. Heaven's holy light 's not purer.
The constancy and goodness of all women,
That ever lived to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour:
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly,
And to that heavenly shape her thoughts are angels.
Dem. Why did you tell me, sir——
Ant. 'Tis true I err'd in 't:
But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,
I find a king too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells her;
And certain I believe him blest enjoys her.
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,
To add another empire to my honour. [*Exit.*

*** d. Enter Antigonus*] So MS. 'Enter Antigonus and Lords' Ff, Qq,

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Dem. Oh, wretched state! to what end shall I turn
me?
And where begin my penance? Now, what service
Will win her love again? my death must do it:
And, if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleased, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant! [*Exit.*

177 *begin*] So MS. Ff *begins.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter LEONTIUS *and* CELIA.

Leon. I know he does not deserve ye; h'as used you poorly:
And to redeem himself——
Celia. Redeem!
Leon. I know it——
There 's no way left.
Celia. For Heaven's sake, do not name him,
Do not think on him, sir: he 's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.
Leon. But yet I would see him again.
Celia. No, never, never.
Leon. I do not mean, to lend him any comfort,
But to afflict him; so to torture him,
That even his very soul may shake within him;
To make him know, though he be great and powerful,
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.
Celia. I must confess, I could most spitefully afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through him;
I long to vex him.
Leon. And do it home, and bravely.
Celia. Were I a man——
Leon. I 'll help that weakness in ye:

s. d. An apartment in the Palace] So Dyce corrects Weber's 'Apartment in the House of Celia,' saying that she is now a willing resident in the Palace. Weber's may seem in better accord with her words to Leontius in IV. viii.

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I honour ye and serve ye.
Celia. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vows in Heaven, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his servant,
But most maliciously to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name!
Leon. I would not suffer it.
See him I would again; and, to his teeth too,
('Od's precious!) I would ring him such a lesson—
Celia. I have done that already.
Leon. Nothing, nothing;
It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urged-on anger to the highest—
Why, 'twill be such a stroke——
Celia. Say, he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften? I am a woman,
A woman that have loved him, sir, have honour'd him;
I am no more.
Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.
Celia. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leon. Hold there, then;
The sport will be, to what a poor submission——
But keep you strong.
Celia. I would not see him.
Leon. Yes;
You shall ring his knell.
Celia. How, if I kill him?
Leon. Kill him! why, let him die.
Celia. I know 'tis fit so:
But why should I, that loved him once, destroy him?
Oh, had he, 'scaped this sin, what a brave gentleman——
Leon. I must confess, had this not fal'n, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd ye:
And, to his making, such a mind——
Celia. 'Tis certain:

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But all this I must now forget.
Leon. [*Aside.*] You shall not,
If I have any art.—Go up, sweet lady,
And trust my truth.
Celia. But, good sir, bring him not.
Leon. I would not for the honour ye are born to,
But you should see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.
Celia. You will be near me, then?
Leon. I will be with ye.—
[*Aside.*] Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I'll work hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The court of the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *two* Gentlemen, LIEUTENANT, *and* Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it?
Sec. Gent. It seems so, by the violence it wrought with; Yet now the fit 's even off.
Men. I beseech your grace——
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad she drank it not herself,
And more glad that the virtuous maid escaped it;
I would not for the world 't had hit: but that this soldier,——
Lord! how he looks!——that he should take this vomit!
Can he make rhymes too?
Sec. Gent. H'as made a thousand, sir,
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as though he were bepiss'd.—Do you

I am glad I have so good a subject: but, pray ye, tell me,
How much did ye love me before ye drank this matter?
Lieut. Even as much as a sober man might, and a soldier
That your grace owes just half a year's pay to.
Ant. Well remember'd:——
And did I seem so young and amiable to ye?
Lieut. Methought you were the sweetest youth——
Ant. That's excellent!
Lieut. Ay, truly, sir; and, ever as I thought on ye,
I wish'd, and wish'd——
Ant. What didst thou wish, I prithee?
Lieut. Even that I had been a wench of fifteen for ye;
A handsome wench, sir.
Ant. Why, God-a-mercy, soldier!
I seem not so now to thee?
Lieut. Not all on 't;
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast never in love before?
Lieut. Not with a king,
And hope I shall never be again. Truly, sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bickerings,
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me!
For, whatsoever it was provoked me toward ye—
Ant. God-a-mercy, still!
Lieut. I had it with a vengeance;
It play'd his prize.

13 *I am glad I have*, etc.] Such is the arrangement, not only in both the folios, but also in MS. The Editors of 1778 chose to regulate the metre thus;

'I am glad I have so good a subject.
But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me,
Before you drank this matter?
Lieut. Even as much
As a sober man might; and a soldier
That your grace,' etc.

and so Weber.

16 *just*] MS. *yet.* 20 *I prithee*] *I* om. F2.
22 *God-a-mercy*] MS. *I thanck thee*, as also in l. 30.
23 *on 't*] So MS. Both the folios *out*; and so the modern editors.
24 *grudging*] i. e. inclination. 26 *And hope*] MS. *Nor I hope*.
31 *It play'd his prize*] i.e. had its course, exhibited its strength. 'In the art of fencing there were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's;

Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Though of this age.
Lieut. No, sure, I should have spoil'd ye.
Ant. Well, go thy ways: of all the lusty lovers
That e'er I saw—wilt have another potion?
Lieut. If you will be another thing, have at ye!
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!
Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou art my soldier:
Do bravely; I 'll love thee as much.
Lieut. I thank ye;
But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it ye.
I beseech your grace, pay me my charge.
Sec. Gent. That's certain, sir:
H'as bought up all that e'er he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have loved, that he could purchase;
Old horses that your grace has ridden blind, and founder'd,
Dogs, rotten hawks; and, which is more than all this,
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your bills; mine own love shall be satisfied:
And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I 'll point ye out a portion ye shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er ye drunk.
Lieut. I hope so.
Ant. Are the princes come to the court?
Men. They are all, and lodged, sir.
Ant. Come, then, make ready for their entertainment;
Which presently we 'll give.—Wait you on me, sir.
Lieut. I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear Leontius;

35 *another thing*] i. e. a woman. 36 *Ha, ha, ha*] Omitted in MS. 43 *has*] Seward, Colman and Weber read *had*, for which they have the authority only of Q2 (1717). 53 *whilst*] MS. *while*.

iii. s. d. A Gallery in the Palace] Weber gave 'A Room in the House of Celia,' but see note on sc. i. s. d. Dyce gave 'An apartment in the

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Let me but die before her.
Leon. Would that would do it!
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty
(You having flung so main a mischief on her
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)
Dare I present your visit?
Dem. I 'll repent all,
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow
That ever lover made.
Leon. 'Twill be too late, sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Leon. It may be, to her sight: what are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye;
And to love ye again, oh, she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love——there is no hope.
Dem. Yes, Leontius,
There is a hope, which, though it draw no love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my fortune;
And that hope shall relieve me.
Leon. Hark ye, sir, hark ye:
Say I should bring ye——
Dem. Do not trifle with me.
Leon. I will not trifle—both together bring ye—
You know the wrongs you 've done?
Dem. I do confess 'em.
Leon. And, if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another quirk in your head——
Dem. I'll die first.
Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.
Dem. I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my penance.
Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.
Dem. I need not look so;
I am truly Sadness' self.
Leon. That look will do it.
Stay here; I 'll bring her to you instantly:

2 *do it*] MS. *be it*

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But take heed how you bear yourself: sit down there:
The more humble you are, the more she 'll take compassion.
Women are per'lous things to deal upon. [*Exit.*
Dem. What shall become of me? To curse my fortune,
Were but to curse my father; that 's too impious:
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee, Heaven, her harmless goodness!

Re-enter LEONTIUS *with* CELIA.

Leon. Now arm yourself.
Celia. You have not brought him?
Leon. Yes, faith;
And there he is; you see in what poor plight too:
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.
Celia. I will go back.
Leon. I will be hang'd then, lady!
Are ye a coward now?
Celia. I cannot speak to him.
Dem. Oh, me!
Leon. There was a sigh to blow a church down.
[*Aside.*] So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot plays;
They will come to the battery anon.
Celia. He weeps extremely.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Celia. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on 't.
Celia. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, blest beauty;
For those thick streams that troubled my repentance
Are crept out long ago.
Leon. You see how he looks.
Celia. What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then,
When with a poison'd tooth he bit my honour?
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

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Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please;
For, to say truth, he has deserved your justice:
But still consider what he has been to you.
Celia. Pray, do not blind me thus.
Dem. Oh, gentle mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for ye,
Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love ye!
Leon. They say, women have tender hearts; I know not; I am sure mine melts.
Celia. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit beauty to your virtues:
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you:—
[*Aside.*] I must look back:—gods keep your grace!—
he's here still. [*Exit.*
Dem. She has forgiven me.
Leon. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a man; away, sir!
She look'd behind her twice; her heart dwells here, sir:
Ye drew tears from her too; she cannot freeze thus:
The door 's set open too:—are ye a man?
Are ye alive? do ye understand her meaning?
Have ye blood and spirit in ye?
Dem. I dare not trouble her.
Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down—'I dare not, I cannot!'
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out!
Strike now or never! faint heart—you know what, sir:

58 *way*] Ff. MS. *hope.*
67 *here still*] i. e. 'in my heart still,' says Dyce, following Weber, who on Mason's suggestion gave 'Points to her heart, and exit.' Less poetically, perhaps, we prefer to interpret it of Demetrius standing where he was. See l. 72.
72 *set*] MS. *left.*
75 *nipt i' th' head*] Twice in Lyly's *Euphues* of a man confounded by a woman's speech: *Works*, i. 237 l. 26, 'Euphues, being nipped on the head, with a pale countenaunce . . . replyed'; and ii. 127, l. 5.
76 *I cannot*] the *I* om. by Seward, and editors before Dyce.
77–8 *Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out!*
Strike now or never, etc.] So MS. In both the folios the order of these two lines is reversed; and so the modern editors. (Dyce.)

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A devil on 't! stands this door ope for nothing?
So; get ye together, and be naught! [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Now, to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaster. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence-chamber in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, *and* Lords.

Ant. This peace is fairly made.
Sel. Would your grace wish us
To put in more? take what you please, we yield it:
The honour done us by your son constrains it,
Your noble son.
Ant. It is sufficient, princes:
And now we are one again, one mind, one body,
And one sword shall strike for us.
Lys. Let prince Demetrius
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants),
Against the strength of all the world we 'll buckle.
Ptol. And even from all that strength we'll catch at victory.
Sel. Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd!
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.
Lys. You lost a sweet child there.
Sel. Name it no more, sir;
This is no time to entertain such sorrows.—
Will your majesty do us the honour we may see the prince,
And wait upon him?
Ant. I wonder he stays from us.

80 *be naught*] i. e. a mischief on you!
80 Exit Dem.] Added by Dyce: old eds. have merely 'Exeunt' at end.
iv. 5 *are one*] MS. *are once.*
11 *mine uncle*] This person appears from ll. 26, 42 of the next scene to be

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Enter LEONTIUS.

How now, Leontius? where 's my son?
Sel. Brave captain!
Lys. Old valiant sir!
Leon. Your graces are all welcome!
Your son, an 't please you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast from his mistress' favour; and such a coil there is,
Such 'fending, and such proving! she stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition;
He offers any price, his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard lady denies that caution.
Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: faith, princes,
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;
For less than such a power will do just nothing:
And, if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow till he be transplanted.
Sel. Beseech your grace, let 's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornful beauty.
Ptol. I should think it worse now,
Ill-brought-up beauty.
Ant. She has too much reason for 't;
Which with too great a grief I shame to think of:
But we 'll go see this game.
Lys. Rather, this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace.
[*Exeunt.*

18 *are all welcome*] So MS. Seward silently gave from conjecture *all are welcome:* but Colman and Weber followed Ff *are welcome.*

19 *you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder*] MS. has *your grace, is cassheird yonder.*

21 *'fending*] i. e. keeping him off on Celia's part. Weber suggested the legal term *finding.*

23 *price*] MS. *Peace.*

24 *lady denies*] Seward altered it to *She's a hard lady that denies.* 'Denies that caution' means 'refuses that security.'

26 *to piece 'em*] 'i. e. to make them one again.' Mason. Colman proposed *to peace 'em.*

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SCENE V.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Thus far you shall persuade me; still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, sir, or near about ye;
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love:
But, since you have conceived an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern;
And though that be a false thought, and confess'd too,
And much repentance fall'n in showers to purge it;
Yet, whilst that great respect I ever bore ye
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty,
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch ye.
Dem. Oh, you will make some other happy!
Celia. Never:
Upon this hand I'll seal that faith.
Dem. We may kiss:
Put not those out o' the peace too.
Celia. Those I 'll give ye,
So there you will be pleased to pitch your *ne ultra;*
I will be merry with ye, sing, discourse with ye,
Be your poor mistress still: in truth, I love ye.
Dem. Stay: who are these?

Enter LEONTIUS, ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, *and* Gentlemen.

Lys. A very handsome lady.
Leon. As e'er you saw.
Sel. Pity her heart 's so cruel.

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Lys. How does your grace?—He stands still; will not hear us.
Ptol. We come to serve ye, sir, in all our fortunes.
Lys. He bows a little now: he 's strangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha!—pray ye, a word, Leontius,—pray ye, a word with ye,
Lysimachus: you both knew mine Enanthe
I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,
Mine uncle slain; Antigonus had the sack on 't?
Lys. Yes, I remember well the girl.
Sel. Methinks now,
That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture:
[*Pulls out a picture.*
The same, but more years on her; the very same!
Lys. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leon. Most certain she is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, sir;
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What 's that ye look at, princes?
Sel. This picture, and that lady, sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near;
They only err in time.
Lys. Did you mark that blush there?
That came the nearest.
Sel. I must speak to her.
Leon. You 'll quickly be resolved.
Sel. Your name, sweet lady?
Celia. Enanthe, sir: and this to beg your blessing. [*Kneels.*
Sel. Do you know me?
Celia. If you be the king Seleucus,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little:
Where did I lose ye?

23 *Leontius,—pray ye*] MS. omits this second *ye*.
26 *Antigonus*] MS. *Antiochus*: this sack of Antioch (cf. l. 11 of preceding scene) is an imaginary event.
28, 38, 51, s. d. supplied by Weber.

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Celia. At the sack of Antioch,
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,
By a mean soldier taken; by this prince,
This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.
Sel. My joys are now too full! [*Raising her.*] Welcome, Enanthe!
Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!
Dem. And mine too desperate!
Sel. You shall not think so:
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.
Cel. Most royal sir, you have it.
Dem. I once more next. [*Kneels.*
Sel. You must not be denied, sir.
Celia. By me, I am sure, he must not, sure he shall not:
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And from this hour no envious spite e'er part us!
All. The gods give happy joys! all comforts to ye!
Dem. My new Enanthe! [*They rise.*
Ant. Come, beat all the drums up,
And all the noble instruments of war;
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds,
And those the brazen arch of heaven break through,
While to the temple we conduct these two.
Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of those lines they sprung!
May their fair issues walk with time along!
Lieut. And hang a coward now, and there's my song.
[*Exeunt.*

46, 56, s. d. supplied by Dyce.

50 *Cel.*] Against Ff (now confirmed by MS.). Colman assigned this speech to 'Sel.,' followed by Weber. Dyce maintains rightly that Antigonus' appeal is to Celia for forgiveness.

51 *I once more next*] So MS. Ff. *I once more beg it thus.*

62 *those lines they sprung*] i. e. those lines they sprung from. I give, as Seward did, the punctuation of the folios. The Editors of 1778 pointed the passage thus,—

'And, ever worthy of those lines they sprung,
May their fair issues walk with time along!'

(and so Weber), proposing in a note to substitute *loins* for *lines*, unfollowed

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I' AM not cured yet throughly; for, believe,
I feel another passion that may grieve;
All over me I feel it too: and now
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.
As you are good men, help me; a carouse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,
And all that come to see me, dotingly.
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,
The next employment I am sent upon,
I 'll swear you are physicians, the wars none.

s. d. Spoken by the LIEUTENANT] Only in F2.
7 *come*] F2. F1 *comes*.
10 *wars*] F1, Weber, Dyce. F2 and first two editors, *War's*. The allusion to his cure by a wound, and (in 'dotingly') to his absurd passion, are evident.

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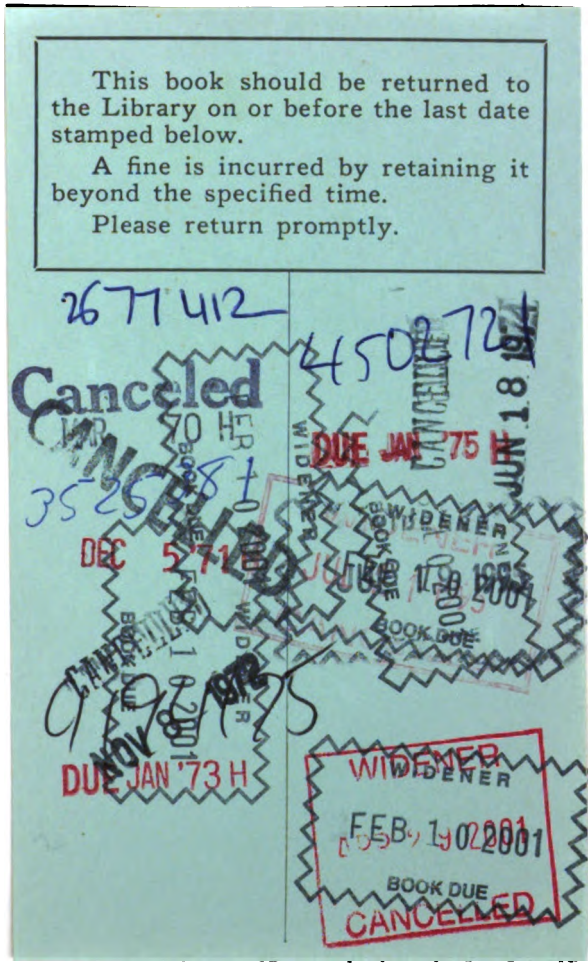

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